Collier's

JULY 20, 1946

TEN CENTS

IOLA
Free Public Library
Iola, Kansas

FRANCE'S NEW REVOLUTION

by W. B. Courtney

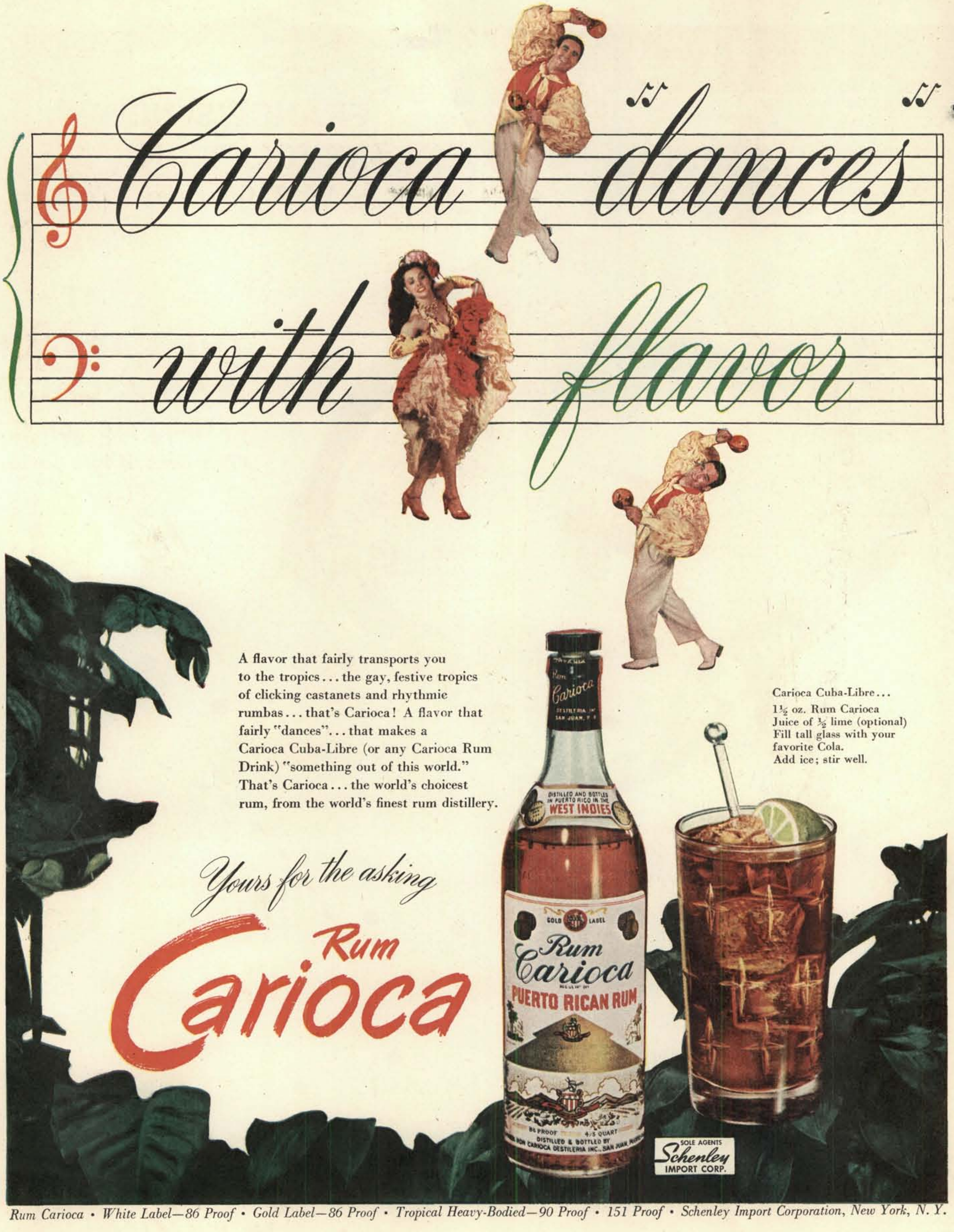
THE CAPTAIN WAS A LADY

by Neil Paterson

(The first of two parts)

FREE PUBLIC LIBR
IOLA KANS
23 AU 47

ly 20
946


Rum
Carioca
DESTILERIA, INC.
SAN JUAN, P. R.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN PUERTO RICO IN THE
WEST INDIES
GOLD LABEL
Rum
Carioca
PUERTO RICAN RUM
86 PROOF
4/5 QUART
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
DON CARIOCA DESTILERIA INC., SAN JUAN, P.R.

Carioca dances with flavor

A flavor that fairly transports you to the tropics . . . the gay, festive tropics of clicking castanets and rhythmic rumbas . . . that's Carioca! A flavor that fairly "dances" . . . that makes a Carioca Cuba-Libre (or any Carioca Rum Drink) "something out of this world." That's Carioca . . . the world's choicest rum, from the world's finest rum distillery.

Carioca Cuba-Libre . . .
1½ oz. Rum Carioca
Juice of ½ lime (optional)
Fill tall glass with your favorite Cola.
Add ice; stir well.

Yours for the asking

Rum Carioca

SOLE AGENTS
Schenley
IMPORT CORP.

Rum Carioca • White Label—86 Proof • Gold Label—86 Proof • Tropical Heavy-Bodied—90 Proof • 151 Proof • Schenley Import Corporation, New York, N. Y.

More miles with
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

NEW, BROADER TREAD B. F. GOODRICH TIRE OUTWEARS PREWAR TIRES

Now you can order these new tires for your car!

IT'S EASY to understand why a tire with a thick, tough tread will last a long time. But did you know that by making that same tread wider and flatter—so it hugs the road and spreads *the wear over a greater area—it will give* you still more miles of trouble-free driving?

The new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown has a new type of wider, flatter tread. This longer-wearing tread was not practical on prewar tires because prewar tire bodies were not strong enough to withstand the extra strains set up by a wide, flat tread. By combining this type of tread with a tire body made with tougher cords and more of them, Goodrich engineers have produced a tire that outwears prewar tires . . . a tire that has more than proved itself in 17 million miles of tests.

You can forget any misgivings you may have had about today's tires. If you get B. F. Goodrich tires, you will be getting tires that have passed the toughest tests anyone could give them in the laboratory or on the road. You can be sure they'll stand up better than the tires you bought in prewar days.

Remember, too, the sooner you see your B. F. Goodrich dealer, the sooner you'll have safe, new tires on your car. Supplies are still limited, of course, but we're making and shipping new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown tires every day and will have ever-increasing quantities in the hands of dealers soon. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

INSIDE
Paramount

Possessed by one woman...

Obsessed by another...
this man who helped shape
the destiny of nations.

Hal Wallis'
PRODUCTION
"The Searching Wind"
From the successful Broadway
Play by Lillian Hellman
starring
ROBERT YOUNG
SYLVIA SIDNEY
ANN RICHARDS
And introducing DOUGLAS DICK
Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE
Screenplay by LILLIAN HELLMAN

Paramount Pictures

Collier's
FOR JULY 20, 1946

HENRY LA COSSITT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managing Editor*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Fiction Editor* FRANK D. MORRIS • *Executive Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art Director*

WALTER DAVENPORT *Politics*
W. B. COURTNEY *Europe*
JIM MARSHALL *West Coast*
WELDON JAMES *Far East*
FREDERICK R. NEELY *Aviation*
GEORGE CREEL *San Francisco*
KYLE CRICHTON *Amusements*
FRANK GERVASI *Washington*
ROBERT DE VORE *Washington*
WILLIAM HILLMAN *Washington*
JAMES C. DERIEUX *Washington*
EDW. TOMLINSON *The Other Americas*
HELEN P. BUTLER *Syntax*
CLARENCE H. ROY *Science*
HERBERT ASBURY *Articles*
AMY PORTER *Articles*
ANDRÉ FONTAINE *Articles*
RUTH CARSON *Articles*
LEONARD A. PARIS *Articles*
ULRICH CALVOSA *Photographs*
GURNEY WILLIAMS *Humor*
AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
RUTH FOWLER *Distaff*
HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
WILLIAM B. HART *Fiction*
MACLENNAN FARRELL *Fiction*

this week

FICTION

PAGE

THE CAPTAIN WAS A LADY By NEIL PATERSON 11
The first of two parts. Christian sailed her husband's windjammer after he died—and proved herself a capable shipmaster.

IN DEPENDENCE By RICHARD STERN 16
Lib just had to take the apartment. So did Johnny.

ROOMS WITHOUT WALLS By THOMAS W. PHIPPS 22
A stranger eased her heartbreak over the lover she had lost.

SLUG IT SLAY! By EDWIN LANHAM 26
The Serial Story. Conclusion.

THE GOOD WITCH By ROBERT FONTAINE 50
The Short Short Story.

MONDSTREET, RALPH By MORT FRIEDLANDER 68
He found the right woman—but too late to avert tragedy.

ARTICLES

BEAUTY ON THE WING By DON DORNBROOK 14
Learn of butterflies from Arthur H. Moeck, lepidopterist.

MEDICAL MYSTERY By MONA GARDNER 17
About lobotomy—a new surgical technique for brain disorders.

FRANCE'S NEW REVOLUTION By W. B. COURTNEY 18
The Communist Party stands the best chance of running the country —but not along Moscow lines.

THE GIRL WHO FELL UP By AMY PORTER 20
A visit with Joan McCracken, star of Billion Dollar Baby.

BIG TOOTH AND NAIL MAN By GEORGE CREEL 23
Edwin F. Pauley's career is a typical American success story.

SALT WATER DAFFY By GURNEY WILLIAMS 24
The slightly wacky sport of dinghy-racing returns to the Bermudas.

●

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS 8

UNITED NEIGHBORS By FRANK GERVASI 60
II: Pedro Leao Velloso of Brazil.

WING TALK By FREDERICK R. NEELY 75

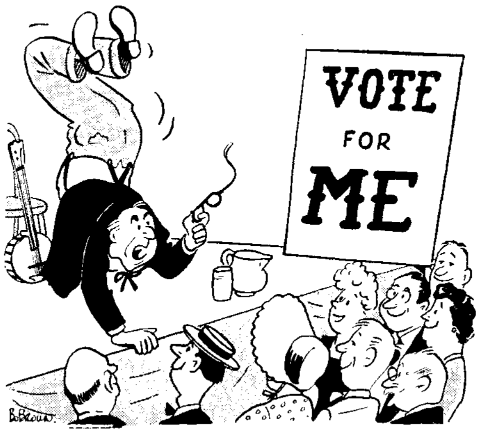
THE WEEK'S WORK By AMY PORTER 76

EDITORIALS: *July—Worst Food Month* • *Needed: A World Passport* • *Let's Save 19,000 Lives* 78

COVER By *JON WHITCOMB*

any week

JUST to meet the argument before it gets started, we admit now that we're a Cheerful Idiot. This admission is the result of a great many doleful letters to the effect that the future of the world, if any, is not worth mentioning. Having read Mr. Harry L. Thonkmaber's letter we are pretty cheerful. Mr. Thonkmaber of Erie, Pennsylvania, says that at least fifty-eight of the leading candidates for Congress and twelve prominent patriots who seek to be governors are soliciting votes with banjos, saxophones, harmonicas, guitars, accordions, hillbilly bands and such nonmusical equipment as washboards, mops and buckets, false beards, brooms, kites and war souvenirs. Seven orate while standing on their hands. At least three do nip-ups and handsprings and Mr. Thonkmaber reports that he had heard of a lesser statesman aspiring to a state legislature who merely gets up and shouts: "Okay, folks, let's all laugh together. One . . . Two . . . Three." Whereupon he begins to roar with laughter and keeps it up until the crowd is roaring with and at him. His chances are, Mr. Thonkmaber reports, excellent.



IN MONTERREY, Mexico, Señor Luis Cabera y Champa is running for office. He does not tell us which but assures us that his chances are excellent. "My opponent," says he with scorn, "is unregarded. Not one attempt to assassinate him has come to the attention."

AND Mrs. Lydia C. Tyttle of Beatrice, Nebraska, a great reader of newspapers and magazines, has come at last to the following conclusion: "I do not believe almost everything I read. I think it is done on purpose."

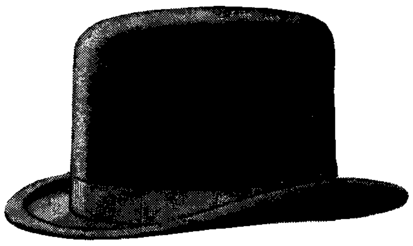
BUT the following fact (and it probably is a fact) is gleaned by our own searching eye from the house organ of a Baltimore department store: "Phil Lobbo has been sick for two weeks from House Furnishings."

THE Honorable Buck Taylor of Austin, Texas, statesman, publicist, philosopher, veteran and editor of the Middle Buster, has just summed up the combined platforms of all of Texas' office seekers, local and national. "It's like what the Honorable Jim

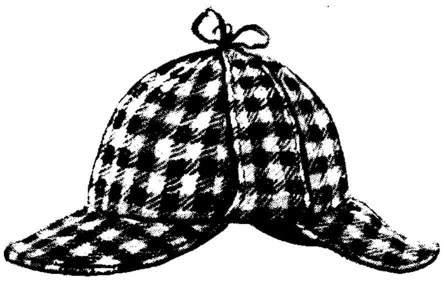
(Continued on page 76)

Vol. 118, No. 3. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice-President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

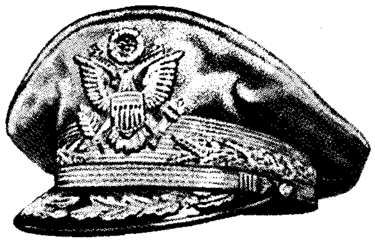
COPYRIGHT, 1946, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion



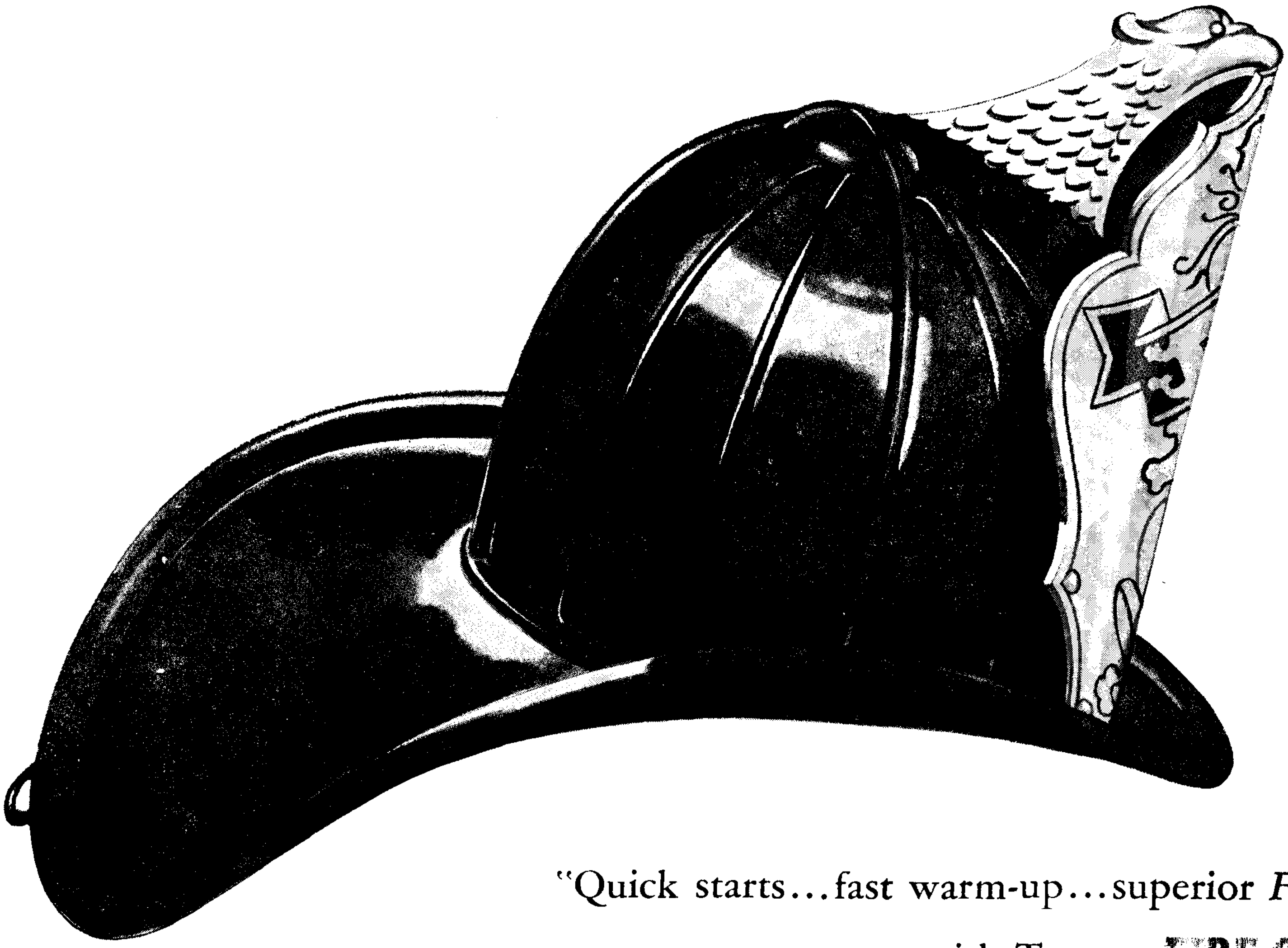
"Never... was so much owed by
so many to so few"



"Elementary, my dear Watson"



"I shall return"



"Quick starts... fast warm-up... superior *FIRE-POWER*
with Texaco **FIRE-CHIEF** gasoline"

You're welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**

where you get...

FIRE-CHIEF
GASOLINE

SKY CHIEF
GASOLINE

HAVOLINE AND TEXACO
MOTOR OILS

MARFAK
LUBRICATION

TEXACO
REG.T.M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night starring James Melton. See newspapers for time and stations.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

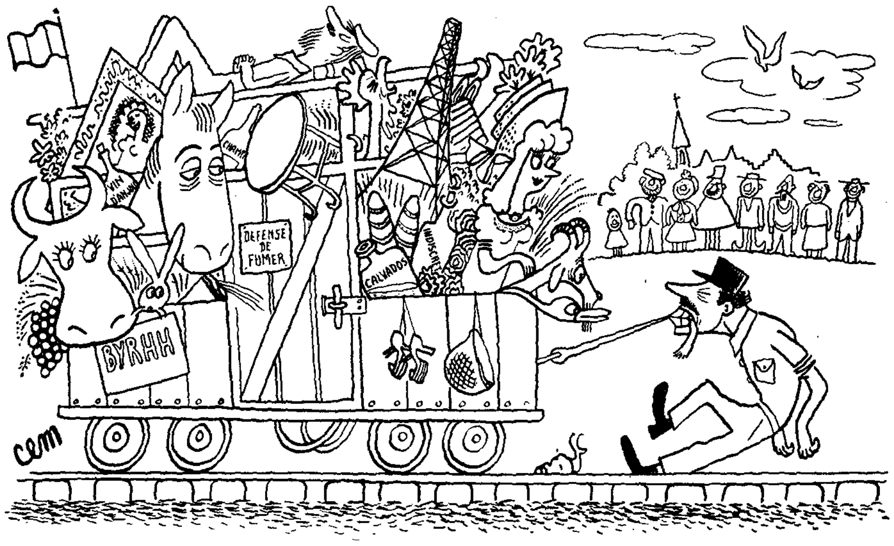
"**. . . IT'S ROUGH SAILING** ahead for this boy friend unless he learns to take better care of his hair. What a sight! Hard to comb, dull and lifeless, and . . . yep, loose dandruff, too. He's certainly got Dry Scalp. I'd better tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

HE'S PROUD OF HIS HAIR now, thanks to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It can help yours, too. See what just a few drops a day will do. Check loose dandruff and itchiness. Bring new life, new neatness, to your hair. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is a natural scalp aid, containing no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic



CHAS. E. MARTIN

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

The possessor of the world's strongest jaws today is André le Gall, the town crier of St. Servan, France. In a recent demonstration of his prowess, he started and pulled with his teeth for a short distance a loaded freight car of which the total weight was 32.6 tons.—*By Louis Scotte, Jamaica, N. Y.*

A short time ago, tests made on a large number of men and women to determine the differences in hearing between the sexes revealed that at all ages women surpass men in their ability to hear sounds at the higher frequencies.

Although the Prime Minister of Great Britain has ranked next to the King in executive power for more than 200 years, the office was not officially recognized or the holder granted a rank in the Table of Precedence until 1905. Even today, the Prime Minister is preceded in this Table not only by several members of the Royal Family but also by a number of other persons, including two archbishops and about 25 foreign ambassadors.

The difficulty of differentiating between emotional disorders and organic diseases was illustrated recently by a study of 150 psychoneurotic and psychotic patients. Before they were diagnosed as psychiatric cases, they had undergone a total of 811 courses of treatment of which 71 were given by cultists, 244 were surgical operations and 496 were medical treatments.

The world's automobile speed record is held by John R. Cobb of London who, driving his Railton Red Lion, attained a speed of 369.7 miles per hour on the salt flats near Bonneville, Utah, on August 23, 1939. This course is considered more satisfactory than any other because it is smoother and its cold salt reduces the temperature in the friction-heated tires and lessens the danger of blowouts. But best of all is its 4,300-foot altitude which, owing to the decreased atmospheric pressure, enabled Cobb to reach a speed that at sea level would have been only 314 miles per hour.

A species of six-foot catfish that inhabits the rivers of South America is called the "Boom Boom" by the natives because its air bladder throbs with such force that the vibrations sound like the rhythmical beating of a bass drum underwater.

The Index of Christian Art, the only record of every known object of art having religious significance created during the first 14 centuries A.D., is being compiled by the Department of Art and Archaeology of Princeton University. Started in 1917 and expected to be finished by 1951, the complete work will cover more than 25,000 objects which will be shown in some 75,000 photographs and described on about 550,000 index cards.

Although many states have a law which provides for life imprisonment upon the fourth conviction for felony, their authorities have no way to prevent a man, after he has served his first sentence, from committing a second, third or fourth crime, even when they know he is potentially dangerous. The only measures that do provide for prevention are in effect in nine states, but these statutes apply only to sex criminals. Under them, a convicted first offender who is not feeble-minded or insane but has a sex obsession is confined until he has fully and permanently recovered.

Although movie producers have long made pictures from successful novels, book publishers have only recently started to issue novels based on the original scenarios of successful films, one of the first of these books being adapted from the script of the popular movie, The Bells of St. Mary's.

One of the world's most dangerous waterways is Seymour Narrows between Vancouver Island and Maud Islet off British Columbia through which, in prewar days, some 1,500 large ships passed annually. Lying in the center of this 2,400-foot passage is an enormous submerged rock which at low water is within nine feet of the surface and which has not only damaged a number of vessels in the past 44 years but made thousands of others lose countless hours waiting for the safe slack period following high tide. At the cost of nearly $800,000, Canada tried in 1943 and in 1945 to blast the rock away, but neither attempt accomplished much because the steel anchor cables of the workers' barges were so often snapped by the terrific force of the current.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB, OFFERS—

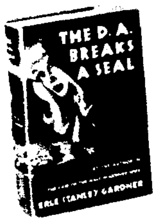
FREE

TO NEW MEMBERS

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER | **FRANCES & RICHARD LOCKRIDGE** CREATORS OF MR. and MRS. NORTH | **HILDA LAWRENCE** BRILLIANT NEW MYSTERY WRITER

Here are hours of thrill-packed reading by brilliant mystery writers . . . a triple-volume FREE TO YOU as a new-membership gift from the Detective Book Club! You receive ALL 3 full-length, best-selling novels FREE—bound into one handsome volume, a SIX DOLLAR VALUE. Read details below!

Their Very *LATEST* Mystery Best-Sellers —All 3 Complete in this ONE VOLUME!

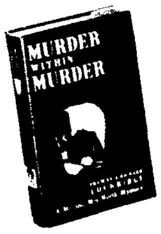


Where There's a Will, There's Murder—in this Newest ERLE STANLEY GARDNER Thriller

THE D.A. BREAKS A SEAL

ALL Major Doug Selby wanted was to enjoy his 5-day leave. But within three hours he was up to his neck in a deadly intrigue of hate, greed, and murder! It all started as a legal contest involving a million dollar will. Then the mysterious gentleman in Room 619 decided to take sugar in his coffee — and violence took over!

As ex-District Attorney of the town, Selby wanted to know why most of the principals in this baffling case were wearing *white gardenias*. But it wasn't until the final dramatic courtroom scene that Selby broke the case wide open. Last year alone, over FIVE MILLION of Erle Stanley Gardner's mysteries were sold. And when you watch, fascinated, as The D. A. BREAKS A SEAL, you'll understand *why!*



Here's the Latest Mr. and Mrs. North Baffler— By Frances and Richard LOCKRIDGE

MURDER WITHIN MURDER

IT'S dangerous to poke around among secrets —especially those that put the finger on the culprits in a few unsolved murder mysteries. Amelia Gipson made *that* discovery in the public library, which is not a customary place for *murder*. But there she lay, very dead. And, working backward from that grim fact, Mr. and Mrs. North searched into her past to uncover a possible motive.

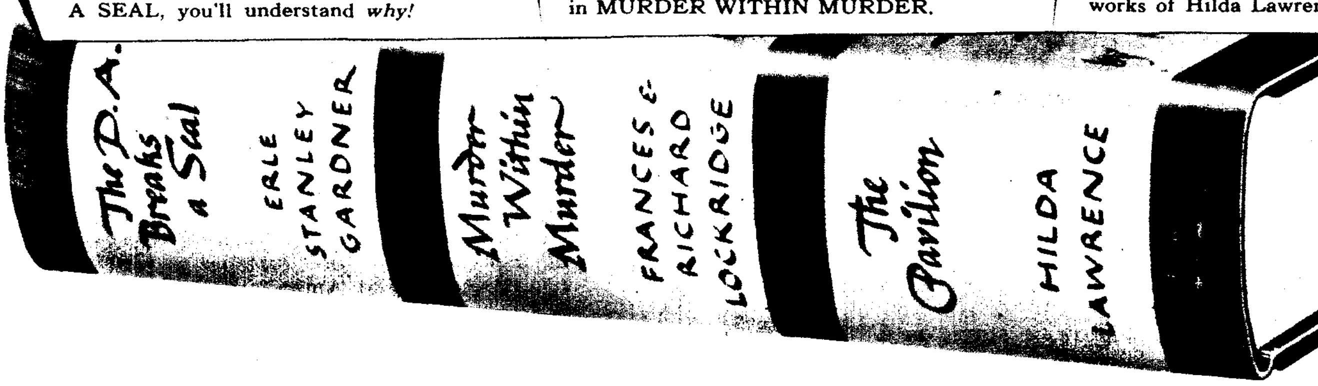
Was it suicide? Murder for money? Or a HUSH MURDER? The Norths are aided in solving this amazing mystery by their own sense of humor—and by an arrogant cat named Martini. If you are already one of the millions of North fans, you know what delightful hours you will enjoy with this latest novel! And if you aren't, a brand new kind of thrill awaits you in MURDER WITHIN MURDER.

A Brand-New Chiller by Hilda Lawrence—Who Proves That "Dead Men DO Tell Tales!"

THE PAVILION

THE deaths that devastated the Herald household looked innocent enough, because nobody suspected murder—*at first*. The only one who suspected a connecting link of intentional violence was Hurst Herald. His suspicions nagged him so persistently that he wrote to Regan Carr for help. But when she arrived, HE was dead!

Yet—*even from the grave*—he voiced his vague, uneasy doubts! THE PAVILION will give you the shakes and shudders as each terrifying chapter unfolds! *It has everything*—suspense to spare, mystery to burn, even humor to ease the tension. No wonder another great mystery writer, Dorothy B. Hughes, says "There's nothing better in mysteries these days than the works of Hilda Lawrence!"



A $6.00 VALUE

Each of the three books in this one volume would, if bought separately, cost you $2 today!

WHY THE DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB GIVES YOU THIS TRIPLE-VOLUME *FREE*

HUNDREDS of thousands of mystery book readers pounce upon every new book by the great ERLE STANLEY GARDNER, the delightful LOCKRIDGES, and the sensational HILDA LAWRENCE! Their thrilling novels are automatic best-sellers from coast-to-coast . . . the presses are rushed to supply the constant demand for their books at $2.00 each!

That is why the Detective Book Club is giving to you, FREE, this handsome volume containing *three* of their latest and most successful novels. We believe that is the most convincing proof of how the Club brings to you *the best* in new detective fiction books—month after month—at a fraction of what you would otherwise have to pay for them.

How This Club Brings You The Best Mysteries

The selections of the Club are ALL books that sell everywhere for at least $2.00 each. Yet, as a member, you get *all three in one volume* (a $6.00 value) for only $1.89!

All of the three novels in the Club's triple-volumes are *full length—unabridged* . . . written by such famous authors as Agatha Christie, Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, Hilda Lawrence, Ellery Queen, Carter Dickson, Frances and Richard Lockridge, and many other masters of detective fiction who have had their books selected by the Detective Book Club. (Many of these writers are Club members themselves!)

You Enjoy These Five Advantages

(1) Every month you are offered the cream of the finest new detective books—by the best authors. (2) You save two-thirds the usual cost. (3) You do NOT have to accept every monthly triple-volume selection. (4) Your books are fresh, clean, unopened—delivered right to your door. (5) They are so well printed, so handsomely bound, that month by month they grow into a lifetime library of detective masterpieces you'll be proud to own.

Mail Coupon NOW for Your Free Book

Accept your FREE COPY of the triple-volume described above NOW! Your acceptance of this book, as a membership gift from the Club, will not obligate you to take every month's three-in-one selection. You may take as few as four each year that you are a member. You may cancel your membership whenever you wish. A description of the next month's selection will be sent to you with each month's triple-volume, and you may reject in advance any volume you do not want.

SEND NO MONEY! Simply mail the coupon *promptly* and receive your membership gift book FREE—*and*, receive in addition, the current triple-volume containing *three more* complete new detective books! Address the coupon NOW to:

DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

SEND NO MONEY 7

Walter J. Black, President TTM
DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me, FREE, the three-in-one gift volume pictured on this page. In addition, send me the current triple-volume of the month, which *also* contains three complete new detective books.

This does not obligate me to take every monthly triple-volume during the next 12 months. I may take as few as four during this period, if I so wish.

I will receive an advance description of all forthcoming selections and may reject in advance any volume I do not wish to own. I need send no money now, but for each volume I do accept I will send only $1.89, plus few cents mailing charges, as complete payment, within one week after I receive it. *(Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)*

Mr.
Mrs. ....
Miss PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Address ....

City................. Zone No. (if any) ....State......

Stop trouble BEFORE IT HAPPENS!

Junior's idea of trouble and how to avoid it may have its lighter side. But *car trouble* is always serious, with its expense and inconvenience. So, to side-step needless repair bills and keep your car dependable and economical—

Make It A Habit To See The United Motors Man

Stopping car trouble *before* it starts is a specialty of the United Motors man. He knows where and how to look for "danger signals" . . . and what to do about 'em! His car-saving service features trained mechanics, tested methods and *original-equipment parts*. Wherever you are, there's a friendly United Motors man near you. Make it a habit to see him for regular servicing and checking . . . and keep far ahead of car trouble!

Look for this Sign UNITED SERVICE MOTORS It's right nearby

United Motors Service is a nationwide organization of selected independent service stations authorized to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

Editor you stop print stuff like that
B.T.

The Week's Mail

Dear Editor: I have just read, belatedly, Joel W. Westbrook's article, Our Army *Is* Undemocratic, in your issue of May 4th. Please accept my compliments for having the courage to print it. During the war, when the going was tough, we officers sweated and did our best while the Krauts shot at us from the front and the editors of Yank and Stars and Stripes took pot shots at us from the rear. With the cessation of hostilities the editors promptly unleashed a barrage and everybody undertook to inform Congress about the "undemocratic" system of our Army.

Richard C. Baldwin, 1st Lt., Infantry.
Formerly with the 85th Division in Italy, and twice wounded.
Beaumont General Hospital,
Fort Bliss, Texas.

For the editors' side of this controversy see Brass Hats and Blue Pencils, Collier's of May 18th.

Dear Editor: Three cheers for Collier's! I have just read Frank Gervasi's article, Boom-Bust or Bowles, which is the best of its kind I have ever seen. I was an Army nurse. I served overseas for three years, and this I know: America today is not the kind of place the boys dreamed about. They fought for democracy, and I am sure they won't stand for the kind of country this would be without some sort of price control.

Marilyn Miller
New York, N. Y.

Bernard M. Baruch recently said before the House Banking and Currency Committee in Washington: "Continue price controls, subject to indicated modifications for a year. Allow profit but no profiteering."

Dear Editor: I liked your editorial, And Now, About the Customers, in your issue of June 1st, but I must say that, although I get about a bit, I have never encountered any snarling, snapping sales people. Sometimes service is slow and there are times when I can't get what I want, but the men and women who wait on me are always courteous.

Why are they courteous? I think the answer is that I am courteous to them.

J. W. Cheney
Manchester, Conn.

"Life is not so short," said Emerson, "but that there is always time enough for courtesy."

Dear Editor: In his interesting article, Experiment in Democracy, May 25th issue, Quentin Reynolds points out that the Army makes the degree of democratic indoctrination the yardstick for returning German prisoners to their homes. "We send back to Germany only those we believe are really democrats at heart," he quotes Colonel Smith.

I think it should be pointed out that if America refuses to repatriate its three hundred thousand German prisoners until they are good democrats, then Russia is justified in slave-laboring its estimated five million German prisoners until she can return them as good Communists. Do we want to set Stalin that example?

Austin J. App, Ph.D.
San Antonio, Tex.

As Dr. App probably knows, we have no slave labor in our prison camps, thereby setting Mr. Stalin an example.

Dear Editor: Every week I glance through my copy of Collier's, then turn to that delightful department you call Any Week and read every word in it. I wouldn't miss it for anything—it alone is worth the price of a copy. My congratulations to Walter Davenport, who, I take it, is the genius who edits it so brilliantly.

Adolphus Winkler
Los Angeles, Cal.

The genius is pleased.

Dear Editor: In his article, Pooches on Parade, in your issue of May 25th, Hannibal Coons says that Dr. Aristine Pixley Munn, of Long Branch, N. J., is dead.

In so saying, he is incorrect, for I am Dr. Aristine Pixley Munn, and I am most certainly not dead. In this I resemble Mark Twain, who once said: "The report of my death has been greatly exaggerated." Please resurrect me, for the benefit of my mourning friends!

Aristine Pixley Munn, M.D.
Long Branch, N. J.

We take pleasure in resurrecting Dr. Munn, and we hope the announcement of his death was many, many years premature.

Dear Editor: The Congressional Record contains at least one good corny American joke per issue. Why not run these? I can ferret them out for you—or, better still, your office boy can find them.

Henry Stoner
Barberton, Ohio.

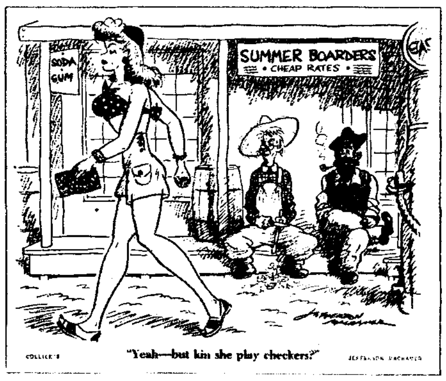
Our office boy has enough to do.

Dear Editor: To save me, I cannot see anything funny in Mr. Machamer's cartoon on page 39 of your June 22d issue. It may amuse the lower elements on Broadway, who seem to enjoy that sort of thing. But civilized people? No!

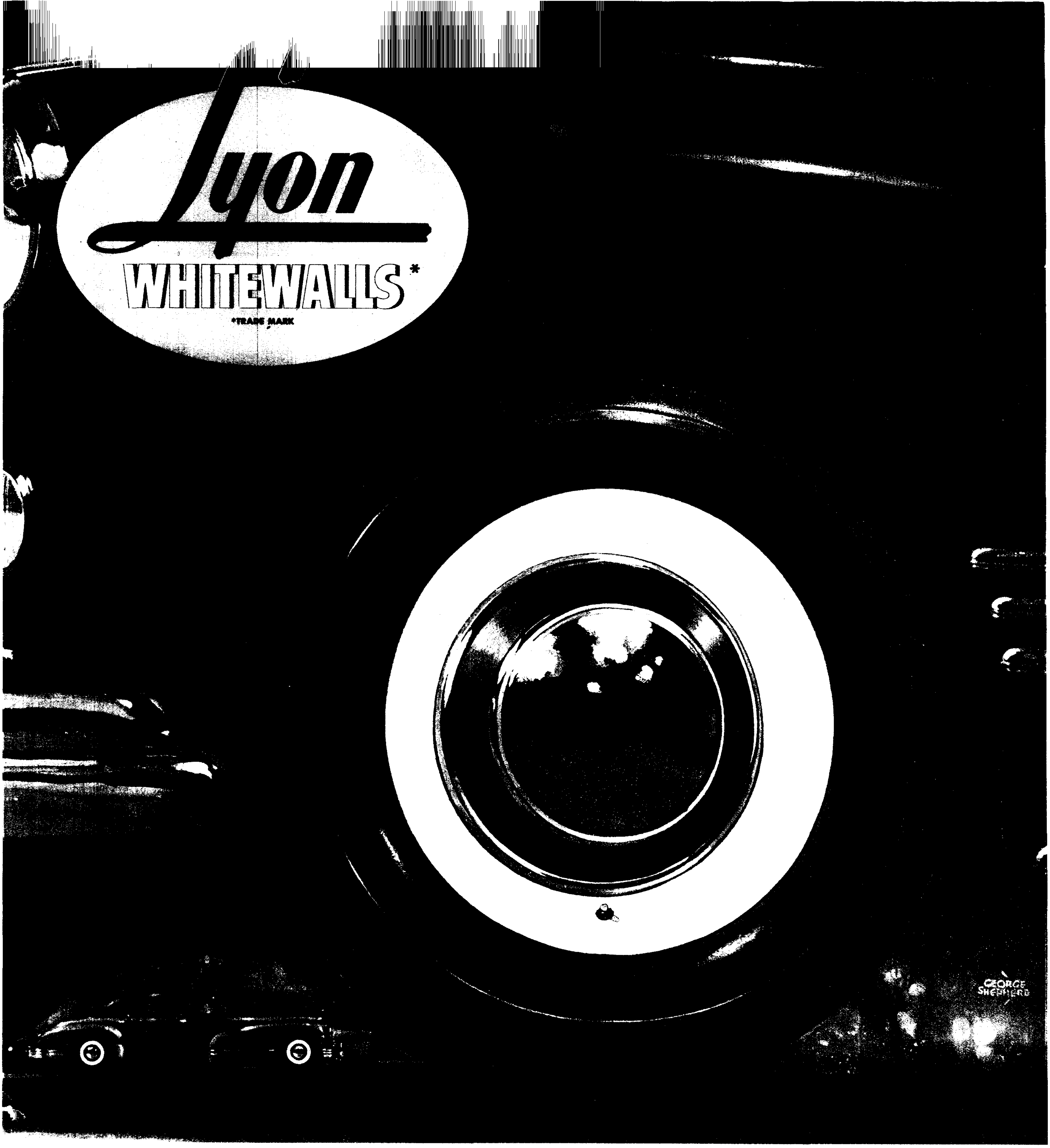
Wilson T. Thorpe
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Machamer's cartoon. As for us we laughed and laughed.

(Continued on page 62)



"Yeah—but kin she play checkers?"


Lyon
WHITEWALLS*
*TRADE MARK
GEORGE SHEPHERD

PRICES: $6.95 AND UP PER SET OF FOUR

★ *added beauty and distinction*

for even the most distinguished cars!

We were adding 300,000 telephones a month

That's 3,600,000 a year—nearly three times as many as ever before.

But disturbed conditions in this country have affected our supplies of steel, copper, lead, paper, cotton yarn, wood—many of the vital necessities for telephone production.

Even so, you can depend on this:

We're moving as fast as we can, and as supplies improve we'll speed up the program.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JULY 20, 1946

The Captain Was A Lady

BY NEIL PATERSON

Collier's begins here a distinguished and memorable two-part story: The dramatic career of a daring adventurer, a skillful navigator, a shrewd trader—the career, in fact, of an unconventional and fascinating woman

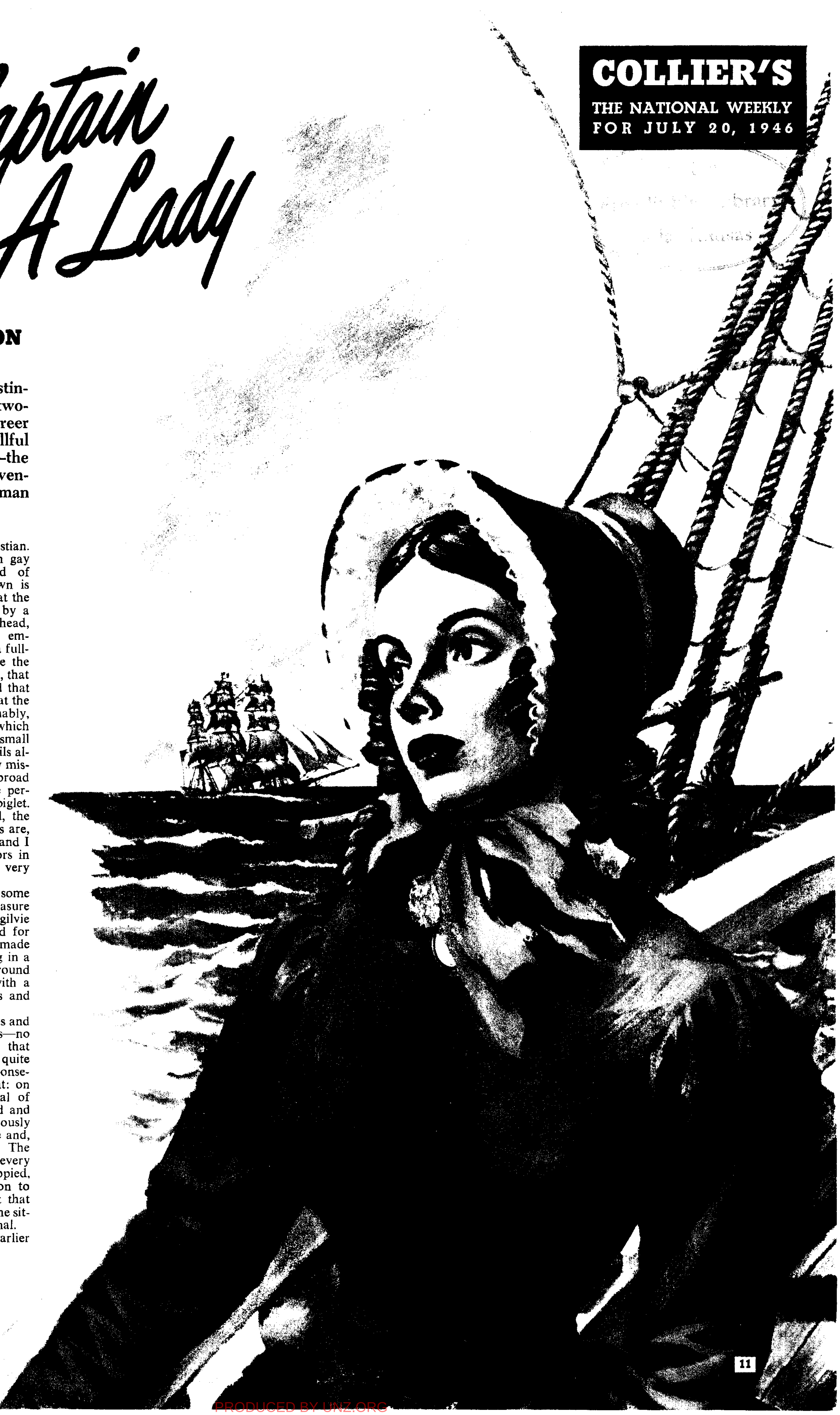
I HAVE two portraits of Christian. One shows a young woman in gay apparel against a background of richly brocaded drapes. The gown is purple and of satin. It is cut low at the neck and is clasped to her waist by a wide bejeweled sash, while on her head, Arab fashion, is a scarlet shawl embroidered with white camels. It is a full-length portrait and you cannot see the face clearly. You can see, however, that the eyes are astonishingly blue and that the mouth is too large and wide, that the face is oval and is crowned, presumably, by red-brown hair, a tendril of which protrudes from the shawl in a small perfect curl, so meticulous that it fails altogether in its artistic aim of happy mischance and sits on the smooth, broad forehead with an air of grotesque permanency, rather like the tail on a piglet.

The stance, the tilt of the head, the brassy stare, and of course the dress are, to say the least of it, provocative, and I cannot but think that her neighbors in old Banff must have found it all very shocking.

The other portrait was painted some thirty years later and provides a measure of redress. The artist was John Ogilvie of Banff who was justly renowned for his taste, and he has certainly made a discreet job of her. She is sitting in a high-backed chair—and for background there is a cream wall decorated with a copper warming pan, two etchings and a Nanking bowl.

Black closets her throat and wrists and primly envelops the upper works—no definite or undulating lines—so that the vulgar details of figure are quite obscured and your attention, consequently, must focus where it ought: on the face. It has not a great deal of character, this face. The forehead and jaw are good: The mouth, obviously painted with care, is firm and large and, I like to think, faintly humorous. The eyes are still startlingly blue and every surrounding wrinkle has been copied, you feel, with painstaking attention to the original. You have no doubt that this is a photographic facsimilie of the sitter, yet the result is oddly impersonal.

When you look from the earlier



Mistress Evans stood on the poop of her husband's ship and watched the little town, containing all that she knew, recede beyond the horizon. She felt no fear. Only excitement, a certain satisfaction

anonymous portrait to this fine painting of John Ogilvie's in its ornate, expensive frame, you realize immediately that this is a solid work of art, a proper portrait; and you realize also, I think, that a hundred years ago a woman did not have a lot of fun.

The portraits now hang side by side, and you have an excellent opportunity of studying them for points in common. Personally, I can find only two: they are both in oils, and neither does her justice.

LITTLE is known of her early life. She was born in 1829 in a two-roomed house in Carmelite Street in the Royal and Ancient Burgh of Banff and was baptized later the same year in the name of Christian West. Her father was Alexander West, erstwhile staymaker and, at the time of Christian's birth, town missionary, with a stipend of 16 bolls bear, 8 bolls meal, and £21.10.5½ in money. Her mother's name was Jannet West or Gordon—all that I can learn of her.

The family consisted of Alexander, the eldest son who went to sea at eleven, deserted his ship in Valparaiso and was never heard of again; Janet (note the modern spelling), Bathia, Elspet, Jean and Christian, daughters in that order; and finally, and somewhat unexpectedly, one imagines, as he arrived in his mother's forty-eighth year, Robbie, the puir laddie that was born stunted. And there were two sons who died in infancy and whose names, William and George, you may find on the family stone.

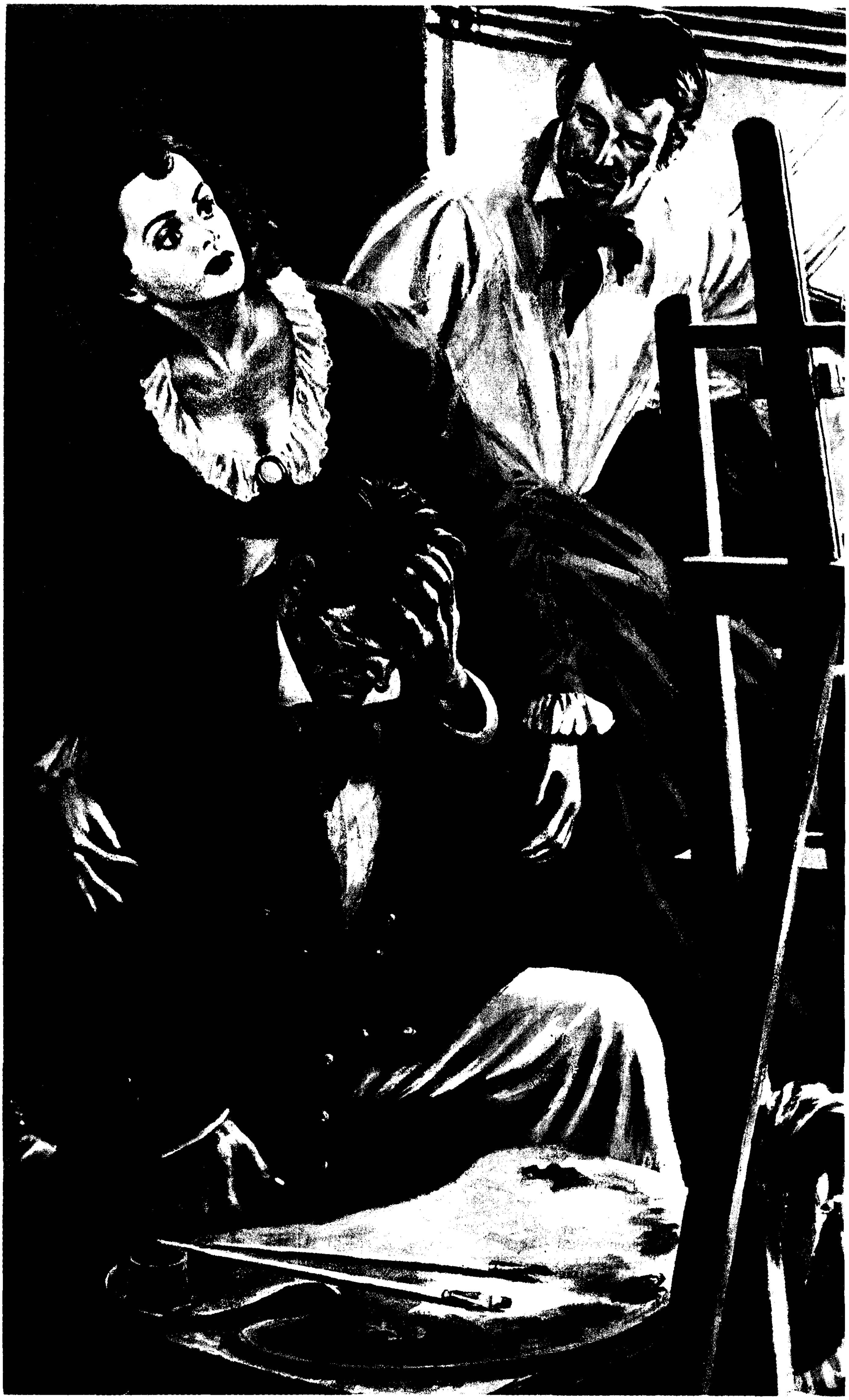
No one appears to have noticed anything remarkable about the young Christian West and one is forced to the conclusion that, as a child, she may have seemed as amiable, as estimable, and as dull as her sisters who were, I gather, very dull dogs indeed. None of them, Christian included, ever went to school. I am puzzled to account for Christian's education. The only explanation that I can offer is that her father, a scholar though a humble man, somehow found the time and place to instruct her. No doubt his wife persuaded him to keep it quiet. After all, it is not every hedge sparrow that likes to have a cuckoo in the nest.

At the age of sixteen Christian, unhandicapped by any reputation for brains, reached woman's estate and promptly married. To the chronicler this marriage of Christian's is like the parting of a heavy curtain, for there is now an end to obscurity.

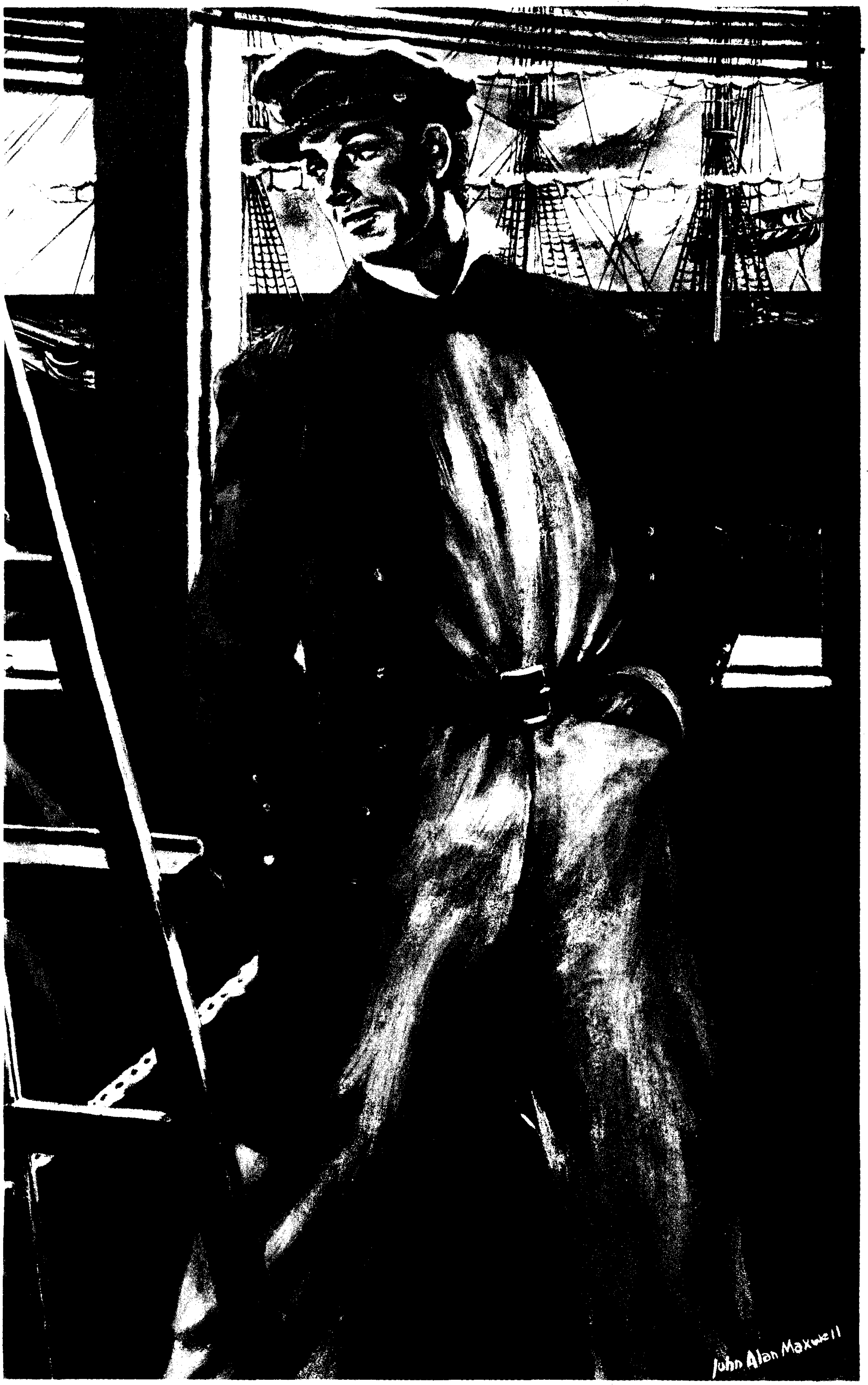
In the autumn of 1845, a strange ship, running before a southeasterly gale, rounded Kinnaird Head, and, slipping into Banff Bay for shelter under the lee of the land, dropped anchor. She was a big ship for the Bay, square-rigged and heavily sparred, black, lean-bodied, sinister, built for speed. It was rumored she was an opium runner, and curiosity rustled through the town. The following morning when word got about that the captain's gig was being lowered, an eager crowd quickly gathered on the New Harbour Wall.

The five West girls were there, arms linked, agiggle, and when Captain Dai Evans ascended the iron rungs it is possible that the first sight that met his eyes was the row of crinolined Sunday skirts belonging to the Wests. He noticed Christian immediately, as well he might with her sisters to offset her, and a look passed between them. For a moment it seemed that he might speak, but, according to his own account, "becoming mindful of the proprieties" he "gathered himself and proceeded on his occasions," namely a visit to the Black Bull Inn where he knocked back two pints of strong ale, and, after demanding the names of a reputable builder and a chandler, made discreet inquiries of the five sisters.

Later that gusty day he encountered them in full sail in Bridge Street, and his



Tancy McCoy was tucking the portrait under his arm when Dai Evans charged. "Easy there," McCoy said. "Easy. I'm ready an' willin' to make a widow of her, but are you, sparrow? That's the question, are you?"



Without apparent effort he raised Dai off his feet and hurled him across the attic where he finished on one knee against the wall. Christian ran to him. Tancy McCoy looked around the room and said, "Mornin', all"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

interest on that occasion was so marked that the whole town heard of it. When they had passed he swiveled in his tracks and watched them till they rounded the bend into Reid Street.

For two unnecessary days—for his sprung mast was quickly unshipped and a jury fitted—he stayed on at the Black Bull, probing the locals in a subtle Welsh way for information anent the Wests and unaware that the town buzzed with it. On the third day the wind was so fair that it could no longer be disregarded and, abandoning his caution, he sought an interview of Alexander West.

There was not much preamble. Captain Evans spoke his credentials and came to the point.

"Christian!" Alexander West said. "You mean Janet, sir. Christian is my youngest. You mean Janet, or Bathia, perhaps."

"No, sir. The mistress Christian."

"It is not credible. Christian is a bairn agin the others. No, no, I will not countenance it. Christian is unversed in the ways of men. It is out of the question, sir. Why, I would not give the child in marriage for a hundred pounds!"

"I had thought of two hundred," the soft, foreign voice said. "Sterling."

The parents were opposed to an immediate marriage, but Dai was insistent and Christian was willing. The wedding, in the informal Scotch form, took place that afternoon, and that same evening Mistress Evans, in Bathia's new bonnet and Jean's elastic boots, stood on the poop of her husband's ship, the Dee, while a fair wind filled the great spread of sail and the couthie little town of Banff, containing all that she knew, receded beyond her horizon. She felt no fear. Only excitement, and a certain satisfaction. She was fully aware of having done a host of rivals well and truly in the eye.

The Dee proceeded to Cardiff without incident save that a fresh quarter breeze, springing up off the Lizard, made the ship lively and occasioned the following entry in the log: "Mistress Evans is uncommon handy about the ship, even in weather, and would doubtless be of service if a man."

IT IS not the comment one expects of a bridegroom and one cannot doubt its sincerity. Dai Evans did not joke. He was an intense and serious man, fiery on occasion yet with his fires well under control. His marriage was the one impetuous act of his life. Give him his due, though, he was a good sailor and a good businessman, conscientious in all his undertakings, yet religious withal. He was masterly at prayers. Moreover—and for this alone we should honor his memory—he kept his log after the fashion of a Pepys and taught Christian to do likewise.

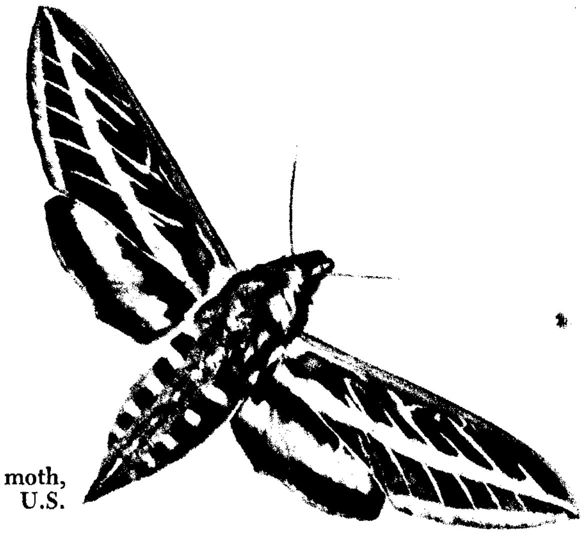
From Cardiff, the Dee, later renamed against all seafaring practice the Christian Dee, sailed to Garbyth in Cardigan Bay. This was the home port, Dai Evans' town. He had a house here, a housekeeper, and a family of brothers. The house was big, the housekeeper old, and the brothers hostile, save for Thomas, the youngest, who was much too friendly. The town itself was small and passionately Welsh. It closed its ranks automatically against outsiders like Christian. In twenty years time she might be accepted as one of the townsfolk, but first she must bear her quota of Welshmen and adopt the Chapel and the idiom: she must earn the right.

Under these conditions, and with her husband away nine months out of every ten, it is not to be expected that Christian was happy. She would write her sister Janet long, passionate letters in which she bared her heart. She would sit for hours just staring out to sea where nothing stirred but an occasional white sail

(Continued on page 52)

Pigmy blue from Arizona, seven sixteenths of an inch wide. Below, an "owl's face" (upperside) from Ecuador, with wingspread of six and three fourths inches

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY H. J. KNOPF—PIX



Hummingbird moth, found in the U.S.

Beauty on the Wing

BY DON DORNBROOK

MILITARY security prevented a former college student from disclosing his whereabouts in letters to his old biology professor, so he sent the instructor a package of butterflies. The professor took the butterflies to a lepidopterist, a student of butterflies and moths. Although many of the specimens had broken wings, the expert soon decided that the soldier had landed in the Fiji Islands and then had been transferred to the Solomons. Subsequent letters proved he was correct.

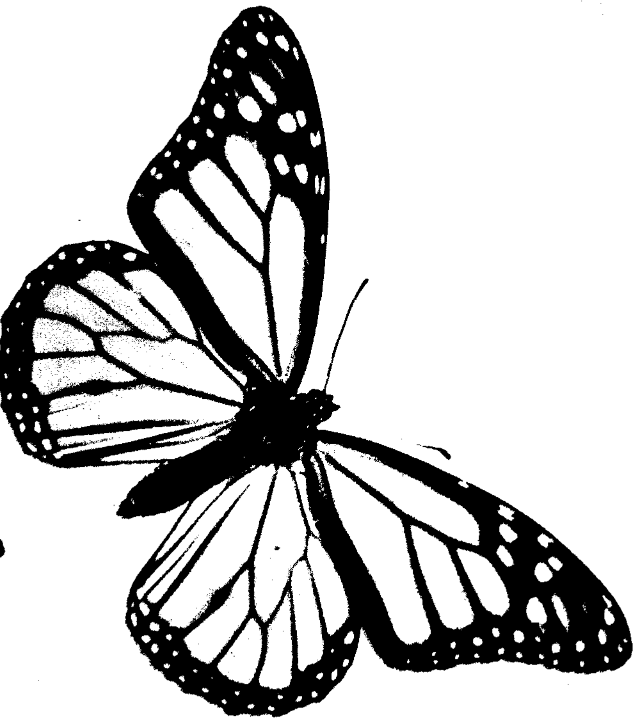
It was no accident that led the professor to the home of the lepidopterist—Arthur H. Moeck, principal of a Milwaukee, Wis., elementary school. For Moeck has filled an upstairs room with about 15,000 butterflies. In this "bug house," as he likes to call it, the 48-year-old educator has classified 10,000 butterflies and moths under glass and has another 5,000 on hand for swapping purposes.

Moeck, a fairly large man, is browned and husky, and looks not at all like the slightly wacky character of film and fiction, flitting among the rocks with a large net in hand. He says he was "just a big farm boy" attending a Milwaukee high school when he first became interested in Lepidoptera.

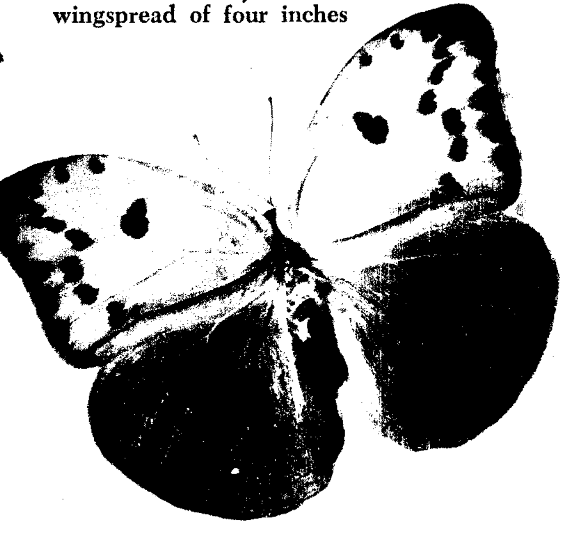
"I was puzzled by the hardiness of butterflies and moths," he says. "Equipped with no means of protection—such as a bite or sting—these gaudy creatures have always survived."

Moeck took a tray of underwing moths off the shelf. The bottom part of the wing was brightly colored, but the top part was somber. "But when it settles on a tree the top wing folds over the bottom, and the moth blends into the sur-

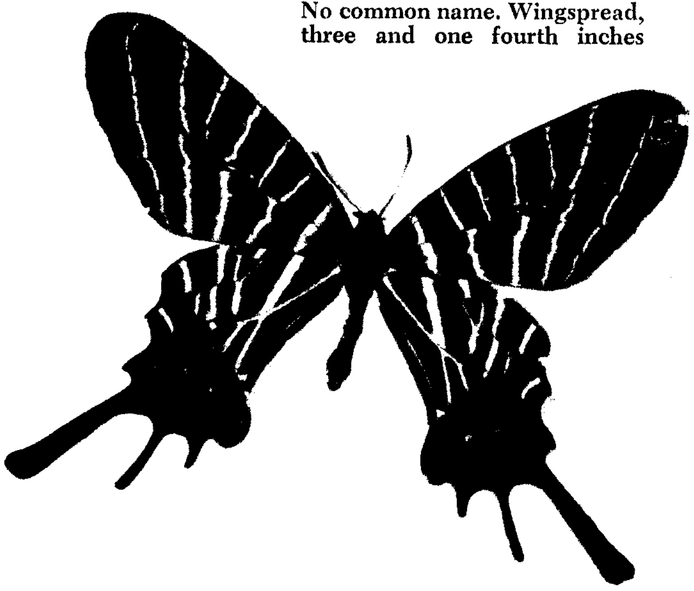
The dead leaf, an East Indian butterfly. Above, with the wings opened



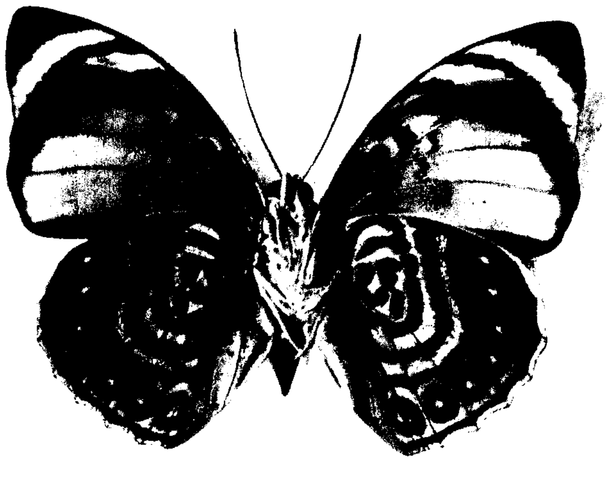
The Monarch, a common American butterfly. It has a wingspread of four inches



The female sulphur butterfly, found in Cuba



Armandia thaidina, Chinese. No common name. Wingspread, three and one fourth inches



A rare Peruvian butterfly, an Agrias underside. Wingspread, three inches

Arthur H. Moeck, lepidopterist

roundings—and birds are fooled."

Another example of camouflage is the dead-leaf butterfly of southeast Asia. Moeck exhibited specimens with bright yellow and purple backs and dull undersides that looked like dead leaves—even to the veins. They were even shaped like leaves.

"Just like our bombers," he said, as a plane roared over the house which is at the edge of Billy Mitchell Field. "They, too, are painted in dull colors on the bottom so they are difficult to see."

Other butterflies protect themselves by being downright distasteful. A common Middle Western variety, the Monarch, has such a bad flavor that a bird is sure to spit out the first mouthful. Then there's the Viceroy, which looks like the Monarch and finds protection in its very mimicry. Birds spotting a Viceroy remember how bad the Monarch tastes and look for something juicier. Other examples of mimicry are hummingbird moths, which resemble hummingbirds, and clearwing moths, which look like bumblebees.

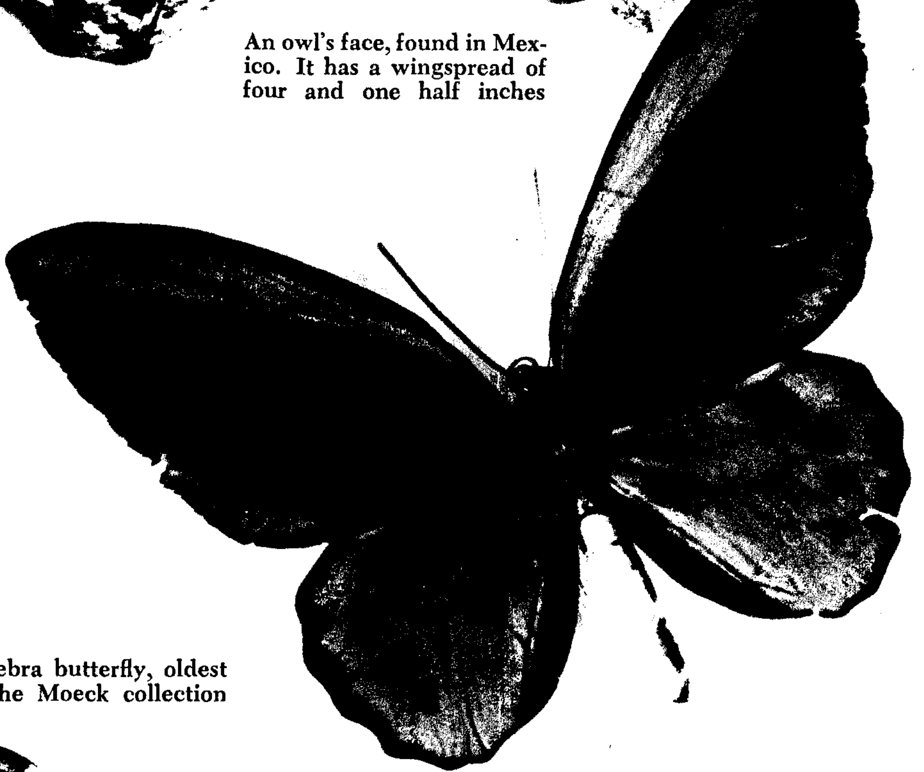
Collection Built Up By Netting—and Swapping

The educator has netted butterflies at sea level and in the mountains 14,000 feet above sea level; in Canada and Mexico; in the Cedarburg (Wis.) swamp and in many other parts of the country. Ninety-nine per cent of his collection was caught by him, his wife and daughter, or is the result of swapping with fellow collectors. He has never sold a specimen.

"I'm not interested in the commercial aspects," he says. "I prefer to deal with colleges and museums and have swapped about 1,000 specimens with the British Museum. That was before 1940, however, when all the Museum's specimens were moved into vaults. I *(Continued on page 60)*

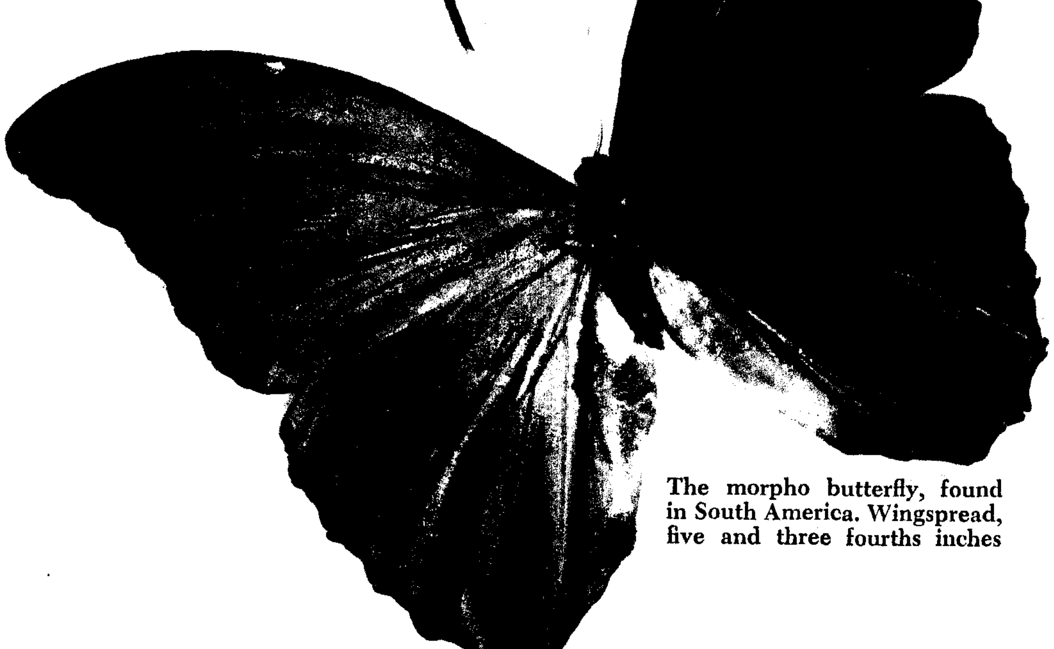
The Madagascar moth, measuring four inches tail to tail

An owl's face, found in Mexico. It has a wingspread of four and one half inches



A zebra butterfly, oldest in the Moeck collection

The bird wing, found in New Guinea. Expanse, six inches

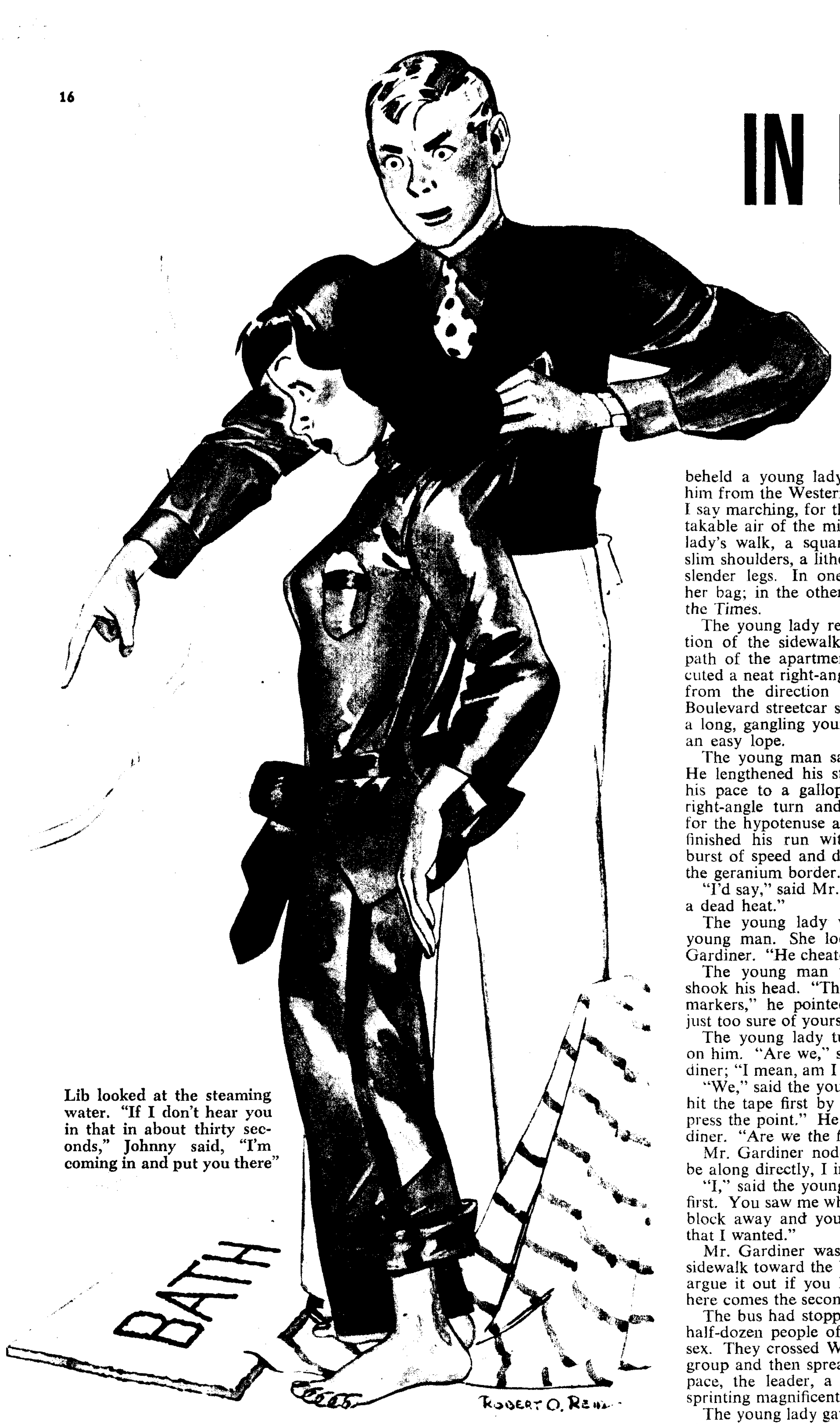


The morpho butterfly, found in South America. Wingspread, five and three fourths inches

IN DEPENDENCE

BY RICHARD STERN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID



Lib looked at the steaming water. "If I don't hear you in that in about thirty seconds," Johnny said, "I'm coming in and put you there"

Johnny and Lib didn't know each other from Adam — which made their joint solution of the housing problem a novelty even in these unconventional times

HERBERT SYLVESTER GARDINER, that rash man, with a horror of the black market and a deep and abiding faith in the OPA, dared the incredulous stares of the girl at the classified counter and inserted this ad in the Sunday Times: *For Rent, double apartment, desirable location, pleasantly furnished, utilities paid, $70.00 a month, see Mr. Gardiner, 5400 Montmorency, no bonus required.*

The ad appeared in the metropolitan edition of the Sunday Times which reached the streets at nine o'clock. At 9:16, Mr. Gardiner, clad in undershirt, trousers and a cigar and digging industriously in his small border of geraniums, beheld a young lady marching toward him from the Western Avenue bus stop. I say marching, for there was an unmistakable air of the military in the young lady's walk, a square, easy set to her slim shoulders, a lithe, free swing to her slender legs. In one hand she carried her bag; in the other, a folded copy of the Times.

The young lady reached the intersection of the sidewalk and the flagstone path of the apartment house. She executed a neat right-angle turn. And then, from the direction of the Hollywood Boulevard streetcar stop, there appeared a long, gangling young man, moving at an easy lope.

The young man saw the young lady. He lengthened his stride and increased his pace to a gallop. He scorned the right-angle turn and left the sidewalk for the hypotenuse across the lawn. He finished his run with an unbelievable burst of speed and drew up, panting, at the geranium border.

"I'd say," said Mr. Gardiner, "that it's a dead heat."

The young lady was glaring at the young man. She looked down at Mr. Gardiner. "He cheated," she said.

The young man was grinning. He shook his head. "There were no course markers," he pointed out. "You were just too sure of yourself."

The young lady turned her shoulder on him. "Are we," she asked Mr. Gardiner; "I mean, am I the first?"

"We," said the young man. "I think I hit the tape first by a hair, but I won't press the point." He regarded Mr. Gardiner. "Are we the first?"

Mr. Gardiner nodded. "The others'll be along directly, I imagine."

"I," said the young lady stoutly, "was first. You saw me while I was still a half block away and you knew what it was that I wanted."

Mr. Gardiner was looking down the sidewalk toward the bus stop. "You can argue it out if you like," he said, "but here comes the second bunch."

The bus had stopped and disgorged a half-dozen people of assorted sizes and sex. They crossed Western Avenue in a group and then spread out according to pace, the leader, a short, broad man, sprinting magnificently.

The young lady gave them one glance. "May I," she said to Mr. Gardiner, "see the apartment, please?"

"We," said the young man.

Mr. Gardiner did not rise from his heels. He regarded them both patiently.

The young lady looked again at the approaching sprinter. She looked again at the young man beside her. "We," she said to Mr. Gardiner, who nodded and rose to his feet and led the way.

The ad had not overrated the apartment. It was pleasantly and tastefully furnished. There were Venetian blinds on the living-room windows and carpeting to the wall. There were two comfortable chairs and a studio couch and three occasional chairs. In the bedroom there was a large double bed. The young man grunted when he saw it. "Damn," he said. "I guess it's the studio couch for me. I was hoping for twin beds."

The girl turned on him savagely. "If you think for a moment . . ."

The young man shook his head. "I wouldn't think of it," he said. "I'm sort of a restless sleeper, you know. I'll sleep on the studio couch and I'm sure I'll be quite comfortable. It'll be much better than the park and that's where I'd be if I hadn't found this place."

Mr. Gardiner coughed discreetly. "I'll show you the rest of the apartment." He led them out of the bedroom and opened a door. "Now here's the bathroom."

It was a tiled bathroom, with stall shower and tub. The young man regarded the shower approvingly. "I like showers," he said. "That's good."

"I like baths," said the young lady.

"It's perfect then," said the young man. "You take your baths and I'll take my showers and no fixture goes to waste."

They returned to the living room and then inspected the kitchen and the dinette. "It's splendid," said the young man. He turned to the girl. "Don't you think?"

The girl did not answer.

THEY went into the living room again and stood there, silently gazing around them. The girl said, "That lamp shade isn't good. It clashes with the rest of the furnishings. I'll replace it." She walked over and turned the switch. The lamp did not light.

"I'll rewire it," said the young man. "No trouble at all. Give me practice."

"That'll be nice," said Mr. Gardiner. "Electricians are hard to find."

"Good," said the young man. "It's all settled, then." He reached for his wallet.

"Now look here," said the girl. "If you think I'm going to share this with you, you're mad. You're stark, raving mad."

The young man's eyebrows rose. "I was just being generous," he said. "I'll take it by myself, if you like."

The girl took a deep breath. Then, suddenly, she dug into her bag and came up with a discharge button. "I'm a veteran," she said to Mr. Gardiner. "I ought to have some consideration."

Mr. Gardiner looked at the young man's lapel. It was bare. "Oh, that," said the young man. He dug into his pocket and pulled out a button of his own and held it out in the palm of his hand.

The girl glared at him. She turned to Mr. Gardiner. "I have to have this apartment," she said. "I'm being evicted from my hotel tomorrow."

"I've been evicted from mine," said the young man. "They moved my bags into the lobby this morning."

"But I'm a woman!" the girl said desperately.

The young man nodded. "So I've noticed," he said.

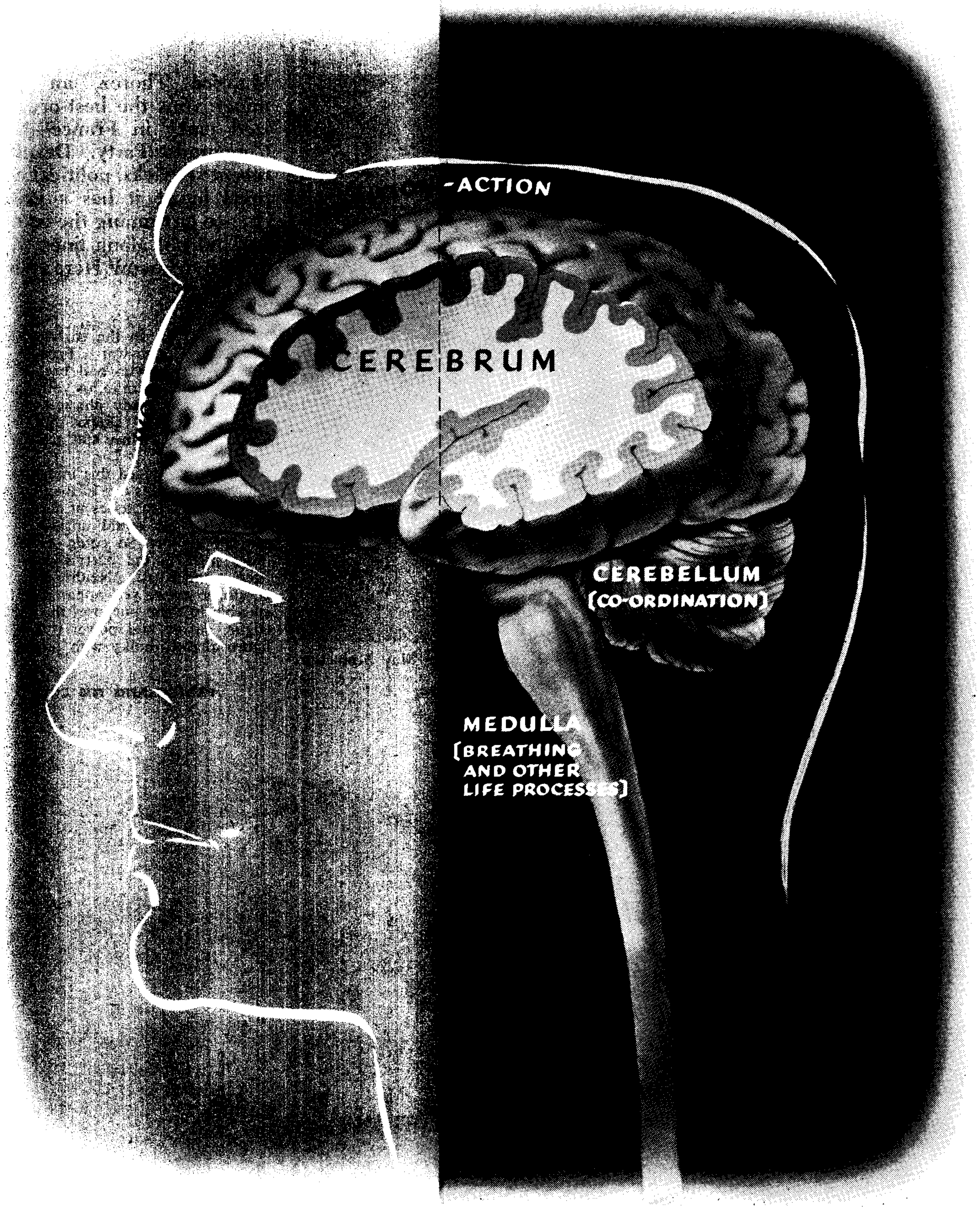
There was silence. Mr. Gardiner worked thoughtfully on his cigar. The girl said finally, "I simply have to have this apartment." She looked at the young man and saw no compromise in his face.

(Continued on page 62)

MEDICAL MYSTERY

BY MONA GARDNER

With new and radical techniques, medicine is probing deep into the secrets of the most baffling and complex of all mechanisms—the human brain



The basic divisions of the human brain. In lobotomy, a new surgical operation for certain types of violent insanity, the cables connecting midbrain and forebrain are severed. Division is made roughly in the area of the dotted line, and the result is a break in the circuit through which ideas are normally translated into action

DRAWING BY FRANK NETTER, M.D.

THE nurses called Carrie the meanest patient in the hospital, an unholy distinction in a place of four hundred mentally sick and disabled and frenzied beings. But Carrie earned her reputation. She would kick and shout and spit at everyone who came near, smear food on the walls and strip her clothes off in public rooms. At meals, it took three attendants to feed her, and when she got a fork or a knife away from them it took four and even five strong-armed nurses to hold her down while antiseptics were put on the gashes she had made in her own body.

Doctors and nurses and relatives shook their heads over the case—for she was pretty, almost noble-looking when her face was in repose, and her 32-year-old body was healthy. Yet this was the sixth time she'd been in the hospital in eight years, and neither psychiatry nor twenty metrazol shock treatments had helped her.

At this point lobotomy—the newest, most drastic and controversial technique in brain surgery—was tried. Holes were drilled in Carrie's skull above each temple, and an incredibly thin knife inserted to make a fanlike cut down through multiple brain fibers and nerve channels. Thus the prefrontal lobes of Carrie's brain—the part that holds the mechanism for worry, imagination, ambition, foresight and self-restraint—were disconnected from the rest of the brain.

Two weeks after the operation Carrie went home. She was drowsy, quiet, full of smiles, with a childlike docility about obeying orders, and a knife was merely a thing for buttering her bread. In another week she was dressing herself—and staying dressed—bathing daily, and helping with the housework. Six months later she was working part-time at a switchboard, and in another six months she had a full-time job. She has held this, competently and steadily, for two years. She gets along well with co-workers, is neat and tidy in appearance, and goes dancing once or twice a week.

Lobotomy is a relatively new surgical technique. It was first used in this country in 1936, and from then until 1943 there were only three hundred cases. But in the past two years the total number of lobotomies has jumped to 1500.

The Veterans Administration has used the technique for two years. But it has not been done in any Army or Navy hospital on casualties of this war, since top Army and Navy medical men believe that war-induced derangements can be cured by psychiatric treatment.

These most radical of brain operations record good and bad results in about the same ratio as most other major operations—good, 52 per cent; fair, 32 per cent; poor, 13 per cent; death, 3 per cent. But the good results can be amazingly good. One woman married again, runs a beautiful home and has borne two healthy children; another is teaching mathematics in a university; a lawyer is working for the government after three years in a mental institution; a man is teaching the basic mathematics of radio in the Signal Corps.

The Fair and the Poor Cases

When results are only fair, patients are likely to be unambitious, unimaginative, shallow, lethargic people who are at the mercy of every passing external stimulus the way a child is. But they are mild, contented, completely without suicidal feelings, and can live at home, although they are not much good at housework, since housekeeping—believe it or not—requires foresight, imagination and self-restraint. The poor-result cases are never erratic, but are restless, overenergetic and can't say no to oil-stock salesmen, auctioneers, or to liquor, and usually must be put in institutions.

Lobotomy does not restore disordered minds. It only trades one psychologic deviation for another—it being a question which the patient's family can best endure. Literally, lobotomy is a surgically induced childhood from which the patient *may* gradually mature in two or three years, not to a high level, but to one sufficient for a well-ordered life. At this stage even the stanchest believers in lobotomy advocate it only for the last ten per cent of those with crippling neurotic obsessions and then only after psychiatry and shock therapy have failed. But there is no telling where this technique may lead, or the eventual standards in mental health it may set up.

Meanwhile, each case adds to the small total of our knowledge of the critical frontal lobes of the brain which are variously described as "the enemies of mankind" and "man's noblest endowment."

The term brain is specifically applied to all parts of the nervous system inside the skull. Draw a line through the eye socket, and above it you have the area where most of the brain is lodged. Actually we have three brains—the forebrain, midbrain and hindbrain—as a result of our inheritance from our prehistoric past.

When, and if, we think and reason and remember, it is with the big main forebrain, also called the cerebrum (pronounced SARAH-brum). Its size marks the essential difference between our thought apparatus and that of lower animals. The higher the scale of intelligence, the greater the size of the cerebrum. Men, gorillas, orangutans and chimpanzees are the only animals with any considerable forebrain. So far, man is ahead, with a brain about three times larger than that of the apes.

The cerebellum or midbrain is an apparatus which co-ordinates two types of energy, both concerned with locomotion.

(Continued on page 44)

France's New Revolution

BY W. B. COURTNEY

RADIOED FROM PARIS

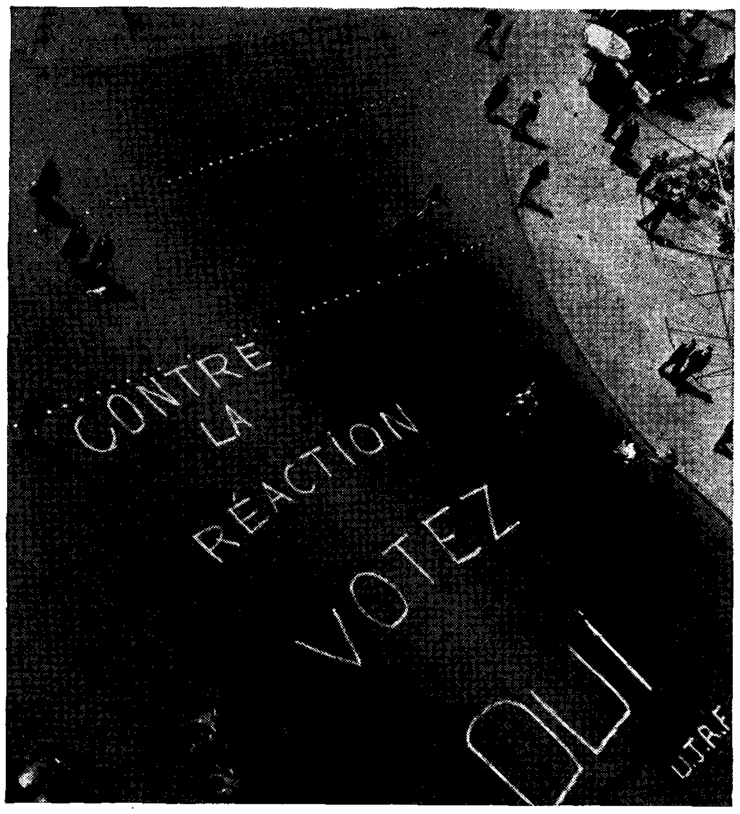
Maurice Thorez, an ex-miner, runs the best-organized party in France—the Communist Party. Despite recent setbacks, political experts figure it has a good chance of running the country, but not along lines laid down by Moscow. Here's why

SOMETIME in the early or middle years of the war a Frenchman—a politician, who had been a miner and river bargeman in his youth and still possessed the hardy physical attributes of those callings—slipped out of German-pocketed France and made his way to Moscow.

How he achieved this immensely difficult feat remains one of the juiciest and most debated mysteries of a period rich in secrets. He could unriddle it himself, of course. So could a few comrades high in the party's councils, in France and Russia. Neither he nor they choose to do so yet; apparently finding suitable to their purposes the air of intrigue, daring and power it lends to a figure already bulky with omens, good and bad, with threats and forebodings and hopes, all depending upon the color of the spectacles through which you view him.

For he is Maurice Thorez, the most controversial as well as perhaps strongest and most determined individual now in French politics. Thorez is head of the French Communist Party, with the expectation of greater office ahead, in the opinion of hundreds of thousands of the *petite* and *haute bourgeoisie* who see again to the locks on their iron shutters before they retire to uneasy slumbers on nights when they hear "Maurice" on the radio or read the goose-pimpling fables about him in conservative papers.

The two national springtime votes, one rejecting the proposed constitution for a Fourth Republic and the other electing a new assembly to have another go at writing it, neither affected Thorez' long-range chances nor soothed the fright of his intelligent enemies. French politics, like so many things French, are unique and full of elusive nuances. Because of this, foreign observers can easily miss the importance of the escape story. But millions of Frenchmen consider the unknown method of its accomplishment a major, if subtle, key to what is going to happen in France's domestic politics and her international relations in the "before the next war" period—as



French Communists used streets for posters in May 5 election

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DOISNEAU FROM RAPHO–GUILLUMETTE

BASTILLE
COMITÉ CENTRAL DU
PARTI COMMUNISTE FRANÇAIS

it is now frankly called everywhere in a morbid Europe.

Since, in the present state of this continent, France is considered a political bellwether, it is important for Americans to judge things from behind, not from in front of the headlines. Because it is Americans who are going to gamble the most, make the largest investments and lend the most money, food, skill and technical experience toward a hoped-for European recovery.

Maurice Thorez is, consequently, a Frenchman whose political future might well be as momentous to you as to the people of France—and Europe.

There are two "official" versions of his desertion from the army and journey to Moscow: Communist and opposition.

"There is no what you call mud involved here," a political rival of Thorez remarked to me gently, "only a trace of snow." He was referring to the pair of nice, soft Russia-leather boots which Thorez brought home from Moscow.

The Communist account is that Thorez, who had been drafted, quit the army in the first autumn of the war on direct orders from the party's highest council to save him from arrest by the Daladier government.

In those days, it will be recalled, Communists in France—as in the United States and other countries—were not in favor of the "imperialist war." Germany and Russia were still treaty pals. So France outlawed the Communist Party and jailed as many of its members in the Chamber of Deputies as it caught. Thorez went underground in the countryside near Paris. From there during the occupation he stirred working people against the Germans. He did not leave France until 1943, when he was summoned to Moscow by Stalin to assist in the job of dissolving the internationally obnoxious Comintern. He returned to France and leadership of its resurgent Communists in 1944 despite efforts by his enemies to keep him out permanently.

Those enemies offer a quite different explanation of Thorez' mystery years. They say he deserted from the army, went forthwith to Switzerland under a false passport and got a safe conduct from the Germans through Reich territory into Russia, as Lenin did in the last war. The inference is that Russia and Germany had agreed to set up a Red government in France with Thorez in charge.

Although the obscure workings of the German masterminds have seldom made sense—witness the historic Lenin episode, the ultimate result of which was a united Russia and mighty Russian army that helped achieve Germany's doom in the second World War—this part at least of the anti-Thorez recital does not hold water, in my opinion. Those of us working in Germany at the time never had a doubt that the hasty Russo-German pact of August, 1939, was a stall, dishonest and insincere on both sides. It was in part the result, diplomatic records have since proved, of the incredibly shortsighted gaucheries and suspicions of the various British and French missions to Moscow that hectic summer.

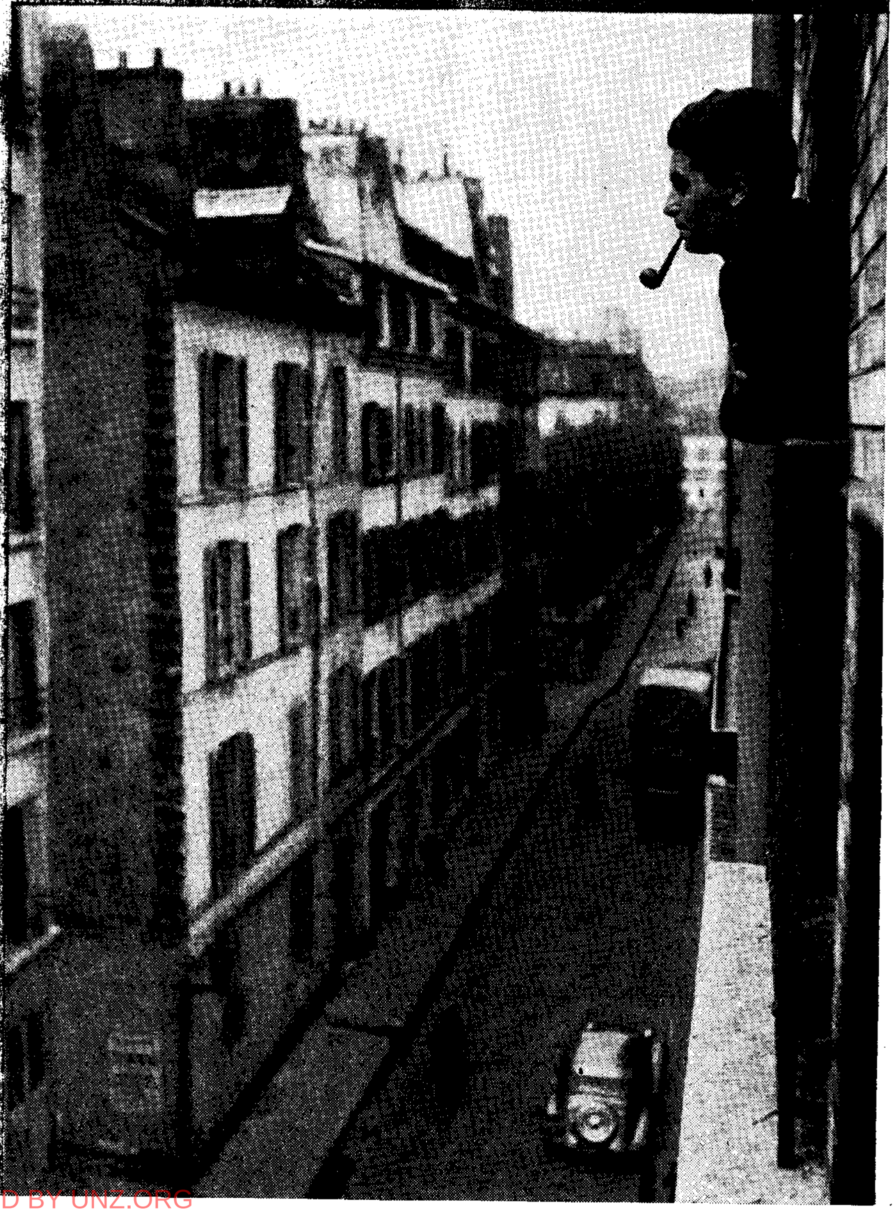
The two million first-rate troops that we in Berlin—and certainly the Russians—knew Germany maintained along the eastern line after the partition of Poland were not the gesture of a nation that would help Russia set up a Communist regime on her other side. Apart from Hitler's known hopes that his "holy crusade" against Russia would be a

(Continued on page 70)

Mme. [illegible]
[illegible]
Thorez [illegible]

Leaders of the [illegible] caught as they leave a Council [illegible] Francisque Gay, leader of the [illegible] Félix Gouin, Socialist

M. Hervé [illegible]
[illegible]



The Girl Who Fell Up

Joan McCracken made her debut on Broadway as "The Girl Who Falls Down." She's been on her way up ever since

BY AMY PORTER

IT WAS a cold day in Philadelphia five years ago, and the very young bride and the very young bridegroom were about to set out for New York City to seek their fortune. They had $35.

"Shall we take the train?" said the groom, "or—"

"You silly," the bride smiled indulgently. "We can hitchhike just as easy. I *like* to hitchhike. I won't be cold in this coat." It was a borrowed coat, too big for her, but warm.

They had good luck catching rides. They only walked a half-hour stretch outside of Hackensack. A heavy snowfall slowed them up there some, because they kept stopping to make snowballs to throw at each other.

They were very happy as they roared through the Holland Tunnel, swinging their feet from the back of a truck and singing.

The boy, who wanted to write, soon was drafted into the Army. The girl, who wanted to go on the stage, worked at several dancing jobs, and then . . .

When she first appeared on Broadway two years ago, she was listed in the theater program as "The Girl Who Falls Down." She was a character without a name, she had no lines and the only difference between her and the other girls in the chorus was that she fell down. Every now and then, in the middle of a dance, she fell down, hard, smack on her fanny. For this they paid her $75 a week.

It wasn't much of a role but it made people laugh, and their laughter raised her from her humble spot in the hit show Oklahoma! to featured comedienne in the hit show Bloomer Girl, to eminence as the billion-dollar bad girl in Billion Dollar Baby, also a hit. And there's a Warner Bros. movie contract in her pocket.

Today, imagine it, little Joan McCracken is a star. She can buy a train ticket to Philadelphia any time she wants to. She looks back almost tenderly on the historic fall that started everything for her. "To me," she says, "my fall was never clumsy. It was a modern fall, a dance step really. It required a special technique. . . ."

Then her pixie face breaks into a grin. "Gee, wasn't I *lucky?*"

Her success wouldn't taste so good to her, if her husband wasn't enjoying the good luck season too. He is. His first novel, completed just before he went overseas, is ready for publication. It's called John Fury, and Harper & Bros. is publishing it, and the man who is editing it tells Joan, "Your husband is a great writer." The other afternoon she spent hours deciding on the right cover for the first of the published works of Jack Dunphy. "It will be all done by the time Jack gets back from Europe sometime soon, I hope, I hope," she says. "Oh, he is so smart," she says.

In this gilded year of grace, Joan McCracken can have almost anything she wants—a mink coat, a Park Avenue apartment. Only she doesn't want either one of those things. "There's something about mink I don't like," she says; "a sort of I-got-rich-quick, and look-at-me flavor about it." Her fur coat is a brown sealskin. Park Avenue affects her in somewhat the same squeamish way. She is staying on in her three-room apartment in Greenwich Village.

What she would like is more time to catch up on all sorts of things. Reading, for instance. A girl who stopped school in second year high to take dancing lessons has a lot of reading yet to do.

"I'm in the middle of the Confessions of Rousseau," she says. "I'm interested in things like that."

Taste for the Classics

Joan is ambitious enough, even if she doesn't care to own mink. She wants to lead a dignified life, and be well read, and informed about art and all those things. "But I hope I cut my throat if I ever put on a phony Park Avenue accent. I've known girls who did that, and they can't get away with it. Why it takes generations to make a lady!"

Joan is very small, five feet one, ninety-five pounds or so, with a round, little-girl face. Away from the stage, she seems unstagy. I rode uptown with her in a taxi, and after she got out, the driver, who had been listening in, said, "Is she really an actress? She don't look it. I took her for a little schoolgirl home on vacation."

But on the stage, the electricity goes on inside of her and she flashes a strong personality across the footlights. In Billion Dollar Baby, she's a flapper of the rip-snorting twenties. She dances in befeathered scanties, and digs gold with vicious pickax strokes. It is a strenuous part. She is on the stage almost continuously, hurling herself through one violent scene after another. She would have to be young to stand it.

She spends her off hours fixing up the apartment for Jack's return. When I went to see her there, we sat in the kitchen drinking coffee. It's a pleasant kitchen with a big rough-oak table to sit around, and a big decorative cupboard—both early American pieces. It opens onto a back yard, which Joan is busily converting into a real garden. A workman was hammering at the fence and clearing out dead shrubs.

Except for the kitchen, the house isn't completely furnished. Joan tossed out all her old things to make room for the good things she is buying piece by piece. There's an antique sleigh bed of fruitwood in the living room. It is museum quality. "And there over the mantel is my first original," says the proud owner. It is a painting of a flame-shooting cornet by Magritte.

Joan has lived pretty strenuously from the beginning. Her father, Frank McCracken, a sports writer for Philadelphia newspapers, died about the time she and her brother Frank were starting high school. (This brother was killed last year in France.)

"My wonderful mother took over a side job Dad had had, doing publicity for Pennsylvania Military College, and we made out on that and odd jobs. My mother knew about working. She had worked from age twelve on. They weren't rich people, you see. They were poor people."

Joan guesses she inherits her strong feminist convictions from her mother. "Or maybe it dates back to when I was five years old and saw an apache dance. The whole idea of that dance made me sick and it still does, with the man slinging the woman around and the woman crawling back to him begging for his love. I'd like to kick the lady in the pants for being such a worm."

She observes that there are very few women directors and stage managers, and puts it down to man's ancient prejudice against women. "They wouldn't let women be stars, either, if they didn't just have to."

Joan's first dancing lessons were a birthday present given her by an aunt when she was ten years old. She took to dancing, and her mother pinched pennies to continue the lessons.

"Mother wanted me to be the best acrobatic dancer around. She told me if I did a flip-flop—that's a standing backward somersault, landing on your feet—she'd give me $3. We spread quilts on the floor, and I flopped all right—on my head. Knocked me out, and as I came to, I heard my brother yelling 'Jody's dead, Jody's dead.' "

Mrs. McCracken gave her daughter the $3 anyway, and thereafter refrained from urging her onward and upward. She lives with Joan in the New York apartment now, but you couldn't call her a stage mother. She stays strictly away from Joan's professional life.

Joan played hookey from school to go to dancing classes until her mother conceded she might as well quit school, which she did.

The Catherine Littlefield Ballet School gave her a scholarship, and later, when she got good enough to take part in performances, paid her $7 a week. She went to Europe for two months with a Littlefield troupe, "But all we saw were the bad hotels in Paris and Deauville and London and Brussels. We almost went on strike because we had to eat in a place where they had cockroaches in the salad."

There were rumblings of war in Europe then, but Joan didn't know about it until she got home and people said, "You got out just in time."

The troupe's next excursion, by chartered bus from Philadelphia to Los Angeles for a two weeks' engagement at the Hollywood Bowl, was more fun than Europe, Joan thought.

"Jack was a member of the troupe by then, and I guess we were falling in love." He had joined up mostly to gather background for the plays he intended to write.

There was a beautiful night in Kansas when the bus broke down, and she and Jack wandered around the moonlit fields; there was the time wild horses got in front of the bus and had to be chased away; there was the wonderful painted desert, and Indians, and souvenir-buying in Sante Fe, and gorgeous canyons. "It was the most exciting trip I ever had."

Some performances later, she and Jack slipped away to Provincetown, Mass., to get married. Nobody wanted to marry them. "One preacher after another," she said, "lectured us about how we were too young, and why didn't I go home and think it over.

"But one sweetie-pie realized we meant it, and married us, and we had the most marvelous honeymoon." Their friend, Artist John Stevens, gave them a miniature wedding reception in his studio, serving them Alexanders, which are still the bride's favorite cocktail, and then they went off to their one-room cottage on the beach. "The rent was $25 for six weeks and it was wonderful." The only furniture was a two-burner gas stove and a narrow cot. They widened the cot with boards and stuffed the holes with a fish net they found, and for a table they picked up on the beach a capstan, one of those spool-like things used for winding anchor lines.

Food cost them next to nothing. Friendly fishermen sold them nice big fish for two or three cents, and they swiped apples and berries and things from an abandoned farm where the house had burned down. They got up at dawn and went swimming, and dug for treasure around a wrecked ship, and danced on the beach, and had a wonderful time. On really elegant evenings they splurged on movies in Provincetown and ice-cream sundaes afterward.

On the Road to Fame and Fortune

A few months later, back in Philadelphia, they decided on the hitchhiking, fortune-seeking trip to New York. Joan's first job was with the Rockettes at Radio City Music Hall, four to six shows a day, one, two, three, kick, all in a row, and she hated it.

"At the tryout they made us do difficult steps which we never used later," she explains. "Like the fouetté—you know, it's that spinning step they do that makes you wish, Oh, why don't they stop!"

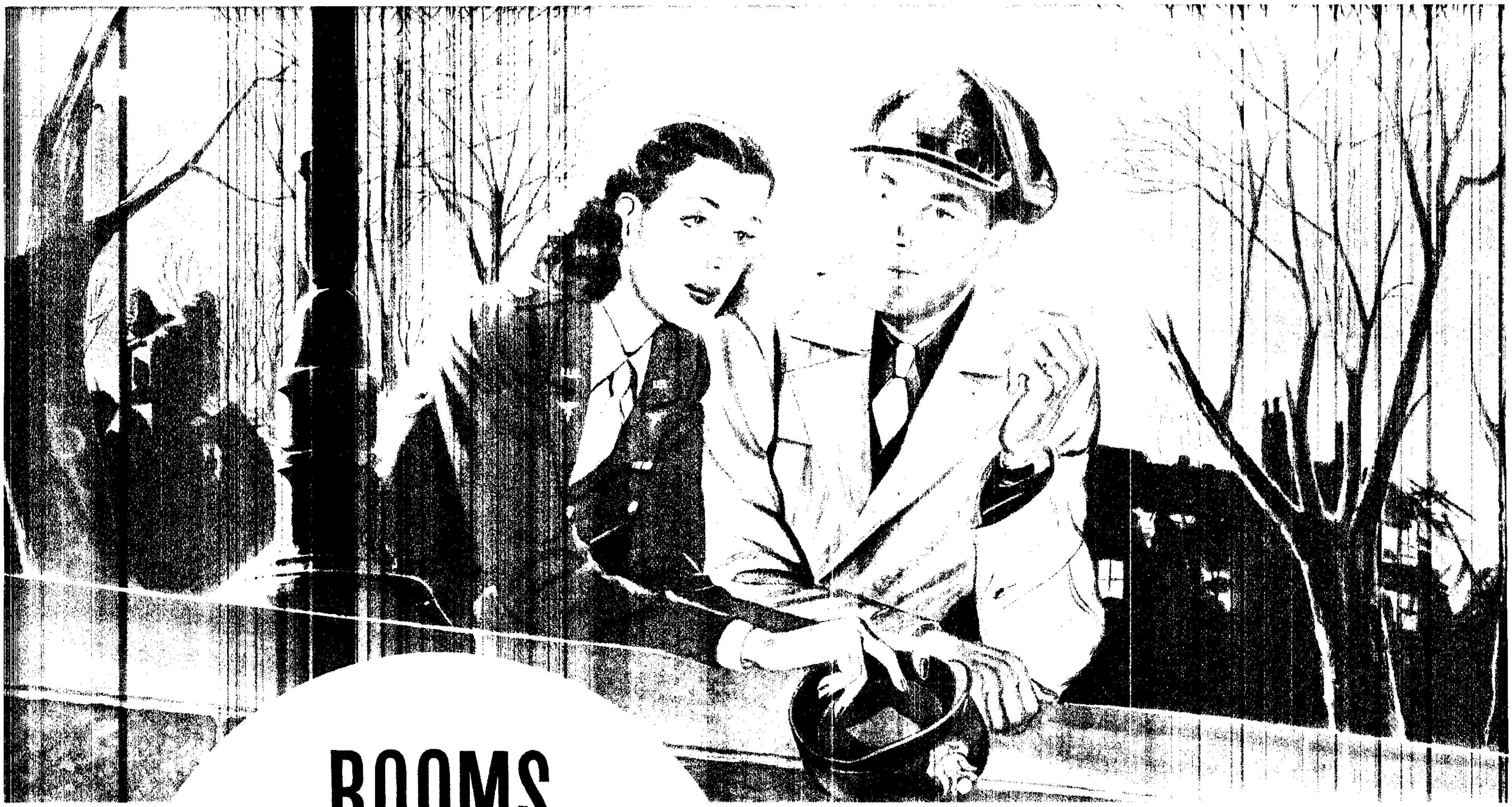
Jack meantime was with the American Ballet Theater. Then Joan worked a spell with Eugene Loring's Dance Players and accompanied them up to New Hope, Pa., for a summer which consisted mostly of studying, with a performance only once a week. "They taught me a lot, with lessons in acting, choregraphy and literature." Jack followed her up and hired out as an apple-picker.

"We got a little house and liked it so much we stayed there, after the company left, until our money ran out. We never worried about money. Jack started his novel there."

There was a Hollywood interlude for Joan, between Oklahoma! and Bloomer Girl, which she'd rather forget about. She was in the movie, Hollywood Canteen, which she didn't like much because it seemed to her to be condescending to soldiers. All the same, she is signed up for more movies. ★★★

The lucky fall that started Joan McCracken on her way up occurred in Oklahoma! (top, left), led to a break for her in Bloomer Girl (center), and onward to big-time success in Billion Dollar Baby

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BAUMAN-GREENE



There was a faraway look in her eyes as though she were remembering something. "I hadn't the slightest idea that you weren't the happiest girl in the world," he said

ROOMS WITHOUT WALLS

BY THOMAS W. PHIPPS

Any separated from those they love will understand what strength and truth this lonely man, this unhappy girl, found in each other's sorrow

WHEN they got outside of the club she was still a little out of breath from the last dance. He leaned over and turned up the collar of her coat.

"How about walking?"

"Fine," she said.

It was a clear night and the light of the moon hit hard on the torn-up buildings around them, creating oddly shaped patterns in roofless houses and rooms without walls, high-lighting the bare bones of a dead city.

They walked in silence. At the end of the street, when they had grown accustomed to the night air, and the music of the club no longer rang in their ears, he stopped and reached for her hand.

"Why didn't I meet you before?"

"You don't get around, Lieutenant," she said lightly. "I've been in Ward C of the general hospital for three months."

He laughed. "I'm just too darned healthy," he said.

He moved closer to her; they started walking again. "This has been fun," he said.

"Well—don't be so surprised," she said. "I'm a very gay girl."

He laughed. "But it really has been fun," he was half protesting.

"Yes," she said quietly. "I know."

They turned down Bruning Strasse, the cold pavement echoing to the crisp beat of their feet.

"You know," he said, "I almost didn't come to the party tonight. I'm not too good at these organized affairs. My fun seems to sneak up on me at funny times—wet Wednesday afternoons, any time but the right time. But tonight was different . . ."

He suddenly broke off. "I'm going home next week."

"Oh," she said. "Are you?"

"What about you?"

"I'll be here till the spring," she said.

"Pretty grim, isn't it?"

"What?" she asked casually.

"Living around all this mess and destruction—seeing the faces of people—feeling their complete hopelessness. Gets you down after a while."

"Yes," she said, after a moment. "I suppose it does, if you let it."

"Do you have to stay?"

"No," she said slowly, "I don't have to—I mean—the war's over, and I've been overseas almost two years and . . ."

"What's the idea, then?"

"Oh," she said, "it's . . ."

"Tell me," he said quietly.

"Well," she said simply, "I was in love with a flier who was shot down over this town."

He loosened his grip on her hand. "Oh," he said.

A train whistled in the distance. He suddenly felt cold. Lord, he thought, the world seems to be full of unspoken hurts, swallowed feelings that only see the light when they are forced out.

"Hold my hand," she said. "Please."

His fingers touched hers and fastened over them again.

She tossed her head back and he caught a faint smell of her perfume. It was like being hit in the face with a bunch of violets and it had been bothering him all evening.

"Are you married?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes," he said, "I am."

"What is she like?"

"Oh," he said, "she's tall and parts her hair in the middle."

She laughed. "You can do better than that."

"Well," he said, "she has dark hair and her eyes are wide apart and she has nice hands."

THEY turned down Holzhausen Strasse. He felt her brush against him. Damn it all, he thought, my body hasn't the morals of a rabbit. Here I am describing my wife to a girl who has just told me she was in love with a flier who got killed and IT isn't paying the slightest attention. Maybe, he thought, smiling to himself, IT only understands Hindustani or Norwegian. Plain and simple English just doesn't get through to it.

He pressed her fingers. "Cold?" he asked.

"A little," she said, "but it's nice."

He held her closer. They passed the wreckage of a big bank building. Two gigantic stone figures leered drunkenly at them from a pile of rubble.

"Are you in love with your wife?" she asked lightly.

"Yes," he said, "I guess I am."

He waited what he hoped was a decent interval, then he put his head down and rubbed his cheek against her forehead. "Do you go out a lot?"

"No," she said. "This is the first time."

"Really?"

"Yes," she said. "Really."

"Has it been all right?"

She smiled. "It's been very good."

He cut down the length of his steps so that they could walk more easily together. They crossed into a square that once must have been one of the busiest in the city, but now was just a shapeless mass of stone and brick and twisted steel.

"I feel very close to you," he said.

She squeezed his hand. "What's your wife's name?" she asked.

"Sally," he said. "But, look, let's—"

"All right," she agreed. "We won't—"

"You see somehow, tonight, I . . ."

"Yes," she said, "I see."

He looked down at her and suddenly he saw that her eyes were filled with tears and that there were two damp streaks running down her cheeks.

"Oh," he said. "Please don't."

She half smiled. "I'm sorry," she said after a moment, "I couldn't stop it."

He felt a great sweep of tenderness for her. "Does it hurt very much?" he asked.

"It hurts," she said.

They walked on. This is a very unhappy girl, he thought. What a fool I am! I didn't even see it and I've been with her all evening.

As they turned a corner they saw the river. It was shining and still and icy cold. They reached the bank and leaned over the wall, looking down.

After a while he jerked his head around and said with disgust, "Judas priest, I ought to have seen what was going on inside you."

There was a silence. She glanced up and saw the fierce look on his face.

"I'm just dumb," he said. "Unless it's written in big letters—I don't get it."

"You're not alone," she said quietly.

"But it's like being half blind." He struck the wall with his hand. "Going around and only seeing the outline of things—never being able to fill it in."

There was an urgency to his voice. "I

(Continued on page 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILSON SCRUGGS

A broken neck was only a minor inconvenience to Big Ed Pauley in his scramble from obscurity to national leader. With him here is his family, Steve, 5; Susie, 7; Robert, 2; and his wife, Barbara. Pauley's friends think he may be President someday

INTERNATIONAL

BIG TOOTH AND NAIL MAN

When the Senate was questioning Edwin F. Pauley's ethics as an oilman and politician, it overlooked his life story. Here it is—one of the most amazing Horatio Alger yarns of the decade

BY GEORGE CREEL

THE dispatch of Edwin F. Pauley to Manchuria by Mr. Truman as his personal representative is in no sense a "comeback," for he never went away. When the Senate refused to confirm him as Undersecretary of the Navy, the President leaped forward instantly with a ringing declaration of faith, and the Manchurian mission is a sign of continuing devotion. That chore chored, it is a certainty that the massive Californian will be given some other high post that does not require senatorial approval, for as long as the Democratic Party needs campaign funds, Big Ed is the Indispensable Man.

Whatever else may be said or thought of Mr. Pauley, his career offers ample proof that America is still the land of opportunity with all gates wide open, and a ladder ready for every eager foot. Not even the climb of Harry Truman from county judge to the Presidency is more spectacular. As late as 1938, Big Ed was a catch-as-catch-can oil operator in southern California, one of many who raced from field to field, gambling in leases and teetering always on the edge of receivership.

Within a few years he counted his fortune in millions, became a power in Democratic councils and was a White House intimate in both the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. One day he was America's representative on the Reparations Commission, judging Germany and Japan and hobnobbing with Europe's top-drawer diplomats; the next, named as Undersecretary of the Navy, and assured of promotion on Mr. Forrestal's retirement.

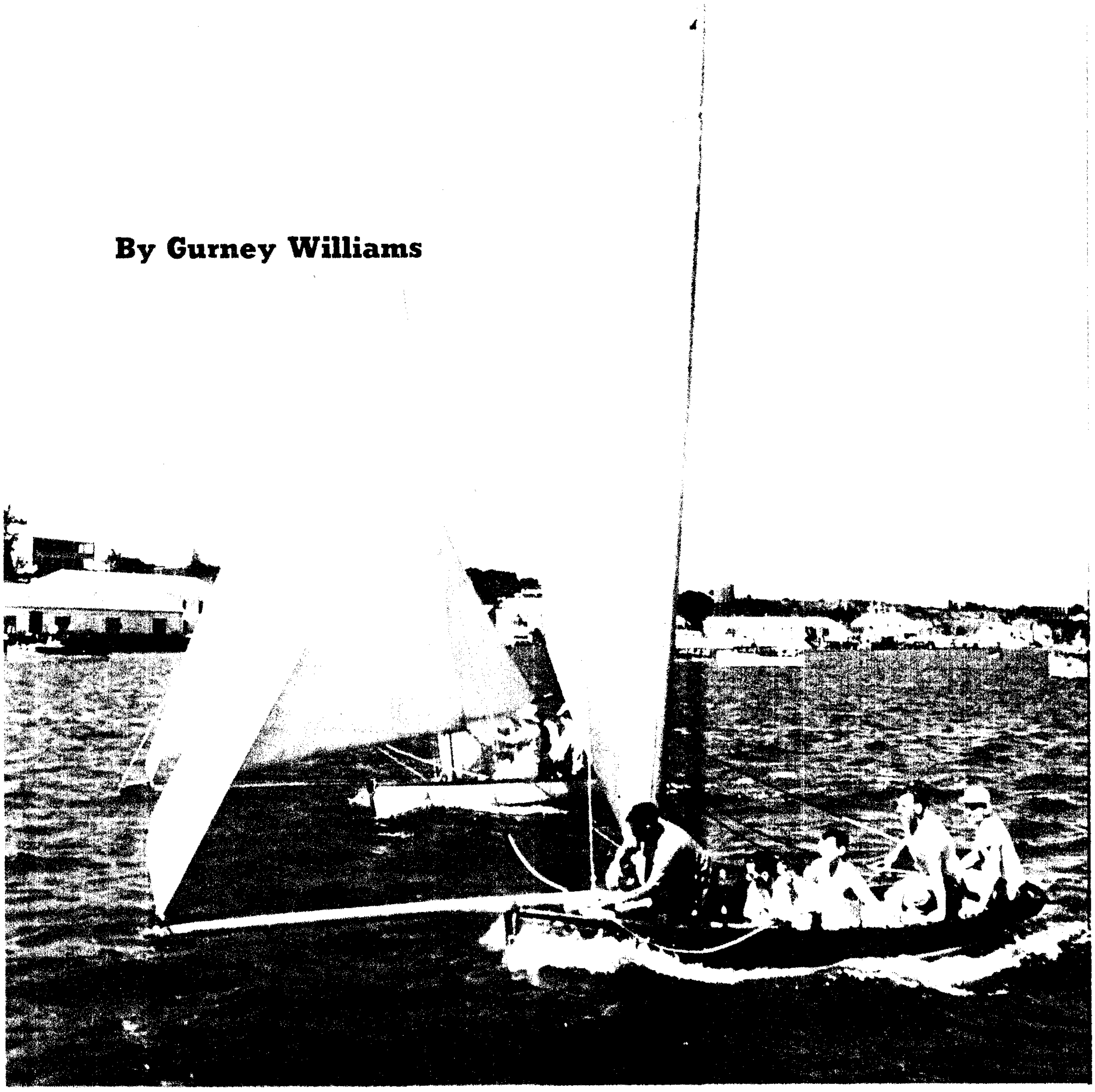
It was a rapid ascent, and admiring friends insisted that Cabinet rank was not the end. Big Ed is still a young man—he's only 43—so why not the White House in 1952 or 1956? Nevertheless, it was this meteoric flight from obscurity to high office that the Senate hearings utterly ignored. The Republican opposition showed interest only in what Mr. Pauley did *after* winning to the heights. There was no effort whatsoever to lay bare one of the most amazing "success stories" of modern times.

Investigation disclosed that the earlier Pauley years were lived in strict accordance with the Horatio Alger tradition. Born in Indiana and reared in Alabama, he worked his way through a military academy as emergency repairman for an electric power company. When his people migrated to California in 1919, he went first to Occidental College and then to the University of California, sweating as an oil-field roustabout in summers, and selling encyclopedias during the school terms.

A strapping six-footer, he won fame as a tackle, and also pulled a powerful oar on the varsity crew. After graduation in 1923, he taught economics, commerce and business administration. But the academic life was too tame, and he joined his father in the oil game, starting as a roughneck on the derrick floor. He became a salesman and was doing fairly well when a plane crash put him in the hospital with a broken neck for six expensive months.

(Continued on page 47)

By Gurney Williams



With canvas ballooning, H.D.C. II (of Hamilton) leads Shamrock on the latter's home grounds in the harbor of St. George

Bermuda dinghy racers don't believe in doing things the easy way—they use so much sail it takes six men to keep a boat afloat. As a sport it's exclusive—and slightly nuts

AN IRREVERENT landlubber once remarked that the crew of a Bermuda racing dinghy consists of "a helmsman and five other damned fools." While this description should not be repeated very loudly on or near the premises of a Bermuda boat club, there are some unsporting individuals who would take one quick look at a regatta and say, "I see what the landlubber meant." Because, rigged for battle, a Bermuda dinghy is an unbelievably delicate and top-heavy craft.

Like the bumblebee, which, by all laws of aerodynamics, shouldn't be able to fly, a Bermuda dinghy shouldn't be able to sail. But the bumblebee sneers at science and flies anyway, and the boatmen just go ahead and race. The difference between the bee and the boat is this: The former has too little wing area and the latter has much too much sail.

Ever since Bermuda dinghy devotees got together years ago and laid down some rules, these boats have been limited to a length of 14 feet, one inch. The beam approximates five feet; the hull has a draft of 18 inches. Bolted to the bottom is a three-foot iron "fan," or keel. There is no deck. In other respects the Bermuda dinghy tosses sailing convention to the breeze and becomes a freak in a bizarre sport enjoyed and found nowhere else in the world.

To begin with, the bowsprit is almost as long as the entire boat. The boom is 24 feet. The sky is literally the limit for the mast, which sometimes towers 38 feet from the keel. Onto this goes an incredibly enormous load of sail. In a light wind it may total *750 square feet.* For comparison, the International 14-foot dinghy (with two-man crew) has no bowsprit, the boom is less than 10 feet long, the mast is a little more than 23 feet high and the sail area is 148 square feet.

Just before a race, the boat is lowered into the water next to a concrete quay or high dock. This is so it won't fall over while being rigged, for the center of gravity is well up the mast. Two crew members climb in and act as ballast while the spar is stepped and the sails are set. There are no winches or cleats. The canvas (Bermudians are looking forward to the day when Egyptian cotton will again be available) has to be hand-held and slackened quickly; otherwise—foof!—the crew is swimming. With the gear set, the six-man (on rare occasions it's a seven-man) crew takes its place.

There's the helmsman, a mainsheetman, a jibman, two who act as live ballast, and a bailer. The latter has the toughest job next to the jib sheetman, because the overloaded, squashed-down dinghy takes in plenty of water. Using a basin the bailer spends nearly all the 45 minutes racing time hustling the harbor over the side. He works so fast, in fact, that some of the inpouring water never gets to the bottom of the boat. But he isn't always successful. One time a scheduled race never came off because a sudden squall sank three of the five contesting boats before they even started.

In a close finish, or when the wind drops, the two ballast members are commanded by the skipper to dive overboard. It's a racing dive from the stern and, besides lightening the boat, gives it an extra shove which may be all to the good. Once in a while the winning dinghy lurches across the finish line with no one left in it except the harried helmsman.

In the old days, the ballast boys kept the boat upright by leaning over the weather side with 56-pound lead weights on their knees and chests. This took considerable doing and presented added difficulties when the boat sank, because the lead kept the dinghy on the bottom, and the crew had a heavy time salvaging it.

In a race some years ago, for example, two dinghies named Victory and Sunbeam came together, tangled tackle and sank in deep water. (Victory's bailer got fouled up in the sails and almost drowned before a crew member dived and released him.) It required the services of a professional diver to locate the boats. He found Victory rammed inside Sunbeam, both being in a perpendicular position and held down by the ballast. Despite this and similar accidents, however, the dinghies survive. Victory, built in the '90s, is still racing today.

Bermuda crews are well-co-ordinated groups, trained to move uniformly, with exquisite balance and with split-second precision. A few inches one way or another from their set position or too great haste in shifting their weight in a tack will cause the dinghy to get into all sorts of dismal straits.

The start of a race is made from one of two stake boats, or barges, anchored in one of the many harbors perfect for the purpose. There is no jockeying for position at a starting line. Instead, the boats snuggle up to one of the stake boats whence they are waved away at handicap intervals determined by their interior cubic-foot measurement.

A Grueling Forty-Five Minutes

The four-and-a-half-mile total stretch is usually covered in about three quarters of an hour—45 minutes of grueling labor on the part of the crews, but a too quick contest for the spectators, who, goggle-eyed and cheering, follow the dinghies closely in every available sort of craft, being careful not to create a wash that would swamp the contestants.

Bermuda dinghy races have been going on for nearly a century. The sport languished in the late '20s, was revived briefly just before the last war and is just now getting back (along with the crew members) into civvies. Among the spark plugs in this activity are such sailing experts as Reeve and Sydney Smith (father and son), Leon Barnes, Fred and Laurie Brangman, Archie Brown, Bert Darrell, H. Martin Godet, Arthur Guest, Raymond Hayward, Louis Mowbray, Fred Sylvester and Eldon Trimingham.

A few of the contenders for next month's Jubilee Cup race are the H. D. C. II (Hamilton Dinghy Club), Shamrock II, Green Pepper and Victory (St. George Dinghy Club) and Red Pepper (Sandys Boat Club). Others are being put into commission, some with new and lighter gear, and hollow masts. But there's still a shortage of material and the native cedar is going the way of inflation. A new dinghy can't be built and rigged today for much less than $2,000—a lot of money even when ownership is split among a syndicate of racing fans.

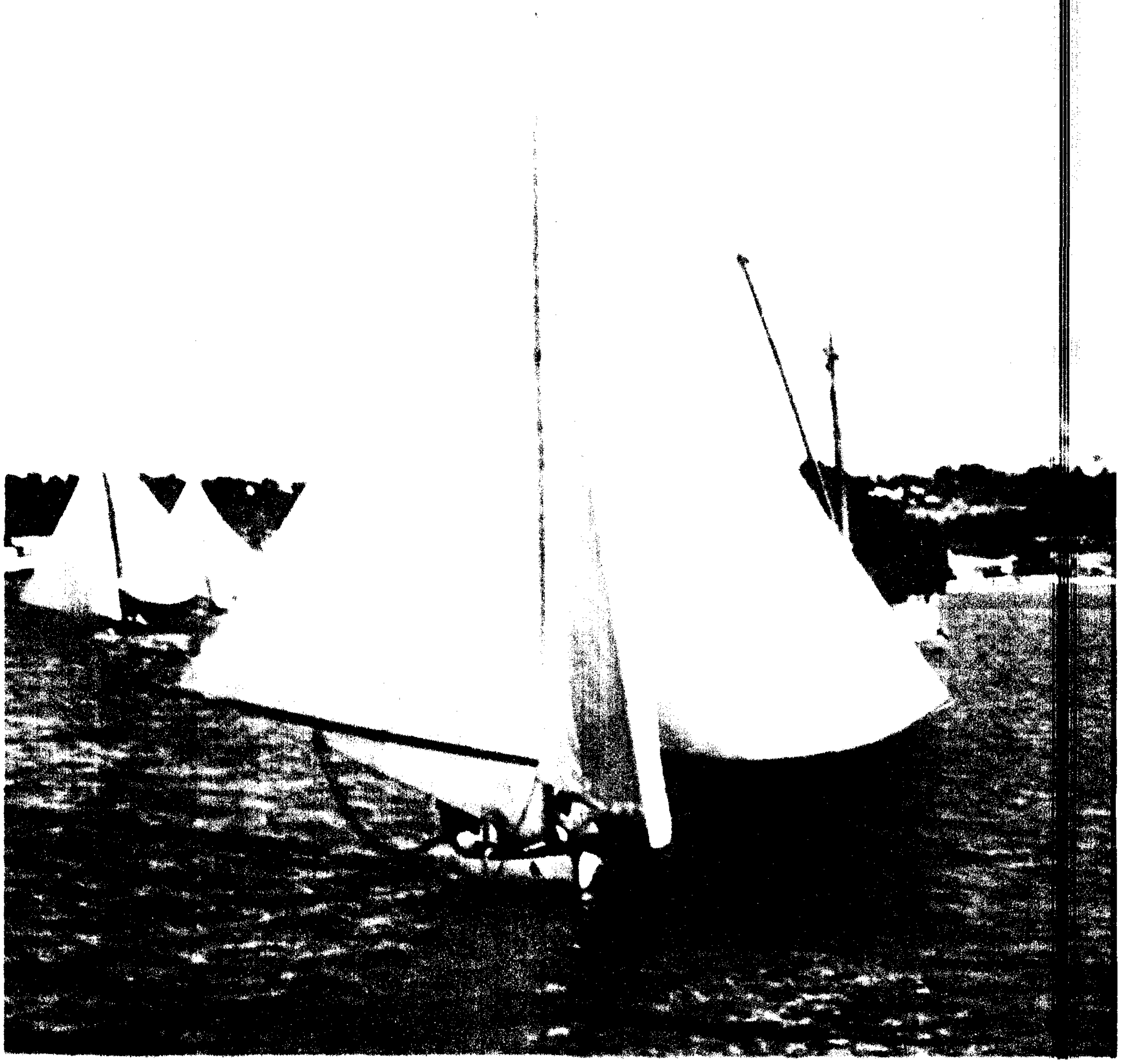
Top-secret mystery surrounds the creation of a new dinghy, and the various club bars resound with scuttlebutt when someone launches a report that somebody is building a new boat somewhere on the islands.

Old Bermudians call these indigenous craft "dinkies." In our sense of the word they're anything but dinky. These boats are a challenge to grown men—not kids—and this type of sailing will probably remain strictly a Bermuda pastime.

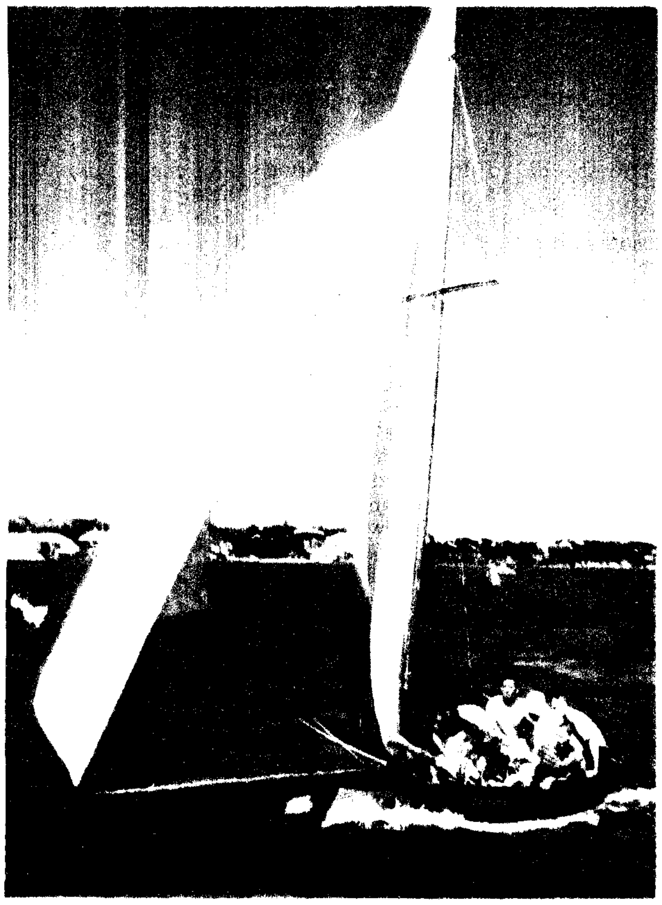
Considering that Bermudians have been boatmen by necessity for more than 300 years, this is as it should be. ★★★

Holding "lay-out" ropes as they lean over the side, ballast men keep their straining dinghy on even keel

With a basin the bailer tries to keep the overloaded boat free of water. He is busy most of the time

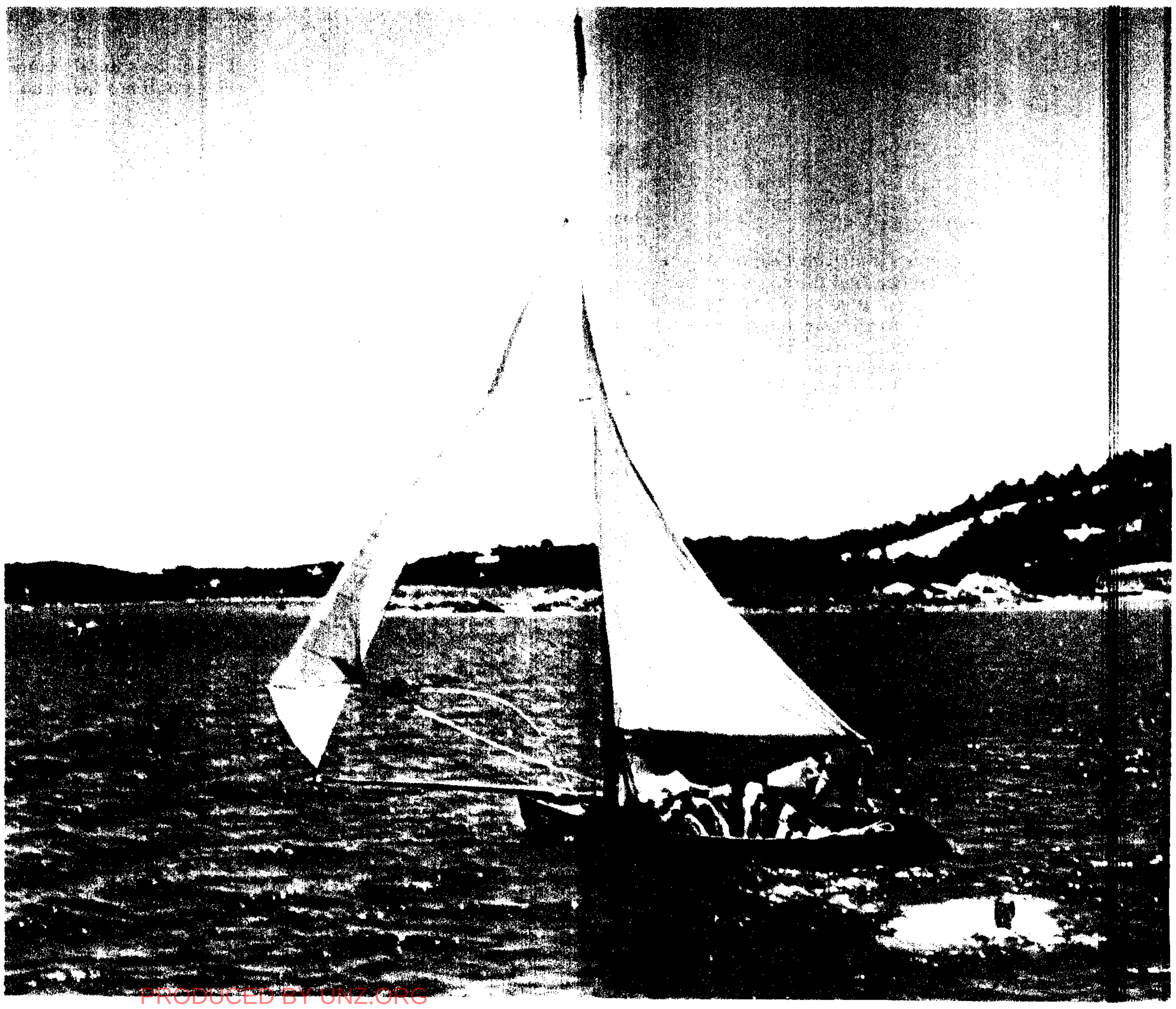


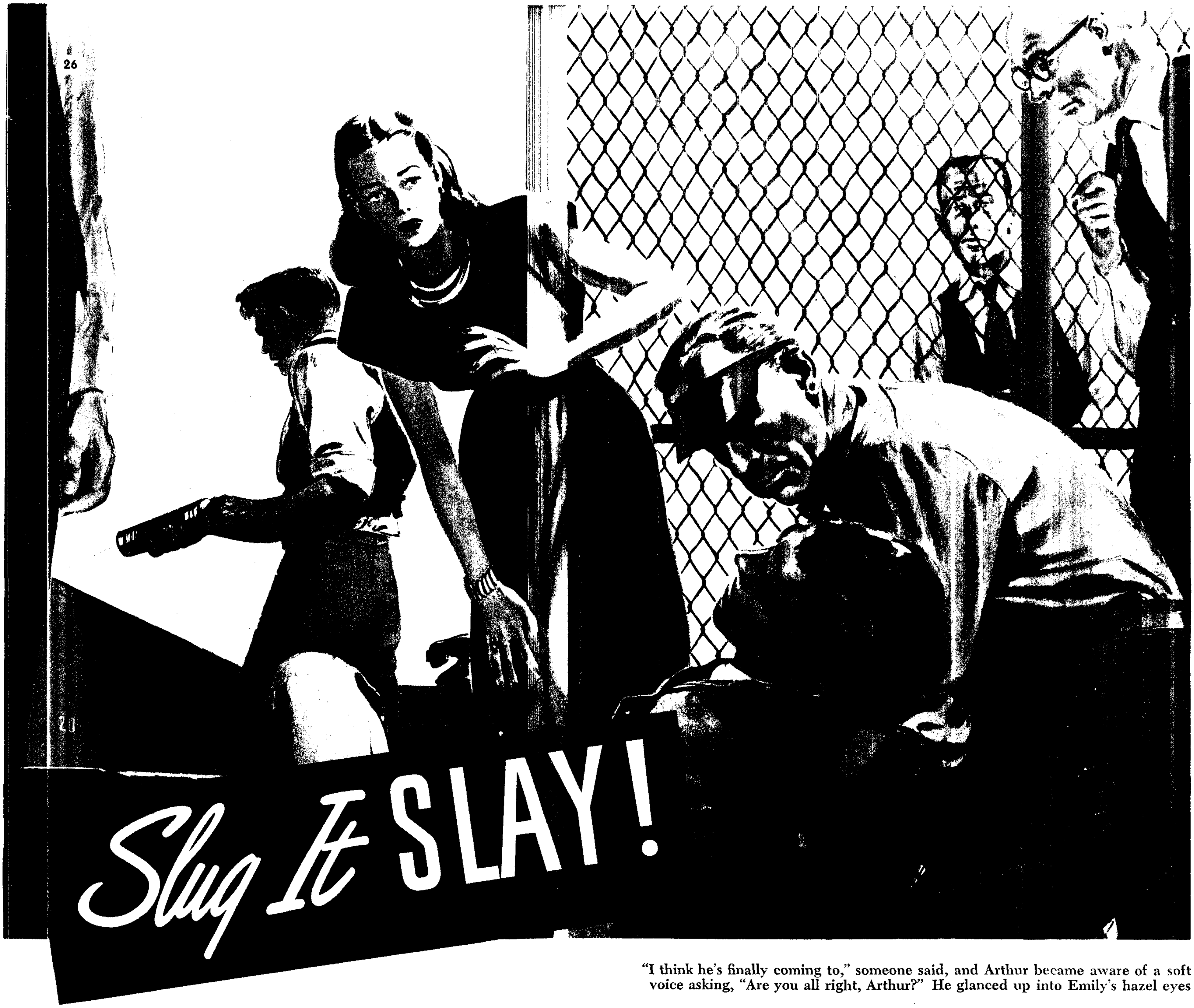
Shamrock, followed by Green Pepper and Victory, starts the second leg of the four-and-a-half-mile race. It was close and the man in the water (below) dived overboard near the finish line to lighten his boat



Green Pepper churns along with little freeboard, yet she is using only a little more than half the total amount of canvas a dinghy is able to carry

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF–PIX





Slug It SLAY!

"I think he's finally coming to," someone said, and Arthur became aware of a soft voice asking, "Are you all right, Arthur?" He glanced up into Emily's hazel eyes

BY EDWIN LANHAM

The Story:

Arthur Leslie, young city editor of the New York Courier, had two unsolved murders on his hands. Forrest C. Willshire, publisher of the paper, was shot in his penthouse atop the Courier Building. And Bookie Sam Clymer was killed just as he was about to give Arthur an important clue about the Willshire murder. Suspicion fell on many: on Joe Beckett, a reporter who visited the penthouse the night of the murder and left a telltale ash tray behind; on Jack Morton, managing editor, who also visited the penthouse, and who owed money to Sam Clymer; on Sue Wharton, who was in love with Morton and stole the ash tray; on Harry Whiteside, who wrote the murder stories; on old Mark Titus, the church editor, who had known Willshire a long time and had the opportunity to kill him; on Percy Chambron, night managing editor, who was involved in some way with Willshire's daughter-in-law; and on Bob Farley (night city editor), Carl Rome (his assistant), and Roger Jay (a rewrite man)—all three of whom had opportunity. Matters were further complicated when Emily Willshire appeared in the city room the day after her grandfather's death and bluffed her way into a job, using the false name Marilyn Carter. . . . Bill Madigan of Homicide was stumped. Arthur himself suspected that the missing clue lay somewhere in Willshire's enigmatic past, and must somehow be connected with the phony suicide note that was clipped from Willshire's secretly prepared obituary. But still he had to find the real motive, and the real motive was not easy to find. . . .

Conclusion

THE telephone rang as Arthur was shaving that Sunday morning. Lieutenant Madigan's voice said, "Did you get anything, Arty?"

"What do you mean?"

"From the girl, I mean. From Sue Wharton? Did she spill anything?"

"Not a thing."

"I've been checking up on that babe," Madigan said. "Arty, she's pretty chummy with Mr. Morton, your managing editor, and I had a call from Mr. Morton this morning. It seems he was in the soup to Sam Clymer for fifteen grand."

"I heard that," Arthur said.

"You heard it? Arty, you got to quit holding out on me."

"I only heard it this morning."

"I see," Madigan said. "So she did tell you a little something?"

"Only that."

"I think that girl knows something," Madigan said. "I think she may be in this pretty deep, Arty."

"Why?"

"Oh, it's just a hunch." The detective's voice was elaborately casual.

"How about that splintered glass in her glove?" Arthur asked.

Madigan grunted. "Nothing to that. It was a different type glass. Came from a cocktail glass, I guess."

"You're on the wrong track, Bill," Arthur said. "How about the others? How about Percy Chambron, for instance? Listen, I heard the Old Man turned thumbs down on his marrying Mrs. Willshire, but on the Old Man's death she came into two million dollars. That's a tidy little dowry."

"Yeah," Madigan said.

"And where was Percy last night?" Arthur asked.

"He's got an alibi fixed up nice," Madigan said. "He was with Mrs. Willshire at a night club, and he dashed back to the office to clear something up, then he went back to the night club. Only gone fifteen minutes, and we know he was in the office, because he was there when Farley talked to Sam Clymer."

"Maybe that alibi *is* fixed up."

"Could be," the lieutenant said cheerfully. "Pete Zubrinc's alibi checks, too. I talked to Otto, at Gilligan's. All the alibis check—all but Sue Wharton's. She's got no alibi at all."

"Or motive, either. Or a gun."

"The boys searched every ash can and alley in the neighborhood," Madigan said, and added regretfully, "No gun. They're searching the sewers now."

"Bill, I've got a feeling we're babes lost in the woods," Arthur said. "Moving around in circles. And all the time I've got a feeling I saw a blazed trail somewhere and I can't remember where. There's something bothering me, and I don't know what it is."

Arthur finished shaving, and then he sat down and stared out the window. The impression was strong that somewhere he had missed something, and he reviewed the suspects and their alibis for the Willshire murder. Percy Chambron said he had been in the cafeteria Monday night. Pete Zubrinc had been out for a drink, and Bob Farley, Carl Rome, Roger Jay, Harry Whiteside and Mark Titus had been playing hearts. He remembered entering the city room at one o'clock Tuesday morning. The hearts game had been going on then, but how long had they been playing? He remembered glimpsing the score sheet at Bob's elbow, with only a few lines on it. He sat up straight. Was that what had been bothering him? The score, as he re-

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Kodak

World's most popular movie cameras

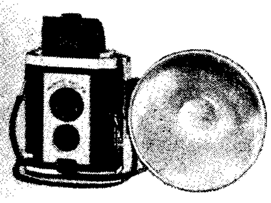
Ciné-Kodak Magazine 8 and 16

—now on the way

ONLY A FEW, RIGHT NOW—more and more in the weeks and months to come. Pocket-size—beautifully designed and finished—the Magazine Ciné-Kodaks operate with an ease and sureness that will amaze you. You magazine-load in 3 seconds . . . aim . . . shoot—and you're making movies in full-color Kodachrome or brilliant black-and-white. Fast, *f*/1.9 lens—choice of speeds, including slow motion—and you can switch from one type of film to another . . . *any time* . . . without loss of a single frame!

As a result of valuable new developments in mechanics, optics, precision methods—achieved by Kodak during the war years—Kodak will offer you cameras of finer design and construction than ever before. Better start choosing your future camera—now. See your Kodak dealer . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

KODAK VIGILANT SIX-20 (*f*/6.3)—an instant hit



BROWNIE REFLEX—Synchro Model—for great snapshots day or night

KODAK BANTAM (*f*/4.5)—handles with delightful case

KODAK MEDALIST II—precision-built, highly versatile

KODAK MONITOR SIX-20 (*f*/4.5 Special)—master of just about every picture

KODAK 35 (*f*/3.5 with range finder)—built to highest precision standards

You've a great photographic future, with these cameras now on their way. Consult your dealer.

FLY *ten years into the future*

via Martin Airliner

TEN YEARS AHEAD of today's comparable transports . . . that's the story of the new Martin airliners! A decade ahead in design and development, yet you'll be flying on them in a matter of months! They're tops among transports!

Now being built for the nation's airlines, these ultra-modern Martin airliners will waft you through the sky at a 5-mile-a-minute clip. They'll pamper you with their soft, restful seats, automatic air conditioning and other luxurious comforts. You'll relax, secure in the knowledge that these planes carry radar, electronic altimeter and other new devices to re-emphasize dependability. And you'll arrive at your destination refreshed, immaculate, convinced that for speed, comfort and economy there's nothing like flying . . . via Martin airliner! THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE 3, MARYLAND.

FLY VIA MARTIN TRANSPORTS ON THESE GREAT AIRLINES!

Pennsylvania-Central Airlines
Eastern Air Lines • *Braniff Airways*
Chicago & Southern Air Lines
United Air Lines • *Northwest Airlines*

Solid Comfort! Sink into the seat's soft embrace . . . rest your eyes with the soft lights and smart styling . . . revel in the freedom from noise, vibration and drafts. This is *the* way to travel! And the cost is within anyone's reach.

Radar Probes Darkness, as well as fog, snow, or rain, to give pilot a clear, unmistakable picture of what lies ahead. Special heating units melt snow or ice before it can form on wings, tail, propellers. Many other new war-born developments are incorporated in Martin airliners, to permit dependable all-weather flying.

"So Soon?" Yes, with 5 miles slipping by each minute, it seems like no time at all before you're there. Martin airliners are 120 m.p.h. faster than today's medium-range transports, utilizing powerful Pratt & Whitney engines with jet exhaust thrust. You can go places on a 2-weeks vacation, by Martin airliner!

Martin
AIRCRAFT
Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

called, indicated that only a few hands had been played.

Arthur went for his hat and coat. It was Sunday and he could be sure that the church editor would be in the office. On the way uptown in a taxicab, he went over the alibis for the second murder. Bob Farley had come back from dinner at ten-fifteen, then Roger Jay had gone out to eat. Roger could easily have gone down to Greenwich Village, and it was barely possible that Bob Farley might have left the city desk unattended for twenty minutes, since Saturday nights were slack, but still his absence would probably have been noticed. And Harry Whiteside could have slipped out of the library: in fact, he could have installed himself in the library that night, confident that he would not have long to wait before Pete Zubrinc stepped out for a quick one. Anyone who knew Pete's habits would know that. And Emily Willshire had recalled telephoning Jack Morton between ten and eleven. It might have been at ten-fifteen; it might have been at a quarter to eleven.

None of those alibis, he thought, stood up completely. They were all flexible enough to allow a quick trip to Greenwich Village and back, with a gun.

It wasn't a question of alibis; it was a question of motive. Percy Chambron had a strong motive. As far as Arthur knew, Roger Jay, Bob Farley, Pete Zubrinc and Harry Whiteside had none at all. Of course Harry Whiteside had reason to dislike Forrest C. Willshire, since he had been eliminated as a candidate for city editor because of a garnishee on his salary, but certainly that dislike was not strong enough for murder. Mark Titus might have a motive, somewhere back in his past. The fact that the Old Man's will had left fifty thousand dollars to the church editor indicated something. It might indicate that Mark Titus knew where a body was buried, had some sort of hold on the Old Man.

It all came back to the obituary, Arthur thought; it came back to Forrest C. Willshire's past, and the event, whatever it was, that had caused the change in him.

THE city room of the Courier was quiet that Sunday morning. Wilbur Morris, the telegraph editor, was not at his desk. Arthur pulled open the file case containing the names of correspondents of the paper, and found the name of the Oklahoma City man—Anthony Burke. He picked up a telephone and asked the operator to get Anthony Burke in Oklahoma City.

At his desk in the corner, Mark Titus was writing a story on services at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. He glanced up and a smile came on his long, solemn face. "Morning, Arthur."

Arthur sat down, and offered his pack of cigarettes.

"I haven't had a chance to tell you how pleased I am that everything worked out all right," Mark said. "I suppose you know the staff is pretty happy that you're still city editor." He smiled. "I share that feeling, my boy. I've seen a good many city editors in my day, and you're one of the few who seem able to remember that the members of the staff are human beings, too. You know, I was city editor myself at one time, and I understand the problems."

"I never knew that," Arthur said.

"Back in 1928," Mark Titus said. "For only a few months. I found I didn't have the right temperament for it. I worried too much. So I asked to be relieved, and I was telegraph editor for a while, then religious editor."

"Where did you master the game of hearts along the way?"

Mark Titus smiled. "I'll never master the game of hearts, but I keep trying."

"You were trying early Tuesday morning, I remember, when I came in at one o'clock," Arthur said. "Mark, what time did that game begin?"

"Why, it had just started, as I told Lieutenant Madigan. We'd been playing about ten minutes."

"Oh, you told Madigan that?"

"Certainly."

He should leave police work, Arthur thought, to policemen. Probably there was a great deal Madigan knew that he had not told Arthur—as much, possibly, as Arthur knew that he had not told Madigan. He thought that if the hearts game had only been going on for about ten minutes, it meant that Bob Farley, Carl Rome, Harry Whiteside, Roger Jay and, for that matter, Mark Titus himself no longer had alibis for the murder of Forrest C. Willshire.

"By the way, Mark," he said, "I put in a call to our Oklahoma correspondent. I'm going to assign him to dig into Willshire's past and turn up every scrap he can that might indicate a possible motive for murder. I think you could save me a lot of trouble."

Mark Titus glanced down at the keyboard of his typewriter.

"We've had two murders," Arthur said. "Mark, the same man who shot Mr. Willshire must have shot Clymer. I think the key may be in the Old Man's past. Isn't there anything you can tell me?"

"Nothing that would help you, Arthur," the church editor said. "If I thought it would help, I would have told you in the beginning." He hesitated an instant. "Forrest Willshire was my good friend," he said. "I understood him, Arthur, if nobody else did. But I'll tell you what I know, because I'm sure you're acting with the best intentions."

O.W. SMITH CO.
BILL KING

"It's only painted there, of course, but it's sure fun to watch them come bolting through the door"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

"I am, Mark," Arthur said.

"Actually, it was only insinuations, but they had a profound effect on Forrest. He was a sensitive man, Arthur. I suppose you know how he made his money."

"Yes. Oil."

"Of course, oil. But it happened this way. There was an old Pennsylvania man in Euclid. This old fellow was sort of a character, Arthur. He was a drunk, and he never sobered up enough to speak his own name. One of his few friends was Forrest. There was always room for him to sleep it off in the office of the Clarion & Bee, and Forrest was usually good for a small stake. Old Mac appreciated it."

"Those were the objective days."

"Yes," Mark Titus said. "Well, I don't know much about oil, Arthur. All I know is that Old Mac was talking about oil seeps and structures and he got Forrest interested. Old Mac was sure there was oil in that country, and one day Forrest put him in a buggy and they went for a ride in the country to a creek where a horse wouldn't drink. When they came back Forrest had a lease, and a month later he was drilling a well. He struck oil, Arthur. That was in 1909."

"He didn't mention the old fellow in his obit."

"I noticed that," Mark Titus said. "Arthur, there was a scramble for leases, and Forrest got the cream of them. Old Mac, of course, was gloriously drunk from the day the well blew in, and all he had was a share in the original lease. But it turned out that lease was on the margin of the structure, and those marginal wells played out fast."

"I'm beginning to see."

MARK TITUS' face turned red. "Now, you don't see a thing," he said harshly. "That's precisely why I was reluctant to tell you about this, Arthur. You're thinking what they were saying in Euclid in those days—that Forrest robbed the old man. And that's what turned him sour. It wasn't money. It was the insinuations."

"So he *was* a sensitive man," Arthur said. "What happened to Old Mac?"

"The poor old fellow was killed, Arthur. One night in the oil fields someone shot him and robbed him and dumped him into a slush pit."

Arthur hesitated, watching Mark's face. He chose his words carefully. "Did they catch the man who killed him."

Mark shook his head.

"What were they saying in Euclid?" Arthur asked.

"There was some talk of a lawsuit. A young woman appeared, Arthur. Said she was Old Mac's daughter. She had a letter from him telling her that he had some sort of partnership agreement with Forrest and that he was going to sue. Forrest denied it, of course, and after a couple of days the woman saw she had no case and disappeared."

"Disappeared?" Arthur said.

"She went away. That was the last we heard of her."

"Bought off?" Arthur asked.

Mark's face turned red again. "There you go," he said angrily. "Arthur, I knew if I told you, you'd twist it around. I tell you, it was that type of thing—that type of malicious insinuation—that affected Forrest's whole life."

"They didn't insinuate he shot Old Mac, did they, Mark?"

"They certainly did *not,*" Mark Titus cried. "Old Mac was robbed, Arthur, and thrown in a slush pit. There were a lot of killings in those days."

"Okay," Arthur said. "Thanks Mark."

As he started away, a copy boy called, "Mr. Leslie, did you have an Oklahoma City call? It's on the wire."

Arthur picked up the nearest telephone and asked for the Oklahoma call. A voice came on and said, "Hello, this is Tony Burke."

"I'm Arthur Leslie of the Courier. I have a job for you, Mr. Burke. Go over to Euclid," Arthur said. "Dig up all you can on the shooting of an old man called Old Mac, back in 1909."

"Has he got a last name?"

"That's one thing I want to know," Arthur said. "And call me back as soon as you can, will you?"

As he hung up, he saw Harry Whiteside leaning against the adjoining desk, smoking a cigarette. The rewrite man smiled faintly. "Was that *Tony* Burke?"

Arthur stared at Harry and nodded. "You know him?"

"He's a good man," Harry said. A ray of sunlight shone on his glasses and on the calm, relaxed planes of his face. "I used to work down there, you know."

"That's a coincidence," Arthur said.

Harry grinned. "Oh, I've worked every place. Texas, Oklahoma, Chicago —I didn't pick up all this fat on the Courier, Arty."

"Ever been to Euclid, Oklahoma?" Arthur asked.

"Euclid? Sure. It's right on the highway and I've been through it. Why?"

Arthur picked up the telephone and asked the operator to get Lieutenant Madigan He was sure that he had found a possible motive for the murder of Forrest C. Willshire. A relative, who felt that Willshire had stolen great wealth from Old Mac. That relative could be here now, an employee of the Courier. Arthur turned a speculative glance on Harry Whiteside's bland, relaxed face.

"Arty," Harry said, "how does Oklahoma fit in? You didn't call Oklahoma just to pass the time of day." His calm eyes were watchful, magnified by the glasses. "And Euclid was the Old Man's home town."

The telephone rang, and the operator reported that she could not reach Lieutenant Madigan; she had left word.

Harry grinned at Arthur. "Excuse my curiosity," he said. "Will you do me a favor, Arty? I need some cash. How about an advance until payday?"

"How much do you need?"

"Fifty bucks."

"I can lend you twenty-five."

"Swell, Arty. That will swing it."

Arthur gave him the money, and Harry shoved it in his pocket, winked at Arthur, and walked quickly away toward the elevators. Arthur picked up the telephone and asked for the penthouse. When Emily answered he said, "I want to talk to you. It's important."

"Well, you can come to lunch," she said.

He signaled the operator and asked to have any calls for him put through to the penthouse.

EMILY opened the door and took his hat and coat. In the living room beyond, he saw Mrs. Willshire sitting by an open fire.

Mrs. Willshire gave Arthur a nod and said, "Hello, young man." Her voice was a little crisper than the night before, her gestures a shade more abrupt.

"I hope you're not expecting ground glass in your salad," she said.

Arthur glanced at Emily, and saw her blushing. "Mother, I told you Arthur wasn't serious. That's the way he is."

"Arthur?" said Mrs. Willshire.

Arthur grinned and sat down beside the girl. Mrs. Willshire went on, "I think I can convince you of my innocence, young man. Suppose you call La Guardia Field and check back on our arrival."

"Well, I was just asking around," Arthur said uncomfortably.

"It's a damned nasty habit," Mrs. Willshire remarked.

"Sorry," Arthur said.

"Then you're satisfied, I hope," Mrs. Willshire went on relentlessly. "Or would you like to know the names of the couple we were with last night, and what time I went to the powder room?"

"What I *would* like to know," Arthur said, "is what part of the Southwest Percy Chambron came from."

"The Southwest?" Mrs. Willshire stared at him. "He comes from Boston."

The butler announced luncheon, and as they sat down Mrs. Willshire asked, "What is your interest in Percy?"

"He doesn't have a Boston accent," Arthur said.

"Well, the poor man went to Yale," Mrs. Willshire said, and chuckled.

"Let's eat," Emily said. "Let's enjoy ourselves."

THE butler brought a bottle of Pommard, but Arthur did not enjoy the luncheon. Mrs. Willshire's tongue was sharp, and she had him at a disadvantage. He *had* been prying, and with no official excuse.

Emily changed the subject again and again. Over the coffee she said, "Arthur, could you make room on the staff for a friend of mine?"

He stared at her. "Another Marilyn Carter?"

"The same Marilyn Carter," she said. "I think I'd like to get experience, Arthur, if you can put up with me. I want to learn all I can. I have big plans for the Courier, you see."

Arthur was pleased.

"I'll keep out of your hair," she said. "I guarantee it."

"Okay. You can start tomorrow."

The butler bent his head. "Long distance, Mr. Leslie."

Arthur went to the study. The call was from Anthony Burke in Euclid.

"Hello, Mr. Leslie, I got the dope."

"What was his name?"

"McIntosh. Andrew McIntosh. That's why they called him Old Mac. He was shot on the night of March 10, 1909. I've got the sheriff right here. Want me to put him on?"

"You bet."

"Hello," a deep voice said. "I'm Schuyler Green, sheriff of Euclid County. What do you want to know?"

"Do you recall that case?"

"Sure do. My old man was sheriff at the time."

"Who shot him?" Arthur asked.

"It was just a robbery case. We had a lot of 'em when oil came in."

"Any idea what happened to Old Mac's daughter?"

"Afraid not, Mr. Leslie. She was only here a couple of days. She went back where she came from."

"Where was that?"

"Nothing on that, Mr. Leslie."

"I hear there was some talk about Forrest C. Willshire at the time of the shooting."

"Oh, well, you know how it is. Willshire had struck it rich. People always got it in for a guy who strikes it rich. They say he beat the old man out of some dough, but I don't know. Some people even whispered around that Willshire might have shot him, and the slug they dug out of Old Mac was a thirty-eight. Willshire carried a thirty-eight, but who didn't in those days?"

"Wasn't there an investigation?"

"Sure there was an investigation. But it was open and shut. Willshire ran the newspaper and everybody knew him. He wasn't the kind of guy to shoot a man, and anyhow, he was out of town at the time. He was in Tulsa that day."

"March 10th?"

"Yeah."

"When did they find the body?"

"Next day."

"What happened to the slug you took out of Old Mac?" Arthur asked.

"Why, nothing happened to it. Got a little rusty, maybe. I got it here in the trophy room. Why?"

Arthur clutched the telephone. "Listen, maybe I can solve that case for you. You let me have that bullet and I think I can tell you who shot Old Mac. Ballistics has come along since that case. Listen, I think I've got the murder gun right here in New York. Will you send me the bullet, Sheriff?"

"I don't think I could do that."

"Then will you send it to the New York police?"

"Sure, I guess so."

"Then wrap it up," Arthur said. "Address it to Lieutenant William Madigan, Homicide." He spelled the name. "Air mail," he added.

He hung up and, turning, saw Emily in the doorway, looking at him curiously.

"I've got something," Arthur said excitedly. "Listen, the murderer is a relative of an old character named Andrew McIntosh. I'm sure of it, Emily. Old Mac went in with Willshire on his first oil lease, and Willshire left him out in the cold. He was found dead one night in the oil fields and they still have the bullet they dug out of him. I'm going to have it compared with the gun found here in the study that night."

Emily stared at him. "You're talking about my grandfather!" she said sharply.

He had forgotten that part of it.

"My grandfather didn't shoot anybody," Emily said hotly. "I don't like that at all."

WELCHER PUBLISHING CO.
Reamer Keller

"Something tells me Miss Clancy has uncovered another best seller"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

"It was back in nineteen-nine," Arthur said. "That was many years ago."

"I don't care when it was."

He said cautiously, "It explains so much, you see. It explains the change in his character. Don't you see? It's the missing link in the obituary. I was sure *something* was missing."

"I don't want to hear about it," she said in the same high, angry tone. "It's not true."

"Ballistics will show whether or not it's true," Arthur said. "Take it easy, Emily. It's either true, or it's not, and we can prove which it was."

"Arthur, I want you to forget the whole thing. It isn't fair."

"It gives us the motive."

The telephone rang. He looked at her, and picked up the receiver.

"Hello," Madigan's voice said. "Were you trying to reach me, Arty?"

"You bet I was. Tomorrow morning you're going to receive a package from Euclid, Oklahoma. In it you'll find a bullet. I want you to have it compared with a bullet from Willshire's gun. If it compares, it proves that Forrest C. Willshire shot and killed a man named Andrew McIntosh in Euclid, Oklahoma, on the night of March 10, 1909."

"So what? My God, Arty, quit bothering me. Nineteen-nine!"

"Let me talk," Arthur said. "McIntosh was Willshire's partner. He thought Willshire had beat him out of some money, and he was shot. He had a daughter who disappeared, and the inference is that she was bought off. That daughter probably had a son, or a daughter, and he or she is working on the staff of the Courier. We find that relative, Bill, and we find the murderer."

"I don't get it."

"Well, the way I figure it, the daughter knew something. She had a letter from her father saying he had a partnership agreement with Willshire and was going to bring suit. She may have known more than that. At any rate, I think she was bought off, and not for big money, because Willshire didn't have big money in those days. Maybe ten or twenty thousand, and Willshire's holdings pyramided to nineteen million. What effect do you think that would have on a guy whose mother was paid off in peanuts, who suspects, or *knows,* that Willshire killed his grandfather?"

"What a pipe dream!"

"But it dovetails," Arthur said. "And it gives the motive. Hatred, revenge, envy, frustration, greed—Lord, it's all there. It smoldered in the guy. He planned the thing out. Don't you see?"

"Arty, you're too late," Madigan said.

"Late?"

"I picked up Sue Wharton a little while ago, and I got your managing editor here, too. They didn't quite get together on their stories, Arty. Morton said she went on home at midnight Monday and she says she was there with him in Gilligan's at half past twelve. Otto says neither of them was there at half past twelve."

"It doesn't mean anything."

"That's not all," the detective went on. "Morton owed fifteen grand to Sam Clymer, and Mr. Willshire knew about it. He threatened to throw Morton out on his ear, and Morton went up to see him Monday night. We know he was there, and we know the girl was up in the cafeteria that night. One of 'em is going to break, and I got a hunch your managing editor will break before the dame does. So forget it." Madigan hung up.

Arthur turned. Emily Willshire had gone. He went quickly into the living room. Neither Emily nor her mother was there. He called softly, "Emily?"

There was no answer. He went to the door of the bedroom he knew to be hers, and knocked. At once he heard her voice. "Go away."

"Emily, is Sue Wharton a friend of yours?" He listened, heard no answer. "Madigan has arrested Sue for the murder of your grandfather," he said.

Still there was no answer. "He's holding Sue and Jack Morton," Arthur said. "It looks bad for them. There's a strong circumstantial case, but they didn't do it, Emily."

She still did not reply. Arthur went on talking. "I knew about Sue and Jack," he said. "That's why I've been pushing this. I'm sorry if I have to step on any toes, particularly yours. But damn it, either your grandfather shot the man, or he didn't. If he did, we know the motive. It gives us a chance at breaking this case and clearing Sue. I'm going to check through our personnel files and see what we've got. I'm going to try to find out who could be a relative of old Andrew McIntosh." He paused a moment. "Well?"

No sound came from the bedroom. Arthur turned and walked heavily away.

He found his hat and topcoat in the hall closet and let himself out the door. As he started along the flagged walk, Mrs. Willshire's clipped voice called, "Mr. Leslie."

He turned. She was sitting on the terrace in an iron porch chair, with a steamer rug around her legs. "If you're not busy, I'd like to talk to you."

"I'm not busy," Arthur said.

"That's a condition you should cultivate," Mrs. Willshire said. "I couldn't help overhearing what you were saying, and really, I think you're making a great mistake."

"Maybe," Arthur said.

"Emily is a very loyal girl," Mrs. Willshire said. "She adored her grandfather, and naturally she resents what you're doing. Don't you think it would be wiser to forget the whole thing?"

"Probably," Arthur said.

"After all, you're the city editor of the newspaper, not a trained investigator," Mrs. Willshire went on. "Why don't you concentrate on your duties, Mr. Leslie, and leave that sort of thing to the proper authorities?"

Arthur grinned at her. "Keep my nose out of it, in other words?"

"Oh, Lord, the man is getting suspicious again. Now listen to me; I was merely giving a bit of sound advice. As Emily's mother, I understand her pretty well, and I thought you'd be interested in her reactions."

"I'm very much interested."

ARTHUR wondered if he were off the track altogether. Mrs. Willshire seemed so anxious to shut him up. She was Percy Chambron's alibi for Saturday night, and Percy had no particular alibi for the previous Monday night. There was plenty of motive. He knew from the way Emily had acted how closely he had hit on the truth about Percy and Mrs. Willshire and their relations with the dead publisher of the Courier.

"What do you say?" asked Mrs. Willshire.

Arthur shook his head.

"So you're going to be stubborn?"

"Yes," Arthur said. "Stubborn."

Emily came whisking through the door of the penthouse, hurrying along the flagged walk. Arthur ran after her, down the stairs, along the corridor. He caught her at the elevator, where she had rung the bell.

"Let's talk this over," Arthur said.

She shook her head.

The elevator doors swung open, the operator called, "Down." She stepped inside, and Arthur followed. "No use getting angry," he said.

"I'm not angry. I don't want to talk about it." Arthur shrugged his shoulders and said, "Four."

She refused to look at him as he got off the elevator at the fourth floor, and he walked morosely on to the city room. Steve Bell looked up from the city desk. "Arty, are you working today?"

Arthur shook his head. "No. Anything going on?"

"Nothing new. The Clymer murder is our best local story, naturally. The

"I Love A Fighter"

(*The Story Behind the Picture*)

by

ROSALIND RUSSELL

This is one picture I had to do!

I love a fighter, and Sister Kenny is a world's champion, as far as I'm concerned.

I don't believe there ever was a woman who packed more drama into 60 years of living than this courageous nurse. Hardly a day has passed in the last four years that I haven't dreamed of bringing her life to the screen.

"You'll ruin your career," they told me! "You're crazy to think of playing a role like that!"

Crazy to want to play a role spilling over with romance, conflict and adventure? Crazy to want to play one of the greatest love stories ever screened?

You see, they didn't know Sister Kenny!

They didn't know about a wedding gown packed away in a cedar chest for forty years. They didn't know about a tall Australian Army Captain who waited ...sometimes impatiently...for a girl he called Liz—a girl who loved him dearly but who wasn't destined for marriage.

They'd never been held silent for hours at a time by the sharp, witty tongue of Sister Kenny as she told a true life story as dramatic as anything in fiction. They didn't know that there isn't an ounce of bitterness in this amazing woman's entire makeup. There isn't room for bitterness with so much courage and determination!

As an Australian nurse she would have had to give up her profession to marry. "Every time we planned to wed," Sister Kenny told me, "another paralysis epidemic would break out and I just couldn't quit. So I'd keep putting off my marriage until later, and I...I never could beat the calendar!"

That's the Sister Kenny we brought to the screen. A woman with two loves in her life...one for a man, one for her work. She has no children of her own, but the children of the world are hers!

RKO
PRESENTS

ROSALIND RUSSELL · ALEXANDER KNOX

in

Sister Kenny

with

DEAN JAGGER

Philip MERIVALE • Beulah BONDI

Charles DINGLE

Produced and Directed by DUDLEY NICHOLS

Screen Play by Dudley Nichols, Alexander Knox and Mary McCarthy

RKO RADIO PICTURES

BOY! WHAT A SHINE!
VENUS
WHIZ
THE BODY BEAUTIFUL FOR ALL AUTOMOBILES
CLEANS · WAXES

VENUS POLISH
CLEANS and WAXES IN ONE OPERATION!

In one easy operation—*in less than an hour*—VENUS *double action* POLISH cleans and waxes your car! It quickly removes the accumulation of dirt, scum, and oxidation that makes a car dull and dingy . . . provides a beautiful, *weather-tested* wax finish that defies sun, rain, snow.

Make your car shine! Give the finish *lasting* protection! Ask for WHIZ VENUS POLISH wherever automotive products are sold. *Remember!* It helps *new* cars *keep* their beauty!

R. M. Hollingshead Corporation, Camden, New Jersey; Toronto, Canada.

Hollingshead

Whiz

cops have been questioning every bookie in town, and the rumor is that Clymer welched on a big bet to some gambling syndicate, so they bumped him off."

Arthur considered, then nodded. "That could be it."

He walked on. In a filing case in the managing editor's office were the forms that had been filled out by members of the editorial department when they entered the employ of the Courier. The office door was unlocked, and Arthur got out the forms and took them to the conference table. On a sheet of paper he wrote the names of the suspects, the possible heirs of Andrew McIntosh, and he looked up Harry Whiteside's form first.

Harry had been born in Waco, Texas, and his mother's name was given as Mary Sewell Whiteside. He had worked on newspapers in Texas, Oklahoma and Chicago before coming to the Courier, as he had told Arthur that afternoon. Harry's curiosity in Arthur's telephone call to Oklahoma City was natural enough under the circumstances, Arthur thought; or was it? There was a secretive quality about the rewrite man, a certain elusiveness of character. He recalled that Harry never talked much about himself. Arthur shook his head.

And Roger Jay was also from the Southwest, born in Warren, Arkansas, according to the records, the son of Robert Jay and Elizabeth Abbott Jay. He had worked on a Little Rock paper before coming to New York.

Bob Farley was a New Yorker, the son of Francis X. and Margaret O'Leary Farley. Both parents were living and the name of his maternal grandfather had been O'Leary. "What else would it be?" Mr. Farley had inquired, when Arthur telephoned. He crossed Bob's name off the list.

Jack Morton he eliminated because of the managing editor's alibi for the Clymer shooting. Jack was the son of Joseph and Sarah Jennings Morton, and had been born in Philadelphia. Pending further investigation, Arthur left a question mark after Jack's name, and he also left a question mark after the name of Sue Wharton, although the records showed her parents to be Caleb Wharton and Barbara Crawford Wharton, of Pittsfield, Mass.

PERCY CHAMBRON'S family was accounted for. They were Julian and Suzanne Olivier Chambron. Not much chance of a Scotch grandfather in such a Gallic combination, but Arthur also placed a question mark after Percy's name because he disliked Percy.

The last suspect was Mark Titus, and there was no application form in Mark's name, probably because Mark had come on the paper when Forrest C. Willshire had acquired it. Age ruled Mark out as a descendant of Andrew McIntosh, but he could be a cousin, a nephew. And there was another possibility. Where was Mark Titus, Arthur wondered, while Forrest C. Willshire was making millions in oil? Had he been a partner in the first lease with Willshire and Andrew McIntosh? Had he been cheated somewhere along the line? If so, Arthur thought, he would have acted long before now. However, a question mark went after the name.

That was the lot of them—Roger Jay, Harry Whiteside, Bob Farley, Jack Morton, Sue Wharton, Percy Chambron and Mark Titus. He felt that he had definitely eliminated Bob Farley. That left six names on the list, all of which, on the face of it, would eventually be crossed off. Arthur had begun to think that his theory was no good.

On the other hand, he may have been mistaken in thinking that the murder of Sam Clymer was linked with the murder of Forrest C. Willshire. It was possible that Sam Clymer had been shot because he hadn't paid off a big bet, as the police were saying. Arthur frowned. If that was the explanation of Clymer's death, the door was left wide open, admitting all those who had access to the penthouse and knowledge of the obituary in the library. He would have to study the record of every member of the staff.

He became aware that for a minute or so someone had been standing at the door, watching him. He glanced up and saw Joe Beckett's broad grin. Arthur jumped up. "Where have *you* been?"

"I tied one on after I got out of poky, Arty. Let me buy you a drink."

They went up to the bar at Gilligan's, and Otto poured the drinks.

"You know," Joe Beckett said, "sitting there in jail, I counted it up, Arty. I've covered seven executions in my day."

"Yeah?"

"Next time they burn anybody at Sing Sing, don't assign *me,* Arty."

"That next execution," Arthur said. "It may be somebody we know."

"Who, do you think?"

"It could be Jack Morton," Arthur said. "It could be Sue Wharton."

"Oh, no." Joe Beckett shook his head. "Not Sue."

Arthur sipped his drink. "Well, how about Jack?"

"He was up there that night," Joe said.

"Yes, he—how did *you* know?" Arthur asked.

"I saw him, Arthur."

Arthur set his glass down. "First I heard of it."

"I came down from the roof," Joe said, "and I started on down to the cafeteria. I was pretty drunk, but I remember bumping into Jack at the turn of the landing between the fourteenth and fifteenth floors."

"I suppose you told Madigan, Joe?"

"Well, I was sitting there, thinking about those executions, Arty. I was scared. Of course I told him."

"I knew Madigan had something to go on," Arthur said.

"I guess it looks pretty bad for Jack," Joe said apologetically. "The gun was lying there. All he had to do was pick it up and shoot him."

"The gun was there?"

"It was on the desk."

"And Madigan knows that, too?"

"Yeah, he knows that."

"Willshire got that gun out because he was expecting Sam Clymer to call," Arthur said. "That's the sort of man he was. He'd have the gun handy, in plain sight, to show how tough he was."

Arthur frowned. If the shooting of Sam Clymer was *not* related to the shooting of Forrest C. Willshire, Joe Beckett came back to the front row of the picture. Joe could have invented the story about seeing Jack Morton, in order to divert suspicion from himself. Or he could have heard steps behind him as he was going up to the penthouse, and turned and started down again, meeting Jack on the stairs. And later, after Jack Morton's visit, he could have slipped up again to the penthouse and shot Forrest C. Willshire. He could even have left the ash tray as a token of his innocence, and drunkenness. Arthur had not looked up Joe's name in the files.

A hand touched Arthur's elbow. He turned and looked into Percy Chambron's shiny gray eyes. "May I speak to you a minute, Leslie?"

THEY moved back toward the telephone booth. Arthur leaned against it. Percy stood swaying back and forth a little from heel to toe.

"I wondered why Madigan was asking me so many questions, Leslie," he said. "I just found out today. You're the little genius who's been doing his spying for him, aren't you?"

Arthur shrugged his shoulders. "I wouldn't call it spying."

"*I* call it spying," Percy said. "I call it a damned dirty business, pumping Emily about her mother."

"Her mother was in Florida at the time," Arthur said. "And there's a little matter of murder involved in this, Percy. Two murders."

"There's liable to be a third."

Arthur grinned. "Don't let it get to be a habit."

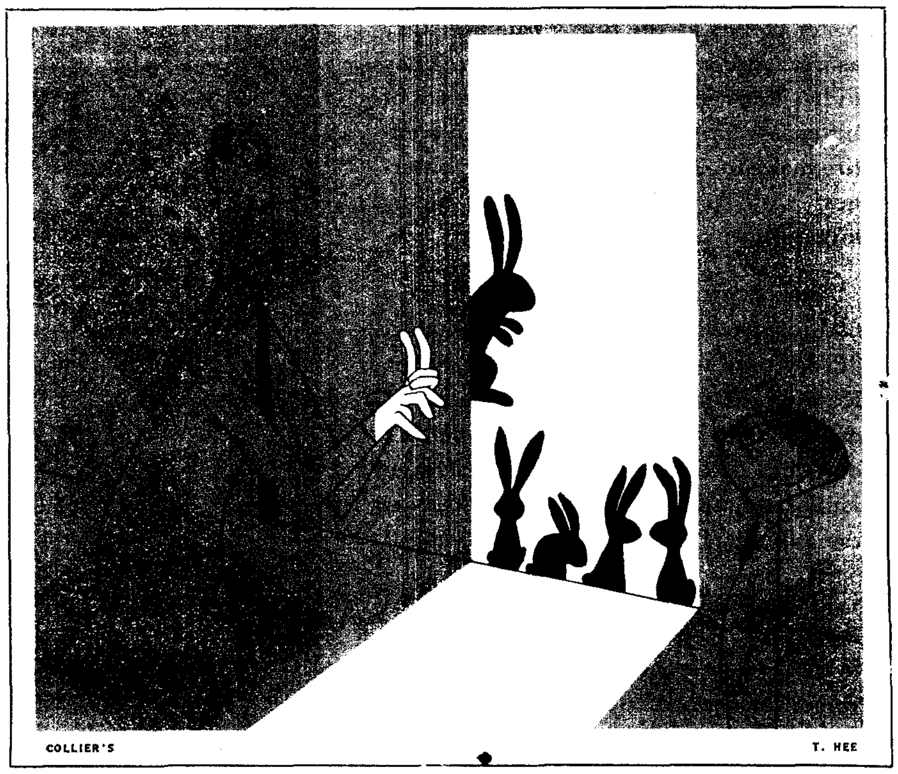
He never saw the fist coming. He was knocked hard against the telephone booth, slipped, and sat down on the floor. Percy stood over him, his big fists ready.

Arthur got his feet under him, and jumped up. Percy swung and Arthur ducked under the fist. Someone caught Arthur's arms from behind, holding him, and he couldn't duck as Percy drove his fist again. He turned his head, and the blow glanced off his cheekbone. Then Otto had Percy from behind. "What's the idea?" Otto was shouting. "Where you think you are?" He wrestled Percy toward the door. Arthur glanced over his shoulder. It was Joe Beckett who had pinned his arms.

"Let go," Arthur said. He pulled his arms loose and started for the door, but Otto barred his way. He saw Percy Chambron standing on the street outside.

Percy gave Arthur a long, hard look through the glass, and walked away.

"Arty," Joe said, "the whole staff's been waiting for years for somebody to



FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—Come along with PM!
Follow the gardenias and PM DE LUXE
to the pleasantest whiskey flavor a man ever found.
PM's so irresistibly smooth,
so Particularly Mellow,
it's a standing invitation in all the brightest places.
So pack up your pals and come along!

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. Blended Whiskey.
86.8 Proof. 71% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Are
your brakes
as old as
your car?

If they are . . . look out!

CARS WERE NEVER SO OLD as they are today. If *your* brakes are as old as your car, look out!

Go to a Grey-Rock brakeshop and have the man pull a wheel. His practiced eye will know at a glance if you need a reline-job. If he recommends it, believe him. He's an expert, trained in Grey-Rock methods, schooled in National Safety Council standards. He'll install Grey-Rock balanced brake lining . . . for quick, quiet, safe stops.

Remember: Brake-failure can be costly . . . in life, limb, and money. UNITED STATES ASBESTOS DIVISION of Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc., MANHEIM, PA.

TRUCK AND BUS OPERATORS *know Grey-Rock quality . . . rely on it for safety.*

RENEW THOSE OLD BRAKES!
Go to a shop that relines with

Grey-Rock

pin Percy's ears back, and you didn't even strike a blow."

"How could I?" Arthur said. "You were hanging onto both my arms."

Arthur caught a glimpse of his face in the back-bar mirror. His other eye would soon be black.

"What was the cause of it, Arty?" Joe asked.

"Guilty conscience," said Arthur.

"Guilty of what?"

"Or righteous indignation," Arthur said. "It was one or the other. In either case, I guess he had a pretty good reason to slug me."

Otto called, "Hey, Arty, somebody to see you."

A cab driver stood at the end of the bar. Arthur looked at him curiously. "You want me?"

"Come outside," the taxi driver said. "My fare wants to talk to you."

"Want me to come, too?" Joe said. "I can hold your coat."

Arthur shook his head and followed the taxi driver to the street.

THE man opened the door of his cab, and Arthur looked inside. But it was not Percy Chambron waiting; it was Sue Wharton. Her eyes were startlingly blue in a white face, and she looked pounds thinner. He got quickly into the cab, and slammed the door shut.

"Thank God I found you, Arthur," she whispered. "I had to talk to someone. What am I going to do? I need help."

"Sue, you'd better see a lawyer."

"Jack got me a lawyer."

"Where's Jack now?"

"He's still there, Arthur. They let me go, but I've got to talk to the district attorney tomorrow morning."

"Let's go somewhere and have a drink," Arthur said.

Sue shook her head. "I don't want to go anywhere. I don't want to see any people. And I can't go home and just sit there. It's driving me nuts."

Arthur nodded. He leaned forward and gave the address of his apartment on Christopher Street.

The taxicab turned downtown. Sue was holding his hand. She drew in a deep breath, and said softly, "Arthur, maybe I'm blind about it. Maybe I can't see it clearly. I *feel* it's all right, but I don't know. Tell me honestly, what do you think?" Her eyes met his. "About Jack, I mean."

"Stop worrying," Arthur said.

"How *can* I stop worrying?"

"I don't think Jack did it," he said.

The cab stopped in front of the apartment building on Christopher Street. They went up in the elevator in silence, and not until after he had made them each a highball did Arthur say quietly, "Sue, I've got some news for you. I don't want to get your hopes up, but at least it's something to work on."

He told her about his talk with Mark Titus, his call from Oklahoma, his inspection of the files. "So that's how it stands now," he said. "If I can persuade Madigan to go to work on it, he might break this case, Sue. But he thinks he's already found the answer."

She nodded. Her voice was very low. "The police know for sure that Jack was in the penthouse Monday night." She moved her hands helplessly. "Oh, what can I do, Arthur? What can I tell them?" She picked up her glass and swallowed Scotch in gulps, then looked at him again. "I've been thinking, Arthur, that I'd say I was up there that night and saw Mr. Willshire alive, after Jack left."

"Don't do anything foolish, Sue. Listen, you're innocent, and if Jack is, too, it will work out. Just don't start tampering with the facts. Tell them the truth, or don't tell them anything."

The telephone rang, and Arthur picked up the receiver. Emily Willshire's soft voice said, "Arthur?"

"I'm glad you called," he said. "I want to talk to you."

There was a moment's pause, then she said slowly, "I want to talk to you, too, Arthur. I've thought it over, and I think you're right. I shouldn't have interfered."

"Let's forget it," he said.

"No, I mean it. I went down to see Lieutenant Madigan." Her voice dropped lower. "They've got all sorts of stuff against Jack Morton, and they think Sue is mixed up in it."

"Don't worry about it," Arthur said. "I think Sue's in the clear." Sue's blue eyes were big as she looked across at him. "And I don't think they can hang it on Jack, either. He has an alibi for the Clymer shooting—the telephone call you made to his office."

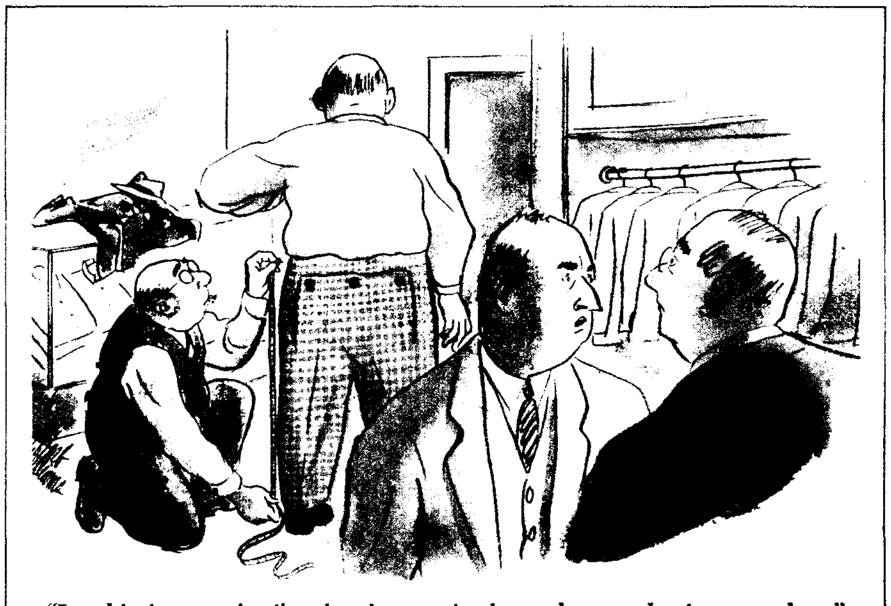
"I know. Lieutenant Madigan asked me about that, and I remembered that it was ten-thirty when I called him. I remembered it later, because I had been listening to a radio program and when I shut it off, I made the call."

"There you are," Arthur said.

"But, Arthur, Madigan says Clymer was shot by some gang because he didn't pay off a bet. He thinks there's no connection. So we've got to find out who did it. Maybe you did have the right idea."

"I'm beginning to think I was wrong on that," he said. "It was just a hunch."

"Oh, Arthur, please don't give up."



"Lamkin is a good tailor, but he was in the underwear business too long"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

"I'm not giving up," he said. "Emily, do you want to do a favor for a friend?"

"A favor? Of course."

"Sue is here," Arthur said. "How about taking care of her?"

"There? You mean there with you now?" Her voice had an odd tone.

"Yes. Why don't you have her up there tonight, feed her a good dinner and tuck her in bed?"

"Why, of course," Emily said.

As he hung up, Arthur saw Sue frowning at him. She shook her head. "I don't want to go up there, Arthur."

"You don't like Emily?"

Sue moved her shoulders. "Oh, I like her, all right. But I want to talk to *you,* Arthur. Without her around, I mean."

"Sue, you're going up to Emily's, and you're going to bed by nine o'clock."

He frowned, and reached for his glass. He took a deep drink, and thought that something was worrying Emily. She had not asked him to continue his line of investigation because she was worried about Sue and Jack Morton, he thought. Her worries were much nearer home. She was worried about Percy Chambron, and her mother. There were so many facets on the black stone of murder. . . .

No city editor ever needed an alarm clock, Arthur thought as he opened his eyes the next morning. The telephone was always ringing. He got slowly out of bed and went to answer the call.

"Okay," Lieutenant Madigan's voice said. "I'll buy."

"You'll buy what?"

"All you got," Madigan said. "That bullet! It checks with Willshire's gun."

Arthur was wide awake now. "It checks?" he cried. "Then we got him!"

"Got who?"

Arthur groaned. "It could be anyone on the paper. But we've got something to go on. We know the motive, and we know that the murderer was a relative of old Andrew McIntosh."

"The guy who was shot back in 1909?" Madigan said. "I don't know it proves anything like that, Arty. If nobody else knew who shot this character, how would this guy, whoever he is?"

"What difference does it make?" Arthur said. "He suspects it, at least, and the bullet proves it to *you,* Bill, and that's the main thing. Now you know that Willshire shot his partner back in 1909, and it's a fair assumption that the old man's grandson, or granddaughter, or even his daughter herself, is working on the Courier." He told Madigan the story, from the beginning.

"I want to see those files," Madigan said. "Meet me at your office, Arty."

Arthur dressed hurriedly, and took a cab to his office. He was tremendously excited. He found Lieutenant Madigan sitting impatiently in his chair. The city room was almost deserted. Steve Bell sat at the city desk drinking coffee and studying the day's assignments. Arthur borrowed a paper cup and told Steve as he poured the coffee into it, "Miss Willshire is coming back to work today, as a reporter."

ARTHUR carried the cup of coffee into the managing editor's office and sat with Lieutenant Madigan at the conference table, the stack of forms between them.

"Arty, this is a screwy business," Madigan said. "I thought you were off your chump, but the way that bullet came in out of the past, it's uncanny. What got you started on that?"

"The obituary Forrest C. Willshire wrote," Arthur explained. "It was peculiar. It indicated that somewhere along the line there had been a terrific change in the Old Man, and he knew it. But there was no explanation for the change."

"It's a puzzling thing," Madigan said. "It clouds up the picture."

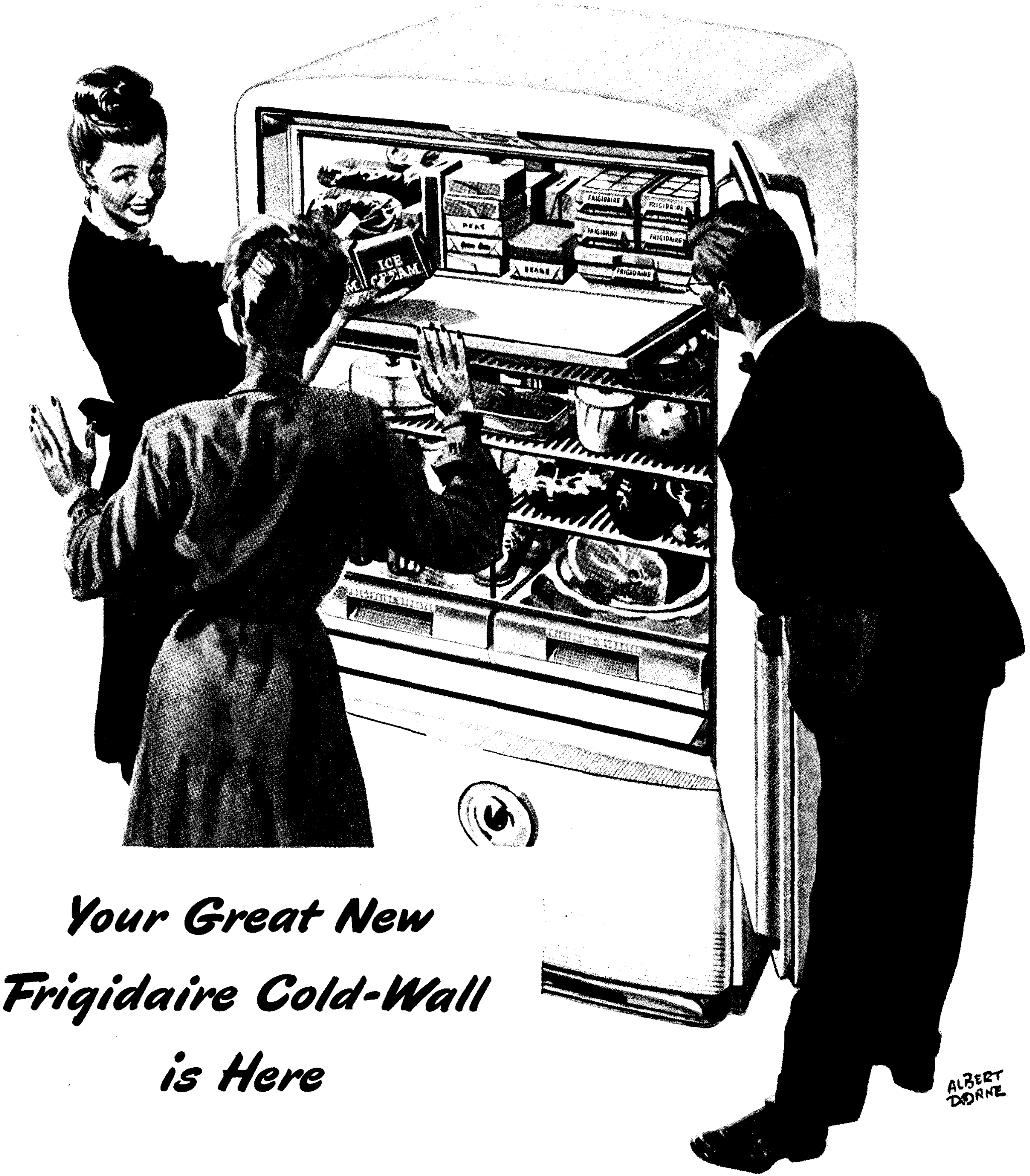
"You can't just ignore it. I know it doesn't *prove* anything," Arthur said. "But it shows we're on the trail."

Arthur brought out his list, and Madigan used the managing editor's telephone to call his office. He gave orders to have precinct detectives investigate the back-

It's cleaner, brighter **Taste** means cleaner, brighter teeth! **New Pepsodent** with **Irium** removes the film that makes your teeth look dull — uncovers the natural brilliance of your smile!

Pepsodent
DENTAL CREAM CONTAINS IRIUM
Pepsodent

Use Pepsodent tooth paste twice a day — see your dentist twice a year



Your Great New Frigidaire Cold-Wall is Here

The world's most advanced refrigerator before the war is even greater now! The new Frigidaire Cold-Wall brings you important new features, new positive moisture controls, more convenience than ever before. This different kind of refrigerator that *cools through the walls* gives you the latest scientific developments for keeping all kinds of food good to eat.

Foods stay frozen for weeks in the spacious, separately insulated Super-Freezer Chest. Use it for storing a generous supply of frozen meats, vegetables, fruits or desserts for handy day-to-day use. Get trigger-quick ice service with Frigidaire's exclusive Quickube Trays.

Foods need not be covered in the big high-humidity Cold-Wall compartment. Air is still and moist. Salads chill without drying. Leftovers keep for days. Dairy products stay fresher, longer. And it gives you a large Meat-Tender, generous bottle space. New one-piece aluminum shelves can't rust; light, strong, closely spaced bars.

Vegetables stay crisp, fruits remain colorful, juicy, and appetizing in gleaming, newly designed Frigidaire Hydrators. The super-moist cold protects against drying, wilting, loss of precious vitamins.

And the Meter-Miser – simplest cold-making mechanism ever built—is the heart of the Cold-Wall. Compressor has only two parts that move. Uses less current than an ordinary light bulb. Quiet, self-oiling, sealed for life against dust, dirt and moisture. Dependability already proved in millions of homes. Protected against service expense by 5-Year Protection Plan.

See your Frigidaire Dealer. Even though more people will want the new Cold-Wall than can be supplied immediately, you owe it to yourself to learn why it is well worth waiting for. Find his name in your local Classified Telephone Directory. Or write Frigidaire Division, General Motors Corporation, 733 Taylor St., Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, 261 Commercial Road, Leaside 12, Ontario.

You're twice as sure with two great names

Frigidaire *made only by* **General Motors**

REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES • WATER HEATERS • HOME FREEZERS • KITCHEN CABINETS • COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION AND AIR CONDITIONING EQUIPMENT ground of Bob Farley. He asked that Boston, Pittsfield and Philadelphia police be notified to investigate the parenthood of Percy Chambron, Sue Wharton and Jack Morton, and he sent messages to Waco, Texas, and Warren, Arkansas, asking police to check on Harry Whiteside and Roger Jay.

When he hung up, he said, "You know, Arty, I was sitting out there, waiting for you, and a guy brought some copy from the wire room and put it down on the city desk. He did that twice, and I swear Steve Bell never noticed him either time. It looks like he's more anonymous than a copy boy. He could have been dropping copy the time Bob Farley talked to Clymer on the phone. You see what I mean? I want to talk to the guy who has that job at night. I want to talk to Mark Titus, too. I want to talk to all those babies." He slapped his palm on the pile of application forms. "These don't mean a thing. The guy who would plan out a thing like that would cover up, Arty. So I don't expect to find the name McIntosh in here."

"Probably not," Arthur said.

"But we'll check them all," Madigan said. "We can't take a chance. I want to see the form Ned Meyer filled in—the guy who ran the printers' pool. Arty, I don't go for your theory that the Clymer killing was connected with the murder of old Willshire, so I want to check up on Joe Beckett, too."

MADIGAN made another call, leaving instructions to be sent to Kansas City police. When he hung up, Arthur said, "But the Clymer killing *must* have been related, Bill. Remember, the guy broke the glass so that Clymer would turn around. He couldn't recognize him from behind."

"In the first place, any guy would break that glass before he shot through it," Madigan said. "In the second place, a hired torpedo would have pulled the same thing. We're covering all angles, Arty." He grinned. "Not very good with your mitts, are you?"

Arthur put his hand up to his left eye.

"Of course, you were giving away forty-fifty pounds," Madigan said. "He's a big guy. He played tackle at Yale."

"You know all about it, I see."

"Oh, I keep in touch," the detective said.

Arthur grinned sourly. "Well, I've got to go to work. Call me if you need me."

"Okay." Madigan glanced up. "I tell you, Arty, it don't look too good for the Wharton girl and your managing editor. There's a lot of pressure. The D.A. is talking to Morton now. He thinks he can get a conviction. The guy had motive. He had opportunity. And he lied in the beginning. He said he was never up to see the Old Man that night, but he was, and now he admits it."

Arthur went to his desk.

He studied the schedule. Joe Beckett had been assigned to the follow on the Clymer murder. There was the usual run of luncheons and conventions. It was already two o'clock, and he had not yet eaten. He went across to Gilligan's, and had *Sauerbraten* and beer for breakfast, and went back to his desk about four o'clock. He saw Emily at her desk, typing a story.

"Madigan stopped by," Steve Bell said. "He said he was taking those forms to his office."

"He say anything else?"

"No, just nosed around a little. Had a long talk with Mark Titus. What's going on, Arty?"

"Just routine," Arthur said, and walked away.

Emily was waiting for him, her eyes questioning. He pulled up a chair and sat down beside her. She said, "What's new, Arthur? Was there any report?"

"The bullet checked," he said. "It was fired from the same gun that killed Andrew McIntosh in 1909."

He looked at her, and she lowered her eyes. She said quietly, "I'm not sure I see what it all means."

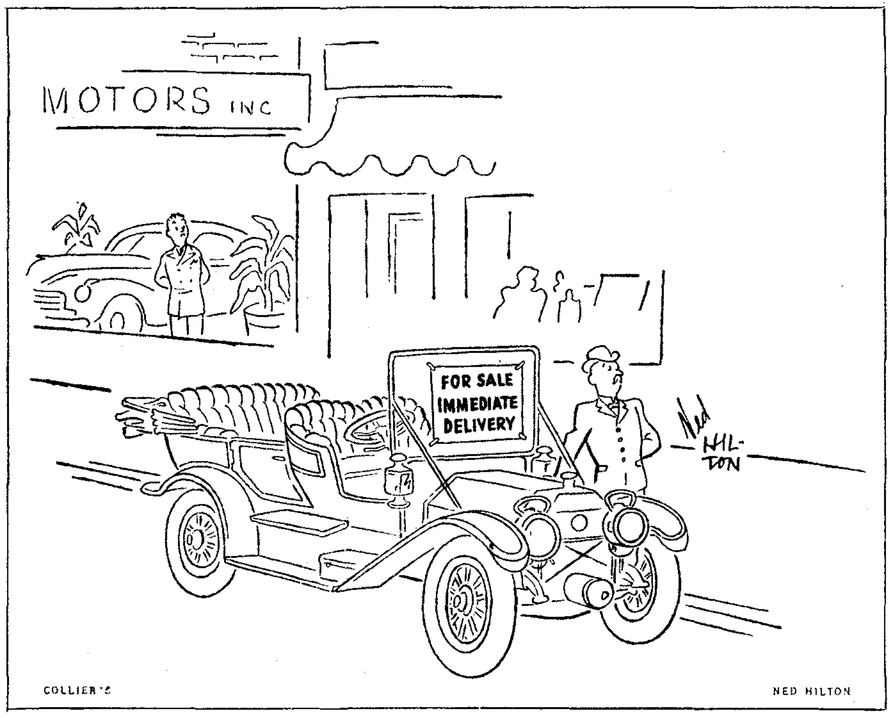
Arthur cleared his throat. "We have to go back to 1909," he said. "Forrest C. Willshire struck oil in 1909. Those were wild days. Oil brought a big price, and a bonus. It was like the gold-rush days in the Yukon, Emily. You've got to picture this little town of Euclid, Oklahoma. All anybody thinks about is oil, and your grandfather is in there ahead. He has the choice leases. You can see how that upset his values. He was out to get his. Everybody was."

"I suppose you're breaking it to me gently," she said wearily.

"I'm trying to understand it myself," Arthur said. "The way I see it, old Andrew McIntosh thought he had been cheated. He wrote his daughter that he was going to have a showdown, he was going to sue. My guess is that he went to see your grandfather. There was an argument, a fight, and he shot McIntosh. Then he turned Old Mac's pockets inside out, to make it look like robbery, and dumped him into a slush pit."

"Go on," Emily said.

"It had to be something like that to account for the change in your grandfather," Arthur said. "I knew it couldn't be insinuations and gossip that had affected him so profoundly. I was sure it was something stronger. The evidence is pretty clear that he shot Andrew McIntosh and bought the old man's daughter off. So what we're looking for is a relative of the old man, working here on this paper. Whether he, or she, came to work here deliberately, planning to kill your grandfather, I can't say. But he, or she, must have heard the story from the daughter, must have believed that your grandfather at least cheated McIntosh, and probably killed him. So here he is, working on the paper, with all the evidence of what nineteen million dollars can do, and believing that a share of that fortune was rightfully his. You can imagine the burning resentment that would cause. Can't you see how that resentment became a consuming hatred, how the plan was made to kill your grandfather? I don't know what the murderer hoped to get out of it, except revenge, but that must have been enough for him."



Emily nodded. "It *does* make sense."

"The night of the murder, he slipped up to the penthouse," Arthur said. "He was wearing gloves, so that he would leave no fingerprints, and he had a gun in his pocket, the gun he used later to shoot Sam Clymer. But when he got there he found your grandfather's own gun on the desk. It was perfect. There was a wonderful irony there for him. So he picked up that gun and shot your grandfather, and it made the suicide note he had clipped from the obituary look even better. He dropped the gun on the floor, put the note on the desk, and cleared out. Then he got wind that Sam Clymer had been on the roof and seen something, or someone. Maybe he had seen Clymer, maybe he hadn't. Anyhow, he had to act, and he went down to Vincent's and shot Clymer."

Emily said quietly, "How do you expect to prove all that, Arthur?"

"We have to check back and back, and find out who this relative of Andrew McIntosh is. When we find him, we can prove it, Emily. I think it's narrowed down to six people—Bob Farley, Roger Jay, Harry Whiteside, Jack Morton, Sue, and Percy Chambron."

Steve Bell called from the city desk. "Telephone, Arty."

He picked up Emily's phone and asked to have the call transferred from his extension. The caller was Madigan.

"Arty, it was a bum steer. I've got the reports here. Farley, Chambron, Morton, the Wharton girl, they're all okay. Not a McIntosh in the barrel. The same goes for Carl Rome. And Pete Zubrinc. I checked him, too, just for laughs."

"How about Roger Jay?"

"They didn't have a bureau of vital statistics in Arkansas until 1914," Madigan said. "He was born in 1911. The same goes for Harry Whiteside. No birth records in Texas when he was born."

"How about Joe Beckett?" Arthur asked.

"No report on that yet."

"Well, you didn't expect to find the answer all written out for you, did you?" Arthur said. "You're going to follow through, I hope."

"Arty," the detective said, "we're booking Jack Morton for the murder of Forrest C. Willshire, and we're going to hold Sue Wharton as an accessory."

"It won't stand up," Arthur said. "How about the Clymer murder? Jack has an alibi for Saturday night."

"The Clymer murder is another case, Arty," Madigan said. "You see, the girl broke, Arty, and changed her story. When she found out we knew Morton had been up to the penthouse that night, she changed her story, trying to give him an alibi. Said she could prove it. Claimed she swiped the ash tray Joe Beckett left there. Said she put it in her icebox at home and somebody stole it. How do you like that?"

"It's true," Arthur said.

"Yeah?"

"*I* took that ash tray," Arthur said.

There was a long pause, then Madigan's ominous voice said, "You're kind of an active character, Arty."

"Look, Bill, I know I made a mistake. I shouldn't have done it, and I'm sorry."

"Oh, you're sorry."

"But not abject about it. You see, it proves you're off the track."

"You're not thinking any faster than the Wharton girl was," Madigan said. "I'll tell you what it proves. It proves the girl *was* up there that night, and that she was up there *after* Joe Beckett was there. It proves that Willshire was dead or she couldn't have walked off with that ash tray. In fact, it's a pretty handy little exhibit. Where is it, Arty? Have you still got it?"

"Yes."

"Well, suppose you put it in your pocket and trot down here right away. I think the D.A. would like to ask *you* some questions." Madigan hung up.

Arthur looked at Emily. "I've messed things up, all right. Anyhow I've got to go down and sweat it out with the D.A."

He left word with Steve Bell that he would be out for an hour or so, then went up to the penthouse. The butler let him in, and he found the ash tray in the closet, at the back of the shelf, where he had left it.

The district attorney was a sarcastic man, and he gave Arthur an uncomfortable hour. Madigan sat by with a satisfied grin on his round face as Arthur absorbed a series of justified insults. He had been thoroughly in the wrong, and he had to take it. A stenographer took his deposition in shorthand, and he was sent to an anteroom to wait for it to be typed.

Madigan joined him. "Well, you had it coming to you," the detective said.

"Yeah, I guess so." Arthur shrugged his shoulders. "What's the chance of talking to Sue?"

Madigan shook his head.

"Then give her a message for me," Arthur said. "Tell her we're still working, and we're going to get her out."

"Who's we?" Madigan asked.

"Just give her the message."

ARTHUR was called again into the D.A.'s office and signed the deposition. It was eight o'clock now. He went down in the elevator with Madigan, and as they parted on the street the detective said, "Well, no hard feelings, Arty. I ought to lock you up for obstructing justice, and everything the D.A. told you goes for me, too, but you were in there pitching for a friend, and I can forget it. But, Arty, you've got to give in. They did it, and they haven't got an out."

"I don't think so," Arthur said.

"Now, look." Madigan's voice was weary. "Arty, the girl waited for Morton in the cafeteria that night, and after a while she went up to the penthouse to see what was keeping him. Meanwhile Morton went down from the roof, and he claims he took the north stairs. She went up by the south stairs. He reached the cafeteria about 12:35, he said, and she was gone. She told us she waited a while outside the door to the roof, and then went on up, and she claims she found Willshire alive. But it must have been at least 12:40 by the time she got to the penthouse, and the medical examiner says Willshire was dead by then. And he *was* dead. How else could she walk off with that ash tray? He was dead, Arty, because she shot him, or because she found him dead from the bullet Jack Morton put in his head."

"I don't think so."

Madigan grinned. "Two to one we get a confession. They're changing their stories every minute now. Morton's latest is that when he left the penthouse he stopped on a landing of the stairs, between the thirteenth and fourteenth floors, to smoke a cigarette and get hold of himself. He figures he can give the dame an out that way, because it would put her in the penthouse a little earlier."

Arthur nodded. "It takes from six

The Lowest Priced
Nationally Advertised Tooth Brush in America
only 23¢
Pro-phy-lac-tic + NYLON

IN DUST-PROOF CARTON

Pro-phy-lac-tic NYLON Tooth Brush

GARDEN AWARD COMMITT
JUDGE

"Better get a pair of those new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown rubber heels with the special non-slip feature!" And . . . extra wear where you need it means more miles per foot.

to eight minutes to smoke a cigarette."

Madigan grinned. "My God, you believe that story?"

"Certainly I do."

"Oh, well," the detective said, and turned away. "No use arguing it, Arty."

Arthur signaled a passing cab. Morton's story that he had paused on the landing to smoke a cigarette was good news. It meant that instead of the three-minute allowance Arthur had made between the time Morton left the penthouse and Sue arrived at the door to the roof, there could have been at least eight minutes, during which the murderer could have slipped up to the penthouse, and Sam Clymer, too. But the evidence against Sue and Jack was very strong, the sort that would take up only a few minutes of a jury's time before the verdict was brought in—guilty.

AS ARTHUR entered the city room of the Courier, he saw the change. He had been in many city rooms when big stories were breaking, and it was obvious that a story was breaking now, but somehow the atmosphere was different. Reporters formed small whispering groups; there was an air of expectancy at the city desk. Several reporters were standing behind Joe Beckett's chair as he typed a story with tense concentration.

Bob Farley called to him, "Arty, they arrested Jack and Sue."

Arthur nodded, walked on to his desk. "Joe Beckett writing the story?"

"About a column has gone along."

Arthur sat down heavily. He saw Percy Chambron standing by the make-up desk, giving directions in a sharp, authoritative voice. Percy's huge figure seemed bigger than it ever had before. He was in line, Arthur thought, for Jack Morton's job.

Across the city room he saw Emily Willshire's worried face as she glanced up from her typewriter. She dropped her eyes at once and went on typing. He glanced at the clock; it was 9:25. At this time, only a week ago, Forrest C. Willshire had been in his penthouse on the roof, Jack Morton had been in his office, worrying about the fifteen thousand dollars he owed Sam Clymer, and Sue Wharton had been struggling with her story of a women's club meeting. And here, in this room, some member of the staff had sat with the faked suicide note in his pocket, waiting his chance to slip up to the penthouse. As he sat now looking over the city room, Arthur thought how easy it must have been.

Mark Titus slid into the chair beside Arthur, his long face solemn. "It's a terrible thing," he said. "I always thought Jack Morton was a fine boy. And that girl, why, she's such a pretty little thing."

Arthur gave Mark a steady look, then shook his head. He did not speak, but thoughts were racing through his brain. He was thinking that Mark Titus always showed too damned much sympathy. He was too damned courtly. He would like to know what Mark Titus really thought.

"How do you like that!" Percy Chambron's voice boomed. He was talking to Kit Evans, the picture editor. "No cut of our managing editor. How do you like that? Can't you dig up a picture somewhere?" He swung around, pointing. "Try Sue Wharton's desk. You may find something there—a snapshot, at least."

Arthur looked again at the clock. It was 9:40, and the copy deadline was 9:30. The deadline to a certain extent was a technicality; page-one copy could be set, and often make the paper, even though it went down as late as half an hour after the deadline.

Joe Beckett hurried to the city desk. "Walter Vaughan just called from police headquarters," he said. "Sue broke down, Bob. She admits that Willshire was *dead* when she went up to the penthouse Monday night. We got to get that right in after the lead."

Bob Farley scowled at the clock. It was 9:45. "You'd have to kill out the part where she said he was alive. No proofs have come up." He shook his head. "That page-one stuff is already in the forms, Joe; maybe locked up by now. Better keep it for the next edition."

"It ought to get in," Joe said.

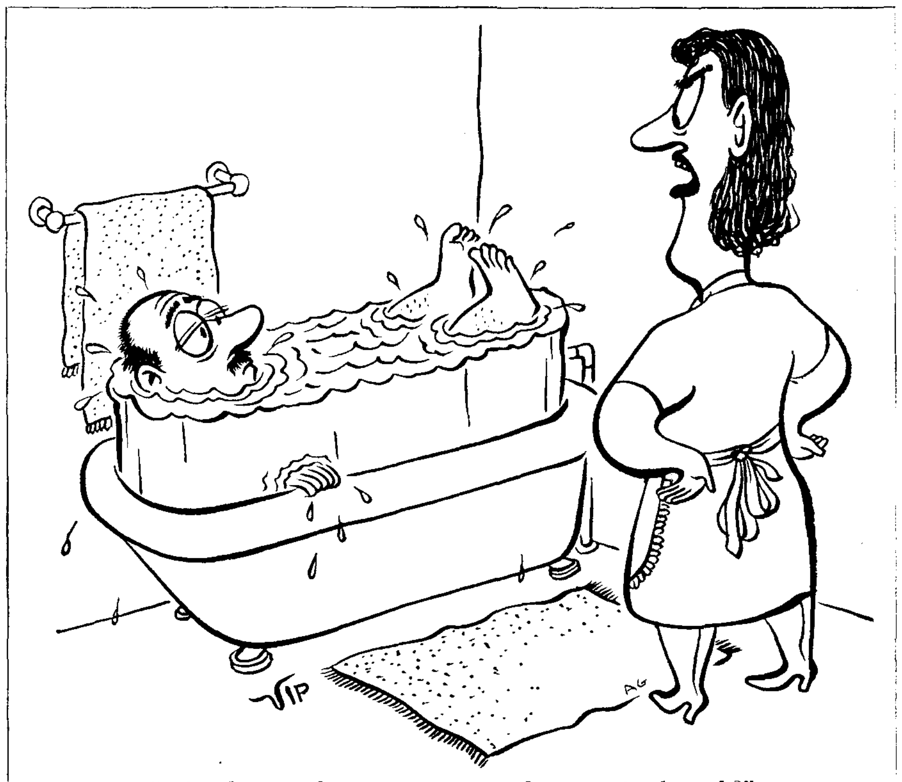
Bob turned his head. "Boy, run downstairs and see if you can get proofs on a story slugged murder. Have them pull a proof and rush it up here. Step on it." He looked again at Joe. "Go ahead and write the insert, and if we don't get a proof you can go down to the stone and show 'em where to put it and what to kill out."

Arthur sat staring at Bob Farley. All at once he knew what had been bothering him for days, a detail so trivial that he had paid no attention at the time—a matter of mechanics, a cog that did not mesh.

He picked up his telephone and said to the operator, "Get me Charlie Connors in the West Side police station."

Charlie was there. His gruff voice said, "Yeah?"

"Charlie, this is Arthur. I want to ask you a question. What time was it when you came into Vincent's Bar after the Clymer murder Saturday night?"



"Why do you always put too much water in the tub?"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"Two minutes to eleven," Charlie said.

"The second time, I mean. When you came back."

"Oh. Eleven forty-five, Arty. After I called the story in, I had a cup of coffee and thought it over; then I went back."

"Okay," Arthur said, and hung up.

HE WENT across to the copy control desk, where copy was dropped down the chute to the composing room and the time entered as each take went down. He touched the shoulder of the copy boy in charge. "Get me last Saturday's copy control sheet. And make it snappy."

Arthur caught Percy Chambron's eyes. "What time did you lock up page one Saturday night, second edition?"

"Don't bother me now, Leslie," Chambron said. "I've got to go down and lock up *this* edition."

"It's important," Arthur said.

Percy scowled and picked up the telephone, a direct line to the composing room. He asked a question, waited for the answer. "Eleven fifty-one, Leslie."

The copy boy returned. "Here's the sheet, Mr. Leslie."

Arthur took it, ran his finger down the line of entries. He found what he was looking for: the story slugged slay. The first take had gone down at 11:09, the second at 11:12, the third at 11:20. Subsequent takes had flowed down a few minutes apart, and the last take had been entered at 12:01, ten minutes after the lockup, so that it had obviously not made the paper. Farther down the sheet he found several inserts that had gone down in the slay story, the first at 12:45, when the story was being revised for the next edition. He turned and stared at the rewrite bank, where Harry Whiteside and Roger Jay were hard at work, then he walked quickly back to his desk. He snatched up the telephone and called Madigan.

"Bill, I've got it," Arthur whispered.

"Got what?"

"I know who murdered Sam Clymer."

"Yeah?" Madigan said.

"And Forrest C. Willshire, too," Arthur whispered. "Bill, listen to me. Do you remember the night Sam Clymer was killed? He was shot at 10:30 Saturday night, and the inspector gave the story to reporters a little after eleven o'clock. Charlie Connors was there for us. Then Charlie came back. He had another question to ask. Remember? He wanted to know how the killer had been sure of hitting Sam Clymer in that crowd."

"Sure, I remember."

"Do you remember the time?"

"It was a quarter to twelve, exactly," Madigan said.

"That's on the record," Arthur said. "Don't forget it. Bill, the deadline for our second edition on Saturday night is 11:15. Page one was locked up that night at 11:51. Nothing could possibly get in after that time. And the story of Sam Clymer's murder started along at 11:09, and it was still running when the forms were locked up. There simply wasn't time for Charlie Connors to call that information in and get it in the story. Remember that stuff was high up in the story, about the second take, and that went down at 11:12. The third went down at 11:20, twenty-five minutes before you talked to Charlie and told him about the murderer breaking the glass to attract Sam Clymer's attention before he shot him. But when we came up to the office just after midnight that night, the paper was up and those details were in the story, but no insert had been written. Bill, the only people who knew that fact were us, the customers in the barroom, and the murderer!"

"Who wrote that story?" Madigan asked sharply.

"Harry Whiteside, I think."

"Well, make sure. I'll be right up."

Arthur hung up. He was sweating, and his palms were moist. Emily Willshire was standing at the desk beside him. He gave her a faraway look and walked over to Bob Farley.

"Bob, who wrote the slay story Saturday night? The Clymer story."

"Whiteside."

ARTHUR turned and looked at the rewrite bank. He stared at Harry Whiteside, the easygoing Southwesterner, who had worked in Oklahoma, had been to Euclid. Harry was hard at work, his fingers moving smoothly over the keyboard. His own skill, the superb newspaperman in him, had betrayed him. The instinct of the precisionist for the significant detail had caused Harry to write in the news story of Sam Clymer's murder facts that could not have been known to him as a rewrite man—facts that could have been known to him only as the murderer.

Arthur walked deliberately around to the rewrite bank. "Harry," he said. "Your mother's name was McIntosh."

Harry's face seemed pale, and his eyes looked enormous through his glasses. "McIntosh?" he said. "What are you talking about? Her name was Mary Sewell."

"Then she was married twice."

"No," Harry said "She wasn't. What's got into you, Arty?"

"You made a bad mistake Saturday night," Arthur said. His voice was low, but Roger Jay had turned his head and was listening. "You don't even know you made it," Arthur went on. "But you wrote the slay story Saturday night and you put in a detail about the murderer breaking the glass in the peephole to attract Sam's attention, so that he could recognize his face when he turned around. Remember?"

"Why, sure," Harry Whiteside said. "What's wrong with that? Charlie Connors called it in."

"But he called it in too late," Arthur said. "He called it in after 11:45, and there wasn't time to get it in your story. No insert went down for that edition."

"You're nuts, Arty. I made a fix in the proof and sent it down."

"In the proof?" Arthur said.

"Sure, there was just time to make it."

Arthur frowned. Charlie Connors had talked to Madigan and himself at 11:45, then had bolted to the telephone booth and called the office, and talked to Whiteside. Chalk off three minutes, at least. 11:48. Harry had called for a proof, scribbled in the detail and thrown it directly down the chute to the composing room. Write off another minute. Two minutes to go. The copy had been sent to the machine, a couple of lines set, the type rushed to the stone. There *had* been time enough to make it. It wouldn't make once out of a hundred times, but there *had* been time to make.

"Okay," Arthur said. "I'll talk to you later, Harry."

He went back to Bob Farley and spoke in a whisper, "Did you read copy on the slay story Saturday?"

"Sure. That is, I sent the first take along, then I pitched in and helped knock out some B-copy on Sam Clymer's career. We were shorthanded, and that story broke just on the deadline."

"Do you remember if you saw the detail about the killer breaking the glass to attract Clymer's attention?"

"Sure, it was in the story."

"In the copy?"

"I didn't read that part of the copy."

"Harry Whiteside said he put it in the proof and sent it down."

Bob Farley nodded. "I remember he was yelling for proofs."

"By the way, did you make that late stuff Joe Beckett had tonight?"

"I sent him right to the stone, Arty. He can show them what type to kill out."

"You didn't get a proof in time?"

"Didn't wait for it."

As Arthur left the city desk, Emily Willshire moved up to his side. "What is it, Arthur?"

"I've made a fool of myself again."

He went to the copy desk. Ralph Smith, head of the copy desk, had read copy on the slay story Saturday night.

"Lord, I don't remember," he said. "I read that copy in an awful rush."

Arthur thought glumly that he had never been more wrong in his life. He went back to the rewrite bank and touched Harry Whiteside's shoulder.

"Put your coat on," he said. "I want to buy you a drink."

The rewrite man grinned. "Sure thing."

"And I'm sorry," Arthur said. "I guess I'm punch-drunk. You want to take a poke at me, too, Harry?"

"For what?" Harry said. "Arty, this is all a little over my head."

Arthur saw Emily standing near by. He owed her an explanation, too. He said, "I'm buying a drink. Want to come along?"

"All right."

They lined up at the bar at Gilligan's and Arthur said, "I guess I've had too much on my mind. About all I can do is apologize, Harry."

"That's okay," Harry Whiteside said. "Apologize for what?"

Arthur grinned. "I had you tagged as the murderer."

Harry Whiteside stared at him incredulously, and Arthur said hastily, "I never thought it through. It seemed so obvious on the face of it. Lord, I should have learned my lesson, after the mess I've made already. It's a wonder Madigan doesn't—" He set his glass down. "Good Lord, I forgot about Madigan. Excuse me, will you?"

He put on his hat and went quickly out the door. He shuddered to think of Madigan's reaction when he told him it had been a false alarm. He grinned ruefully as he got into the elevator. He certainly had it coming to him.

The operator slid the doors shut. "Four, Mr. Leslie?"

Arthur stared at him as if he had not understood. He had gone off half-cocked, and he had not thought it through. But he hadn't *followed* it through, either. He stared at the operator and said, "Three."

THE doors opened at the third floor, into the composing room. The forms had been locked and taken away, and the presses were rolling; he felt the vibration. Arthur went through a door and along a quiet corridor to the storage room where the big steel bins stood in a row, numbered from one through thirty-one. The story had been in Sunday's paper. He went to the bin numbered twenty-one, and bent over it.

The huge bin was filled with paper and proofs. Arthur began taking papers from the bin, discarding them on the floor. He was looking for the story slugged slay, and the proof Harry said he had sent down Saturday night.

There was a mass of material, and he had to take each page separately, look for the slug in the upper left-hand corner. Some of the slugs were neatly typed, some scribbled almost illegibly in carbon pencil. A pile of paper began to rise around his feet, but he had found no take of the story slugged slay.

Once he thought he heard a creaking noise, and turned his head, but the corridor behind him was empty. He bent over, and his hands dived again into the litter of paper. Suddenly he stiffened, head and shoulders plunged into the bin. Definitely he had heard a noise behind him. He raised his head, turning, but all he saw was a terrible blackness shot with explosions of brilliant colored light,

Vision in the Sun

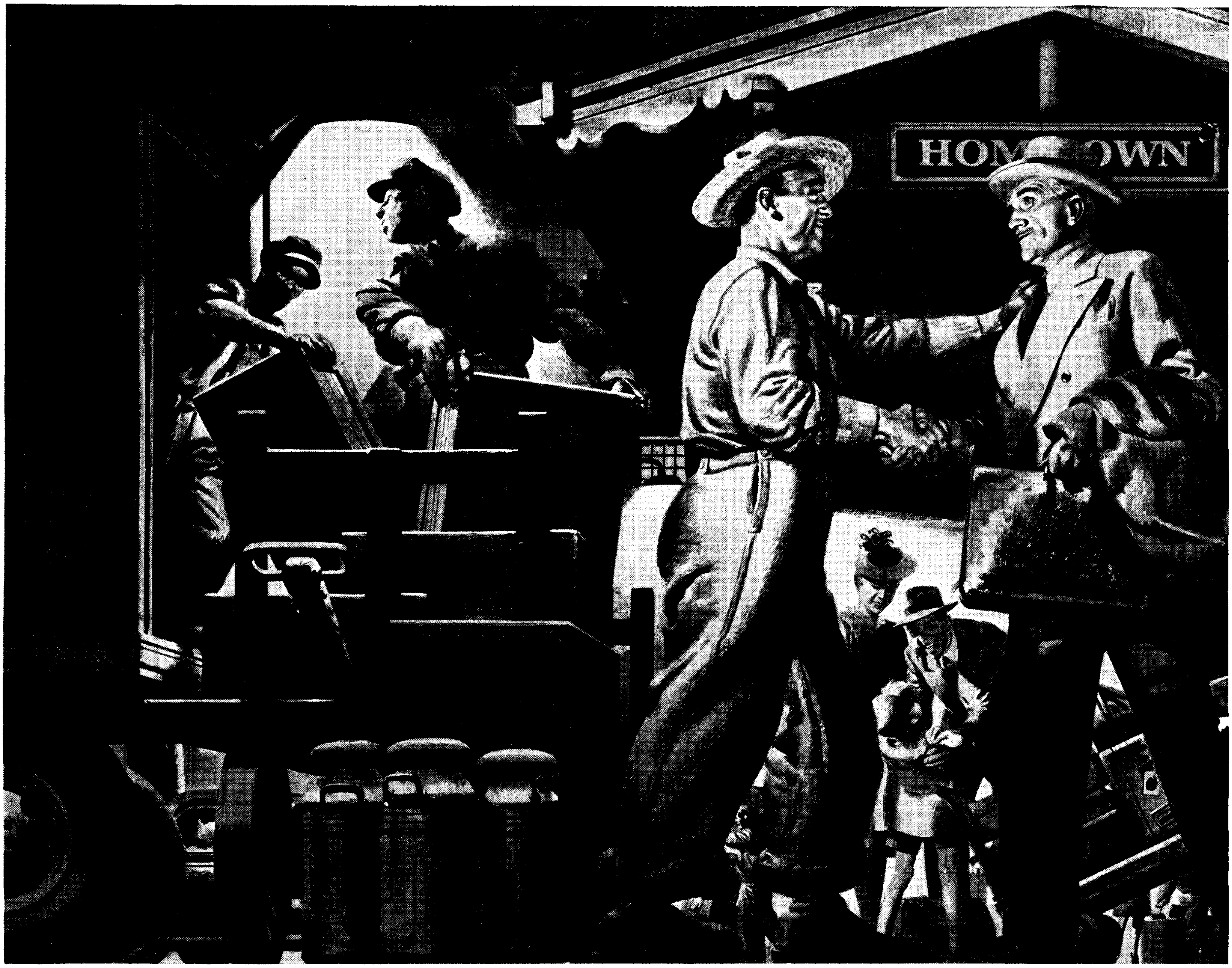
"Combing jacket" beach coat in Independence Blue with contrasting white faille swim suit—a Frances Sider original.

The sun looks lovely—especially on you, when you're wearing your Columbia Sun Glasses! They're style-high because you adore a smart look... precision-fit because you dote on down-to-earth comfort. Ask for Columbia Sun Glasses... distinctively designed to make you the best-looking vision under the sun!

Columbia Sun Glasses are available in a wide range of styles for men, women and children. Sold everywhere — at popular prices.

Columbia SUN GLASSES

COLUMBIA PROTEKTOSITE CO., INC.
Carlstadt, New Jersey



Blood Stream

Here comes the community's lifeblood...via railroad

It's made up not only of food and fuel and clothing. It's made up, too, of things on which *jobs* depend—the materials for industries and farms and stores that keep them going. It's made of quick, economical transportation for the community's products to profitable markets. It's made of people who come and go with ideas and projects and ambitions.

Yes, through its arteries—the railroads—the country gets life and growth!

It's *our* job, at the American Car and Foundry Company to help make possible ever better, ever smoother-riding, ever more economical and dependable railroad service. And *you*—personally—benefit in many ways from the advanced railroad equipment we design and build:

Passenger coaches—dining cars—sleeping cars—with comforts and luxuries never before approached, for your travel ease.

Freight cars—sturdier, lighter, more efficient, to help lower the ultimate cost of things you buy.

Tank cars—refrigerator cars—mine cars—even railroad car

# of America

wheels—equipment that makes your life better today; that will help bring you an even brighter tomorrow.

We take tremendous pride in American Car and Foundry products. They are designed and made with a single aim—to provide such distinct operating advantages that any railroad using them will be better equipped to prove that:

Progress rides on rails!

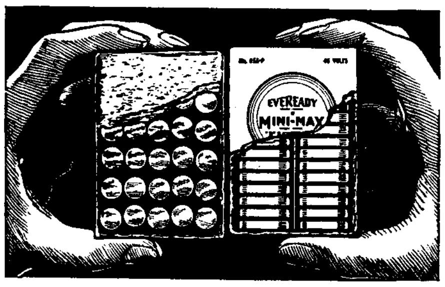
AMERICAN CAR AND FOUNDRY COMPANY

New York · Chicago · St. Louis · Cleveland · Washington
Philadelphia · Pittsburgh · San Francisco

American Car and Foundry Co.

"Quality and Vision in Railroad Transportation"

HEARING AID USERS



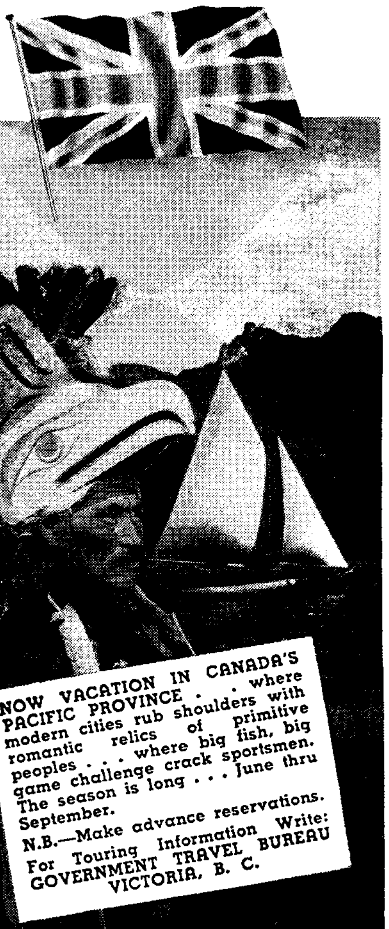
—Save Real Money!

See how to save many dollars a year! Ordinary battery (left) is made of *round* cells—nearly one-third of the total space is wasted! But the *flat* cells of an "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery (right) contact each other *without* waste—there's literally *much more battery* in the *same* size package!

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
UCC

The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARKS
MINI-MAX



NOW VACATION IN CANADA'S PACIFIC PROVINCE . . . where modern cities rub shoulders with romantic relics of primitive peoples . . . where big fish, big game challenge crack sportsmen. The season is long . . . June thru September.

N.B.—Make advance reservations.

For Touring Information Write:
GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
VICTORIA, B. C.

British Columbia
CANADA
THE VACATION-LAND THAT HAS EVERYTHING!

and he fell back against the bin and slid to the floor. . . .

Arthur smelled smoke before he opened his eyes. There was a throbbing pain in his head and he delayed opening his eyes. The smell of smoke was strong and he heard a spraying liquid sound and many voices talking. He opened his eyes and saw thin white smoke rising from the bin numbered twenty-one.

Someone said, "I think he's finally coming to," and he became aware of a soft voice asking, "Are you all right, Arthur?" Someone was holding his head up. He glanced up into hazel eyes.

"I'm okay," he said, and sat up. His head ached horribly. He was on the floor in the corridor, just outside the storage room. A man was spraying fluid from an extinguisher into the bin.

"Is it *all* burned?" Arthur asked. His voice was a thin croak.

The man turned his head. "Yep."

"Leave it alone, then," Arthur said. "They might be able to do something with it."

"Nothing you can do with this mess."

Arthur got to his feet, Emily helping him. He leaned against her.

"Feeling all right, Arthur?"

"Sure, I'm okay. Where's Harry?"

"Why, he left right after you did. Said he had to get back to work. I waited a little while, and neither of you came back, and I was in the elevator when we heard them shouting 'Fire,' so the operator stopped at the third floor. I came in and found you. Are you sure you feel all right?"

"Yes." He looked at the bin, said bitterly, "There goes the evidence."

"What evidence?"

"The original copy," Arthur said. "The only evidence we had." He rubbed his head. "Except this bump."

"Arthur, you're not making sense."

"This bump proves that the original copy was dynamite," Arthur said. "It had to be destroyed. Let's go upstairs. I want to see Madigan."

THE city room was a scene of confusion. Joe Beckett was banging his typewriter, and Bob Farley stood looking over his shoulder. There was a group of reporters gathered around the city desk. Arthur looked toward rewrite. Harry Whiteside was not at his desk.

Bob Farley saw Arthur and waved his hand, then came quickly toward them. "It's a hell of a way to get a beat," he said. "They stopped the presses and we'll make all we can. They're calling back papers off the street."

"Where's Whiteside?" Arthur asked thickly.

"You don't know?" Bob Farley said. "Madigan took him down to headquarters, Arty. Arrested him for the murders of Forrest C. Willshire and Sam Clymer."

Arthur shuddered, and Bob Farley said, "I thought you knew."

Arthur caught Emily's hand. "Come on."

"Where?"

"Police headquarters," Arthur said, and started toward the elevators. He shut his eyes and leaned against the side of the elevator as it descended. "Emily," he said unhappily, "there's going to be another murder."

"Another?" She stared at him.

"Me," Arthur said. "When Madigan finds the evidence was burned up."

As their taxicab sped toward Centre Street, Arthur kept groaning and shaking his head. "I had it in my hands," he said. "If I'd just gone down there first, and got the copy, instead of going off half-cocked!"

"But if he did it, Arthur, they'll prove it somehow. Can't they just check back and find that his mother's name was McIntosh?"

"Yeah," Arthur said. "That will sound great to a jury."

She put her hand on his. "You did your best, Arthur."

He met her eyes. She was a swell girl, he thought. Really swell. It was a break that the Courier had come into her hands. She would listen to reason; she would help to make a real newspaper of the Courier. Already she was a part of it, a unit in a complex human machine, and she understood that it was the human machinery that made a newspaper what it was, not the presses in the basement.

"Emily," Arthur said, "Roger Jay heard me talking to Harry. I've been thinking, if *Roger* were the murderer he might have slipped down to set fire to the bin and burn up the proof of the slay story that Harry sent down Saturday night. That would cast suspicion on Harry." He sat erect. "Roger is from Arkansas, and his antecedents are a little dim, too." He stared at her. "It's a mess, all right."

The cab pulled up at police headquarters. Just inside the door, several Courier reporters were grouped. Arthur called out, "Where will I find Lieutenant Madigan?"

"Come on," a reporter said. "I'll show you."

A reporter led them along a creaky, dim-lit corridor. He pointed to a door. "In there, Arty."

SLEEP, MY LOVE

A FIVE-PART SERIAL BY LEONARD Q. ROSS

Beginning Next Week . . .

The story of a woman caught in a web of deceit, fascinated and pursued by the man she doubted most—betrayed by the man she had always admired and fully trusted

Arthur knocked, and a uniformed patrolman opened the door. "I want to see Madigan," Arthur said.

"Not now," the patrolman said, and started to close the door.

Madigan's voice called. "That you, Arty? Come in."

The patrolman opened the door ungraciously. Madigan got up from a chair and waved a friendly hand. "Got some friends of yours here."

Jack Morton grinned at Arthur. He stood with his arm around Sue.

"And I mean *friends*," Madigan said. "I told 'em all about it, Arty."

"Oh, Arthur," Sue said. There were tears in her blue eyes. "When they brought us down here I thought it was beginning all over again. I never felt so dismal in my life, and then he told us. Arthur, I don't know what to say."

"We owe you plenty," Jack said, and put out his hand. "This louse had us measured for the electric chair."

Arthur's hand was limp in Jack's. His lips were stiff when Sue Wharton kissed him. Her moist cheek was pressed against his. He looked at Madigan, and was unable to find his voice. How could he tell them what had happened?

"Arty, it was a slick piece of work," Madigan said.

Arthur shook his head miserably. "Bill, I've got something to tell you. I went down to the bins to get that copy, but I got there too late."

"I know," Madigan said, and chuckled. "Lucky you called me first. I was ahead of you this time, Arty, and we got him cold. We're looking for the gun now. It's probably hidden some place in the Courier office, where he put it after he knocked Sam Clymer off Saturday night. But we don't need the gun. That story he wrote Saturday is enough. You know, Arty, when I shoved that copy under his nose he never turned a hair. He just shrugged his shoulders and said, 'Okay.' "

"Copy?" Arthur said. "What copy?"

"Copy for that story," Madigan said, and gave Arthur an impatient look. "That business about breaking the glass to get Sam Clymer's attention was in the second take, Arty, the one that went down at 11:12 Saturday night."

Arthur dropped weakly into a chair, and Madigan went on: "When you called me tonight, I went straight down to the bin and looked for the original copy." He reached into the pocket of his coat. "Here it is."

Arthur put his hand up to his head, where he could feel the lump. He looked at Emily and grinned.

"He's a smart potato," Madigan said. "You know what I found in his pocket, Arty? A duplicate second take, leaving that stuff out. He figured on substituting it for the one that went down Saturday night, but I guess he didn't have time."

ARTHUR knew why the murderer hadn't had time. When Whiteside left the bar that night he had gone to a typewriter, probably in the financial or drama departments, where no one was likely to be about, and had knocked out the second take, but when he had gone down to make the substitution he had found Arthur already there. There had been no time to go through the bin and find the original second take, so he had hit Arthur over the head and set fire to the bin. It seemed unnecessary to tell Madigan about it, at the moment. Emily gave him a conspirator's smile.

The telephone rang. Madigan sat on the edge of his desk, with the receiver tucked between his hunched shoulders and his neck, and lighted a cigar as he listened. He said, "Okay, bring it in," and hung up. When he looked at Arthur his eyes were shining. "Well, that wraps it up, Arty. I had a man go over Whiteside's apartment. Know what he found? The copy of the letter old man McIntosh wrote to his daughter claiming he had a partnership agreement with Willshire and telling her he was going to sue. It was hidden behind an etching on the wall, between the backing and the picture. And he had a kind of press clipping book, too, with the news story of the sale of the Willshire Petroleum Company in it, and the story when old Willshire bought the Courier. That kind of thing. And there was a kind of financial statement with it."

"A financial statement?" Arthur repeated.

"Yeah. He had marked down *Willshire Petroleum Company—$18,500,000*, and he traced where the money went—five million to buy the Courier, two million to form the Willshire Pulp and Paper Company, three million in railroads, and so forth." Madigan grinned. "Another thing we found was a loan book of the Everyman Personal Financing Company. He's been two years paying back a five-hundred-dollar loan. That gives the picture, doesn't it? There he was, tracing the capital that pyramided from that first wildcat lease, figuring it in millions, and he couldn't get clear of petty debts. And on top of that was this business about the garnishee."

"I meant to talk to you about that," Arthur said. "But I didn't see it as a motive for murder."

"Not by itself," Madigan said. "He spilled a little on the way down to headquarters, Arty. He hated old man Willshire and that's one reason he got a job

they're buying shoes
BOTTOMS
UP

BOTTOMS UP! Look for PANOLENE SOLES on your next shoes. Get "Better-than-leather" wear plus turf-tread comfort. PANOLENE SOLES are lighter, more flexible, waterproof, non-skid, non-marking. Used on finest, smartest shoes.

they're buying shoes with

PANOLENE

FOR MEN, WOMEN **Soles** CHILDREN

Panolene Division: Panther-Panco Co., Chelsea, Mass.

"UNBLOCK" your DIGESTIVE TRACT

And Get Genuine Relief That Makes You Feel Really Good Again

Don't expect to get real relief from headache, sour stomach, gas and bad breath by taking soda and other alkalizers if the true cause of your trouble is constipation.

In this case, your real trouble is not in the stomach at all. But in the intestinal tract where 80% of your food is digested. And when it gets blocked it fails to digest properly.

What you want for real relief is not soda or an alkalizer—but something to "unblock" your intestinal tract. Something to clean it out effectively—help Nature get back on her feet.

Get Carter's Pills right now. Take them as directed. They gently and effectively "unblock" your digestive tract. This permits your food to move along normally. Nature's own digestive juices can then reach it. You get genuine relief that makes you feel *really* good again.

Buy Carter's Pills—25¢ at any drugstore. "Unblock" your intestinal tract for real relief from indigestion.

Simplified Shaves
ENDERS
Speed SHAVER
Easy does it
because
double thick deluxe blades
clicks in like magic
nothing to take apart
streamlined action
new safety
Blades 5 for 25¢
Dept. J
49¢ with 6 BLADES

Men who like to do things the simple, easy way, fall in love with Enders their first shave. Easier, quicker from start to finish. That's because of Enders clever simplicity of design and action. Gives pressureless shaving. Gets the hard-to-reach whiskers. Shaves close with safety, comfort. Get an Enders today.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP. · Mystic, Conn.

on the Courier. It's funny the satisfaction some minds will get out of a load of self-righteous spite. Some people just don't feel happy if they haven't got a grudge to nurse, and they sit home and dream how they're gonna pay it off. This guy had a big grudge and he paid it off. I'm thinking of the look there must have been on the Old Man's face when Whiteside reached for that gun on his desk. Imagine that! This hundred-a-week rewrite man walking in on the great man and telling who he really was. I bet he made a little speech. I bet he'd thought it all out and he made a hell of a speech. I bet he sat home thinking about all those millions and doping out his speech. That was the pay-off, that speech."

"I don't get it," Jack Morton said.

Madigan looked at him. "You remember that garnishee on his salary?"

"Yes, sure."

"It kept him from being city editor, didn't it?"

"Lord, no," Jack Morton said. "He never had a chance of being city editor. I passed his name along to the Old Man, as one of several possibilities, but I gave Arty my first recommendation."

MADIGAN shrugged his shoulders. "Still, that's what did it. Now take this guy. It was always hard going for him. He was on his own at fourteen and he worked hard. He never got out of debt all his life, and he went to work on the newspaper owned by the man he thought had stolen a fortune from his grandfather. I don't say he came here planning to shoot Willshire, but the idea was in the back of his head. Something to toy with. He wanted to get ahead, and when the city editorship was vacant, he applied. And what happened? Mr. Willshire never even considered him as a candidate. What Mr. Willshire did was raise hell because there was a ten per cent garnishee on his salary."

Morton nodded. "That was a kick in the pants, all right."

"It was the turning point," Lieutenant Madigan said. "That's what made him want to kill. Whiteside knew about the prepared obit in the library, and he had probably sneaked in and read it already, just to see what the Old Man wrote about his early days in oil. That one paragraph in it caught his eye and he clipped it out for a suicide note. I don't know why he picked last Monday night, but I think we'll find he knew the butler had gone out that evening. Anyhow, he went up to the cafeteria, with a gun and the note in his pocket. He slipped up to the roof, and got there just after you had left, Mr. Morton. Tell me the truth, did you really stop on the stairs to smoke a cigarette?"

Jack smiled. "Yes, I did."

"Okay," Madigan said. "So he made his speech and picked up Willshire's gun off the desk and shot him. Sam Clymer probably heard that shot, as he came up on the roof, and Clymer probably saw Whiteside through the lighted window. He turned and scrammed." Madigan grinned at Sue Wharton. "It looks like the murderer was still in the penthouse when you went up, Miss Wharton. He hid there, I guess, until you left, then he slipped down the stairs to the twelfth floor, caught the elevator down to the city room, and was sitting in the hearts game when the news came through that Forrest C. Willshire had been shot."

"Can you imagine that?" Jack Morton said. "A quiet guy like Whiteside!"

"He was a good rewrite man," Arthur said. "It won't be easy to replace him."

"Huh?" Madigan said, and laughed. "Well, you people are free to go. Sorry about what happened, but what else could I do?"

"Sure," Morton said. "That's okay."

"I expect I can squeeze a full confession out of the guy," Madigan said, and waved one hand. "Be seeing you in Gilligan's."

"That's an idea," Morton said. "Gilligan's for me. Come on, let's go out and breathe some free air.". . .

They were in the corridor, moving toward the stairs. Sue said, "Arthur, you look awful. What happened to you?"

Emily laughed softly. "He's had a terrible time. Both his eyes blacked and a bump on his head. Arthur, you'd better take a vacation. Say a couple of weeks."

"A couple of days will fix me up."

They came out on the street and Jack Morton pumped his lungs full of air. "Ain't it wonderful?" he said. "You people wait here. I'll go find a cab."

"Arthur," Emily murmured, "don't you think a couple of days is pretty short? That's not much of a vacation."

He met her eyes, and Sue Wharton looked at them both and strolled away, pretending to sample the degree of freedom in the atmosphere a few paces farther away from police headquarters.

Emily was smiling. Her low voice said, "After all, we've got a lot to talk over, Arthur. Plans for the Courier, and all that."

A cab pulled up at the curb, and Jack Morton opened the door and called, "Come on."

Arthur shook his head. "Jack, you and Sue take this cab," he said. "Go on to Gilligan's."

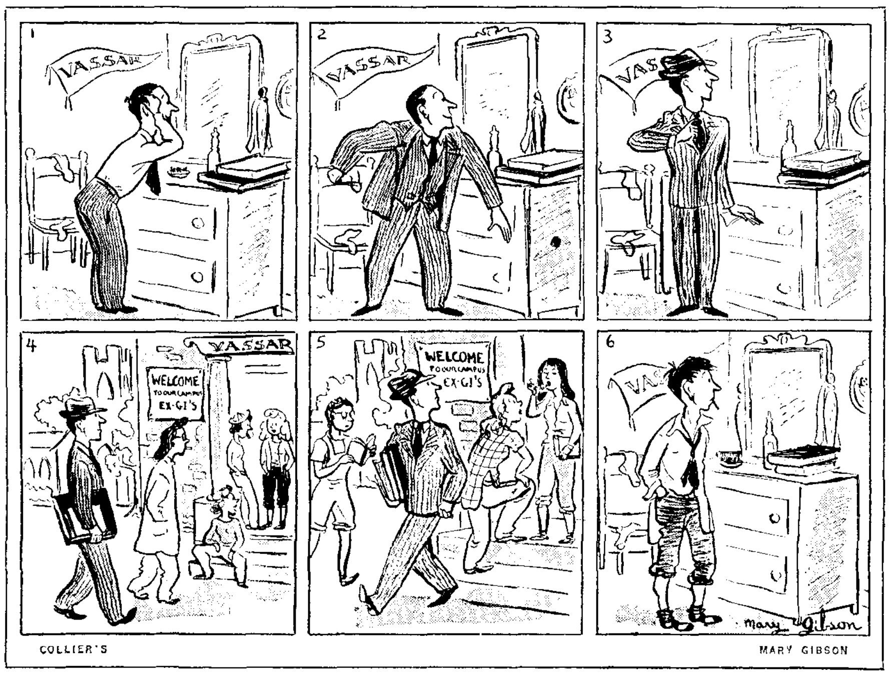
"What are you going to do, Arty? Cabs are scarce."

"We're going to walk," Arthur said.

"Walk? Walk where?"

Arthur grinned, and put his arm around Emily's waist. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "Just walk, I guess."

THE END



NOW I KNOW HOW *easy* IT IS!

Keeping your toilet bowl clean means having odorless freshness. A clean toilet bowl has no odor. Keeping Sani-Flush handy means bathroom cleanliness at its best and easiest. Sani-Flush is the chemical, disinfecting cleaner that puts an end to stains and invisible film where germ growth occurs. Ends messy scrubbing, too!

Effective in hard and soft water. Safe in septic tanks. Sold everywhere—two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
For Cleaning Toilet Bowls
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Sani-Flush

USE TWICE A WEEK

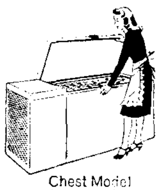
TYLER

HARDER-FREEZ HOME LOCKER

—FOR FOOD AT ITS BEST

NOW you can freeze and keep all sorts of food—*right in your own home!* Retain the original food value and delicious flavor of your favorite foods—meat, poultry, fish, game, vegetables, fruits, pastry. Make many worth-while savings!

Tyler, a leader in commercial food refrigeration, offers two new upright Harder-Freez models. Style A: Frozen Food Storage and Processing. Style B: same, plus refrigerator temp. Large 18 cu. ft. capacity. Low price!



Chest Model also available

TYLER FIXTURE CORP.

TYLER FIXTURE CORP.,
Dept. C-7, Niles, Mich.
Rush booklet on TYLER Harder-Freez Home Locker.
( ) Upright Models ( ) Chest Model.
NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________

Medical Mystery

Continued from page 17

For instance, it is the regulator which keeps your legs from flying out at strange angles when you want to walk across the room. But turn a large amount of alcohol loose in the blood stream and right away the cerebellum is licked, which results in staggers, seesaws and rubber knees. Let the small passageway to the forebrain get clogged—which it can very easily—and each step becomes a spasm, a horrible burlesque of walking, or else complete paralysis sets in.

The hindbrain, which isn't really a brain at all, but just a bulb on top of our spines, is the medulla oblongata. At one end it resembles the nerves of the spinal cord and in the short span of an inch it takes on the texture and structure of gray matter. As if that weren't enough for that small blob of tissue, it contains several vital centers which influence breathing, swallowing and circulation.

To the eye the forebrain is a gray, semisolid mass, divided the long way by such a deep cleft that the sections are referred to as the right and left hemispheres. But the greater part of what we fondly refer to as "gray matter" is really white matter, since the gray layer is only about twice as thick as a phonograph record.

However, this white matter is not the seat of mental power. It merely holds so many bundles of nerve fibers that no one has ever succeeded in counting them. These nerve fibers act as conductors of stimuli to and from an equally fabulous number of nerve cells (the last conservative estimate was fourteen billion) in the gray matter.

Yet in spite of the miraculous technical perfection of the elaborate system whereby stimuli are translated into responses, it is the gray matter itself which is the most engrossing and mystifying. This layer holds the power of speech, sight, hearing, feeling and memory. It originates movements, correlates knowledge acquired by experience and uses it to make deductions for mental processes. In other words, the works.

Charting the Paths of Habit

Gray-matter surface is as smooth as a rubber ball up to about the fifth month of prenatal life. Then it begins to wrinkle into fissures that become deeper as the cells grow and their connections multiply. Do a thing, or think it, for the first time, and a small wrinkled path is left as a marker. Repeat it, and the path becomes deeper each time you do. When a person asks, "Does that ring a bell with you?" he really means, "Does that nerve stimulus set up neurone impulses which follow along an already established receptor course in your cerebrum?"

Will power is likewise a system of paths. Say you want to get rid of a bad habit. Lifting your hand solemnly in promise on New Year's Day won't do the trick. You must repeat the resolution every day of the year to make a sufficiently deep new path that will take precedence over the thinking path already established.

Individual folds or convolutions are grouped in larger areas which various doctors in the early days named frontal, temporal, parietal and occipital lobes, so they would know which geographical area they were talking about. The evidence indicates it didn't help them much. For they mapped the brain in a sort of mosaic pattern and charted each lobe as a center for a definite and limited function. The only trouble is the brain doesn't work that way.

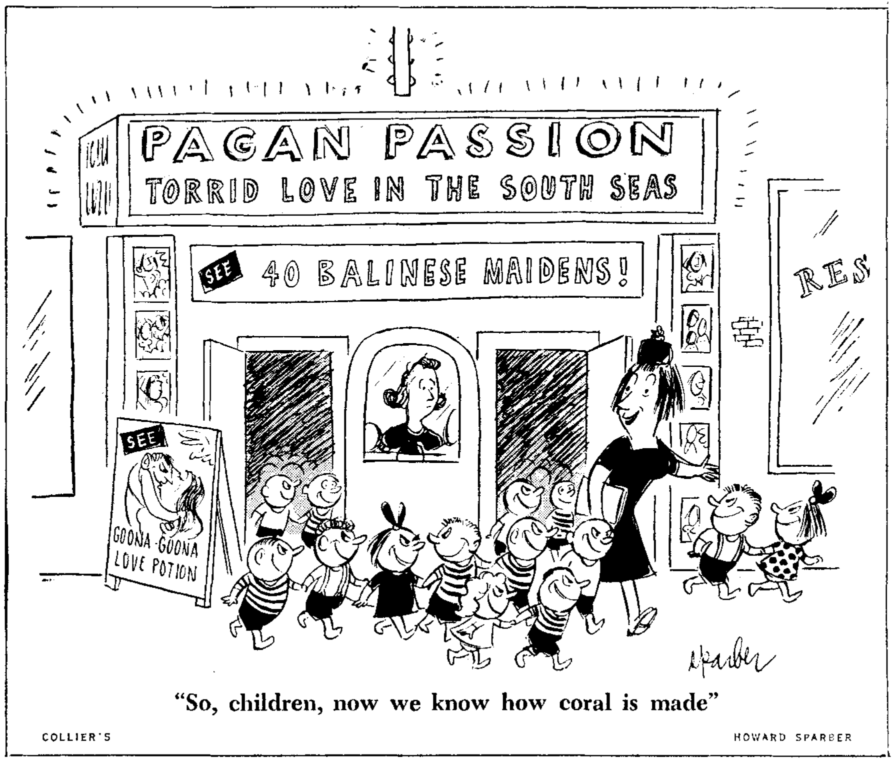
For instance, Broca, a 19th-century French surgeon, authoritatively located the speech center at a specific point in the parietal lobe and proceeded to divide this small space into a series of compact compartments. Today, science says ten times that area on the left side of the brain is concerned with speech, and proves it by teaching battle casualties to speak all over again even after their normal speech centers have been destroyed.

The function of speech is considered the highest activity of the human brain, since it has two great incoming paths—via the eyes and ears. Loss of the auditory path still leaves the visual one intact, and does not set up any mental confusion.

With this knowledge as a working basis, Army doctors have developed in the past four years a technique for educating new audital paths.

Take the case of the twenty-eight-year-old lieutenant who had been a high-school teacher before the war. A shot in the left side of his skull produced total loss of speech. He couldn't even repeat words, name objects, or read aloud when he was brought to one of the training centers which have been set up in fifteen Army hospitals in the United States. His training took him back to the point in infancy where he had first learned to make sounds. Five minutes after hearing a word he couldn't remember it.

Yet in six months he was using verbs and nouns, and could say a short telegraphic sort of sentence which left out such words as *an*, *in* or *the*. Without continuous lessons, but with continuous practice during the next two years, complete grammatical forms became a part of his speech, and he was able to construct complex sentences. Today he speaks as much as the normal man has need to, with only a slight hesitancy noticeable now and then when he is particularly fatigued.



"So, children, now we know how coral is made"

COLLIER'S HOWARD SPARBER

Nowadays about the only sharply defined area admitted by doctors is that point of the occipital lobe which has to do with sight. If, for instance, one spot about the size of a dime is destroyed, then sight is forever lost. It has been found, the slightest pressure or lesion in that area sets up peculiar eye irritations, such as periodic flashing of bright light in the eyes, or summons up strange shapes and visions, much like those the saints and witches and martyrs have described from time to time.

No one knows why yet, but each cerebral hemisphere dominates the muscles of and receives sensory impulses from the opposite side of the body. Thus paralysis of the right side of the body is caused by a tumor or a lesion in the left hemisphere.

At the base of the cerebral hemispheres is a small mass called the thalamus. It is the receiving center of sensory impulses, and it is also the seat of all emotions—love, hate, fear, desires, appetite. It is connected to the forepart of the brain by what doctors call very stout cables, about the size of string, but they appear to be fragile strands, considering the load of love and hate and desire they carry each day.

When the Brain Begins to Slip

The brain's performance depends largely on the blood supply. If this carrying fluid is doing a top-notch job of conveying oxygen and the assorted contributions from various organs, then the brain turns out a superior performance. But let one organ misbehave and vary its supply of stimulation or nourishment, and right away the performance starts slipping. When the thyroid gland goes on a half-time schedule, for example, not only do other bodily functions slow up, but the brain takes noticeably longer for a thought process to complete its circuit. Introduce a thyroid substitute into the blood stream, and mental processes are immediately stepped up.

A study of the brains of scholars shows that their arterial blood supply was much more elaborate and better developed than in persons with brains of restricted ability. These good nutritive conditions must begin before birth, and because of this, brain specialists are appalled by the gross undernourishment of the mothers who are now producing Europe's next generation of citizens. For in the four prenatal factors affecting brain development, the impoverished state of the maternal blood stream ranks high.

The others are: faulty circulation, faulty embedding of the embryo, or irreconcilable differences in maternal and paternal genes.

Brain surgery is as old as man. Neolithic surgeons drilled holes in skulls to let devils out, cut trapdoors to remove tumors, and patched up other heads which had come into too violent contact with a neighbor's club. Whether the patients lived to talk about their operations is not known.

Modern technique in treating brain injuries is an achievement of the last fifty years. An indication of the remarkable advance in that time is the United States Army figures for brain-wound mortality in the two wars. About forty per cent of the men with penetrative brain wounds died in World War I, while in this war the figures dropped to fourteen per cent for soldiers treated at field stations, and to four per cent for those who could be sent back to base hospitals. Much of this advance is directly due to experimentation on animal brains during the twenty-year interval.

Diagnosis of brain maladies became an accurate and precise affair with the discovery, about a decade ago, that the brain emits electric waves of regular frequency. Delicate amplifiers have been devised which pick up and record the rhythm and intensity of these waves. Certain characteristic variations in "brain waves" indicate epilepsy, tumor, or abscess, and the approximate location of the trouble in the right or left hemisphere. One facet of brain waves now under intensive study has to do with the relation between behavior and a slow wave rate. For example, problem children who lie and steal and have temper tantrums have a noticeably slower brain wave rhythm than normal children.

Growths That Mustn't Be Ignored

Tumors cause most brain operations in a civilian population. They are either benign or malignant growths, just as they are in any other part of the body. The difference is that they are growing in a rigid case—the skull—and cannot grow without crowding the other contents; so that even a benign brain tumor is potentially fatal unless it is removed.

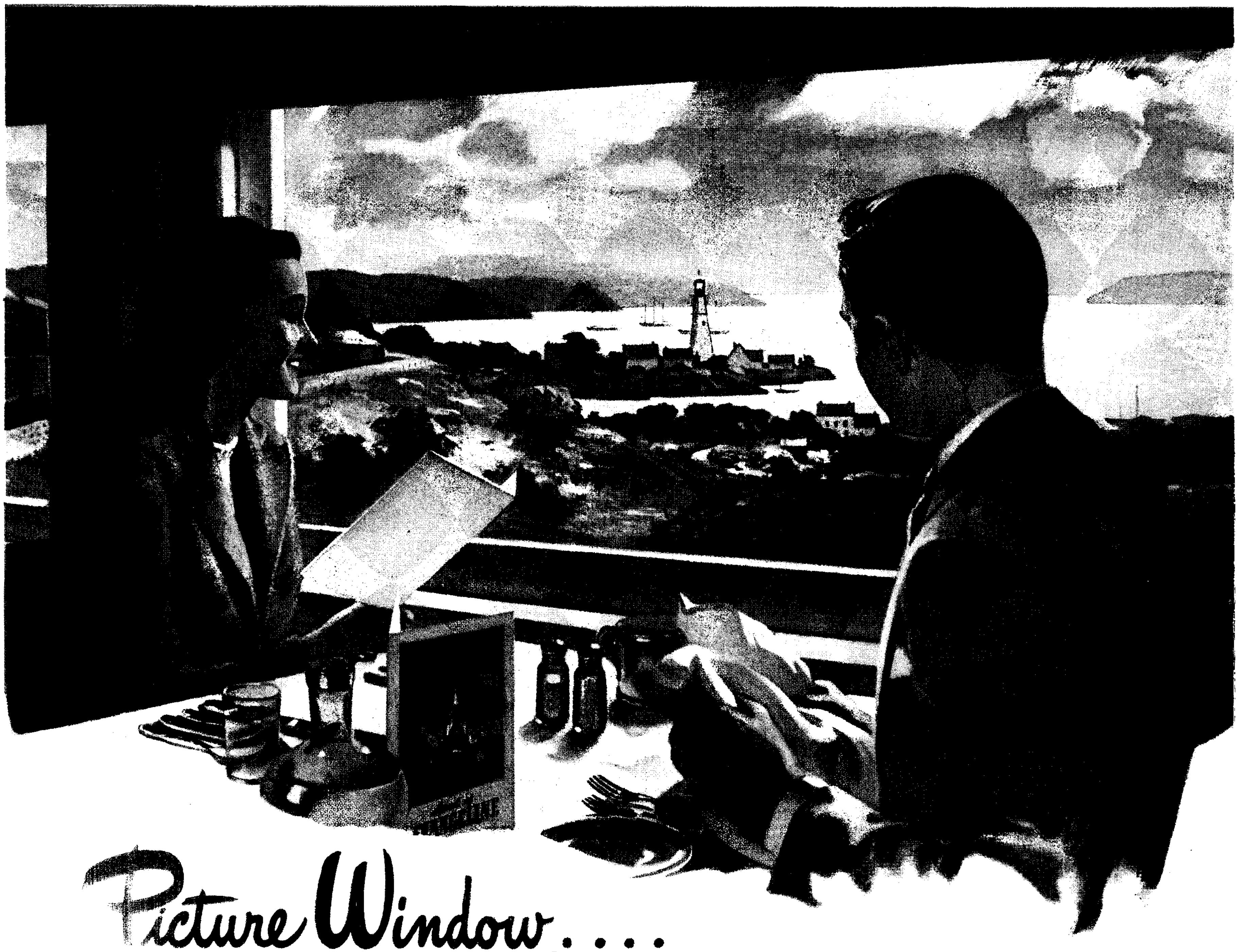
Covering a hole in the skull after a wound or a major brain operation is not as difficult as it may seem, at first thought. The major surgical advance to come out of the war is the use of tantalum plating for this purpose. It has many more merits than the silver plates used in the last war, and none of the drawbacks.

It is a basic element, like gold and silver, and can be worked to extreme thinness and yet retain its tensile strength. Held in place by screws or pegs, it remains an inert foreign body, setting up no irritation, no vibrations, no electrolytic reactions with the tissue. The wearer has no consciousness of its being there. It was first used at the Montreal Neurological Institute in 1941, and then was taken over and developed by our Army and Navy neurosurgeons. It is already available to civilians, since the United States has its own very adequate supply of tantalum.

While medicine has made tremendous advances in understanding the disorders of the brain and in charting its functions, there is so much yet to be learned that brain study may be said, for all practical purposes, to be still in its infancy. The new technique of lobotomy, however controversial it might be, must be regarded so far as a valuable addition to over-all knowledge in this most complicated of all surgical fields.

Whether it will remain a procedure to be used only in desperate cases will depend on knowledge gathered as the number of such operations increases. It is not inconceivable that this radical operation may ultimately lead to a happy day when people will go to a brain surgeon to have unhealthy hates and fears and suspicions removed, as matter-of-factly as they get rid of a dangerous appendix today.

THE END



Picture Window....
by Canadian Pacific

Down by the sea on Canada's East Coast

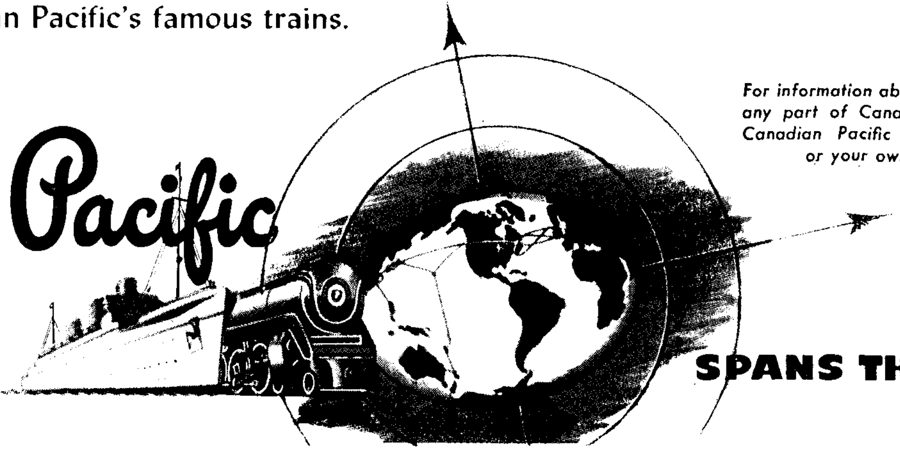
That window beside your seat on a Canadian Pacific train . . . it's a travelogue in technicolor. It's a window on natural grandeur . . . on horizon-spreading farm lands . . . on industrial vigor . . . it's a moving panorama of a great land . . . a land you ought to see . . . an uncrowded land of fun—and courtesy.

And it's the way to travel in Canada . . . the comfort way . . . the friendly way . . . the way tens of thousands of Americans have caught their first glimpse of a vigorous, interest-packed country.

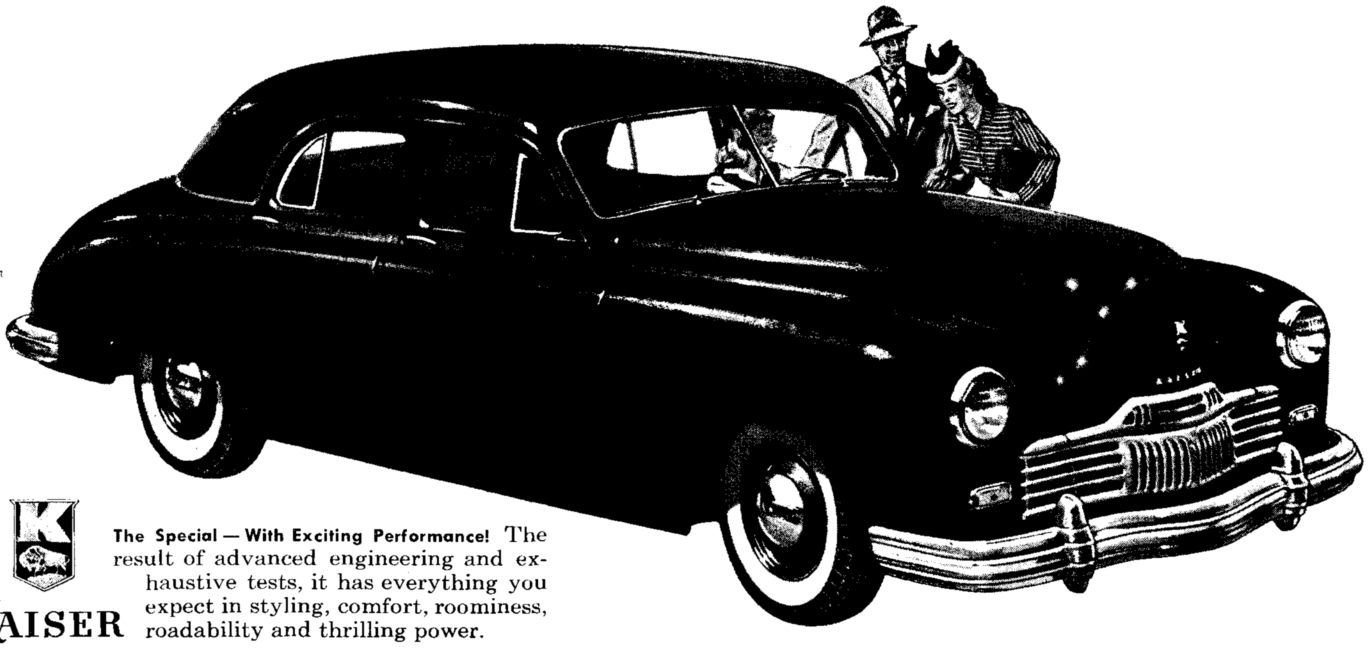
Soon Canadian Pacific will bring you even finer travel luxury . . . in new, deluxe editions of Canadian Pacific's famous trains.

For information about vacations in any part of Canada consult any Canadian Pacific Railway office or your own agent.

Canadian Pacific



SPANS THE WORLD



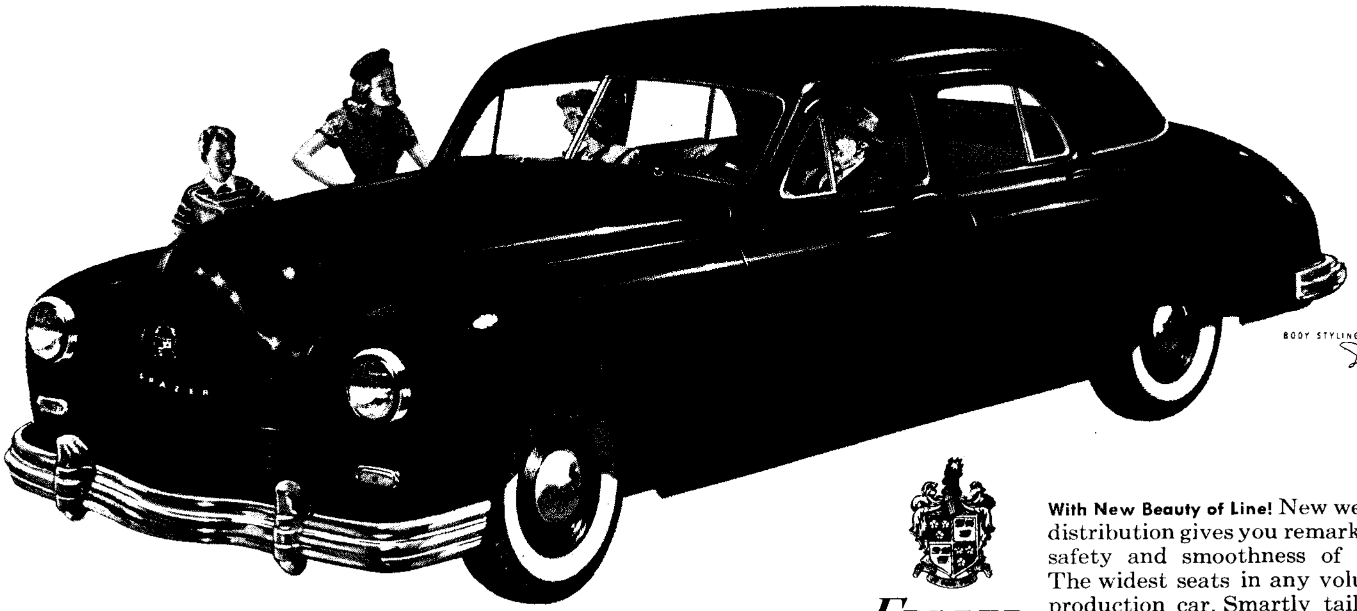
KAISER

The Special — With Exciting Performance! The result of advanced engineering and exhaustive tests, it has everything you expect in styling, comfort, roominess, roadability and thrilling power.

Their Beauty, too is a Year Ahead!

There's an exciting beauty about the 1947 KAISER and FRAZER that sets them apart from all the rest. Their "custom-built" appearance—their smooth, trim lines—reflect the genius of America's outstanding custom car stylist. Superlative design, modern fabrics and smart appointments combine to give these first 1947 automobiles an appeal you can't resist.

But beauty is only *one* of the qualities that put them a year ahead of the field! Their engineering, too, is definitely *postwar!* The sensational new FRAZER and the amazing new KAISER SPECIAL are in production now. Ask your dealer about them today.



FRAZER

With New Beauty of Line! New weight distribution gives you remarkable safety and smoothness of ride. The widest seats in any volume-production car. Smartly tailored two-tone upholstery.

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION GRAHAM-PAIGE MOTORS CORPORATION
WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN

Big Tooth and Nail Man

Continued from page 23

According to reliable account, he recovered by sheer force of will, and his later friendship with Franklin Roosevelt was given extra warmth by reason of their common experience. Out of the hospital, he went in for oil leasing, and by 1929 was far enough ahead to organize the Petrol Company, a small corporation put together with assets acquired from several bankrupt concerns.

Now the activities of Pauley and the other independents had long been viewed with alarm by the major oil companies, the charge being that they were "wildcatters" whose wasteful practices threatened the industry with ruin. Growing antagonism came to a head in 1931 when the California legislature passed a bill that limited oil production to an estimated demand. The independents immediately demanded a referendum —California allows this under certain conditions—with cries of "monopoly," and defeated the proposed law by a majority of four to one. Big Ed sank from public view after the fight, and was not heard from again until 1938 when Culbert Olson ran for governor on the Democratic ticket.

A Champion of the Have-Nots

A purely local politician until Upton Sinclair conceived his End Poverty In California crusade, Olson had managed to survive the collapse of the EPIC movement by adroit association with other cults, and stood forth as champion of the have-nots. Also on the ticket, as candidate for United States senator, was Sheridan Downey, aflame with enthusiasm for Good Old Doctor Townsend and Thirty Dollars Every Thursday. Inasmuch as both Olson and Downey were violently against monopolies, the independents backed them wholeheartedly. Right here is where aspiring youngsters should begin to take notice, for it was at this point that Master Pauley first gave evidence of the genius that later made him the intimate of Presidents.

Less astute political organizers went in for oratory and rallies, but Big Ed figured that campaign funds were the really important ingredients in a campaign. He raised money for Olson and doubled as treasurer of the Downey campaign, showing rare skill in putting the bite on persons with axes to grind. Olson and Downey swept into office by large majorities, and Mr. Pauley, taking a rain check from the new senator, planted himself at the right hand of the new governor.

Great was the rejoicing of the independents, now supposedly in the saddle, but when the legislature convened, up popped another "oil conservation" bill, again aimed directly at them. Although it was even more drastic than the one he had fought and beaten in 1931, Big Ed supported it, and Governor Olson signed it when it was passed.

The reasons for the switch remained hidden for some time, but eventually these facts were revealed: In 1938 the Pauley affairs were in bad shape, due to a drop in the price of crude oil. His holdings were heavily mortgaged and all of his available assets in hock at the bank. As a way out, he had sold his producing properties to the Signal Oil and Gas Company, a Standard Oil subsidiary.

The independents, of course, charged a "sell out," and during the course of the Senate hearings, this question was asked time and again: "Was Standard Oil motivated in the dealings taking over the (Petrol) company by business acumen, or was there also a purpose to assist Mr. Pauley financially in the hope that he would support Standard's fight to put over the Atkinson conservation bill?"

Big Ed's explanation was quite simple. The Petrol purchase had been consummated six months before the introduction of the Atkinson bill, and was strictly a business proposition. Standard and Signal not only saw a chance to acquire properties that fitted into their organizational plan, but leaped at the opportunity to get rid of a powerful antagonist in the political field. He himself, having bitten off more than he could chew, was glad to strike a bargain that would put him on the sunny side of Easy Street. Since his status had changed, so had his views on oil conservation, and what he had been for he was now against. So what the hell!

The independents, not seeing down to this hard core of realism, searched their souls for new screams, but their attack left Big Ed unmoved. With a cool million of Standard-Signal money in his pocket, he branched out in all directions, building up the marketing end of Petrol, developing some new oil fields, even adding another suburb—Lakewood City—to Los Angeles.

Now came the campaign of 1940, and again Big Ed was shrewd enough to see money as the vital consideration. Coming out strong for Roosevelt and the third term, he raised funds without regard for party lines; no less than the president of Standard Oil, a stanch Republican, came across with a substantial contribution. After collecting a goodly sum, Pauley had the wit and boldness to take it directly to Washington and place it in the hands of Edward Flynn, chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Once in the national picture, Big Ed stayed.

As usual, the Democrats finished up with a deficit of something like $750,000, and the "panty-waist" methods of the Eastern boys did little to reduce it. So the National Committee welcomed the heavy-handed, hard-eyed Westerner as an answer to prayer, installed him as secretary-treasurer and gave him a free hand. To this day party workers speak of his money-raising activities as the Great Hot Spell, for he turned on the heat to a degree that left many rich gentlemen permanently scorched. Not only did he wipe out the deficit, but as a crowning gesture, loaned the New York state committee $50,000 out of his own purse.

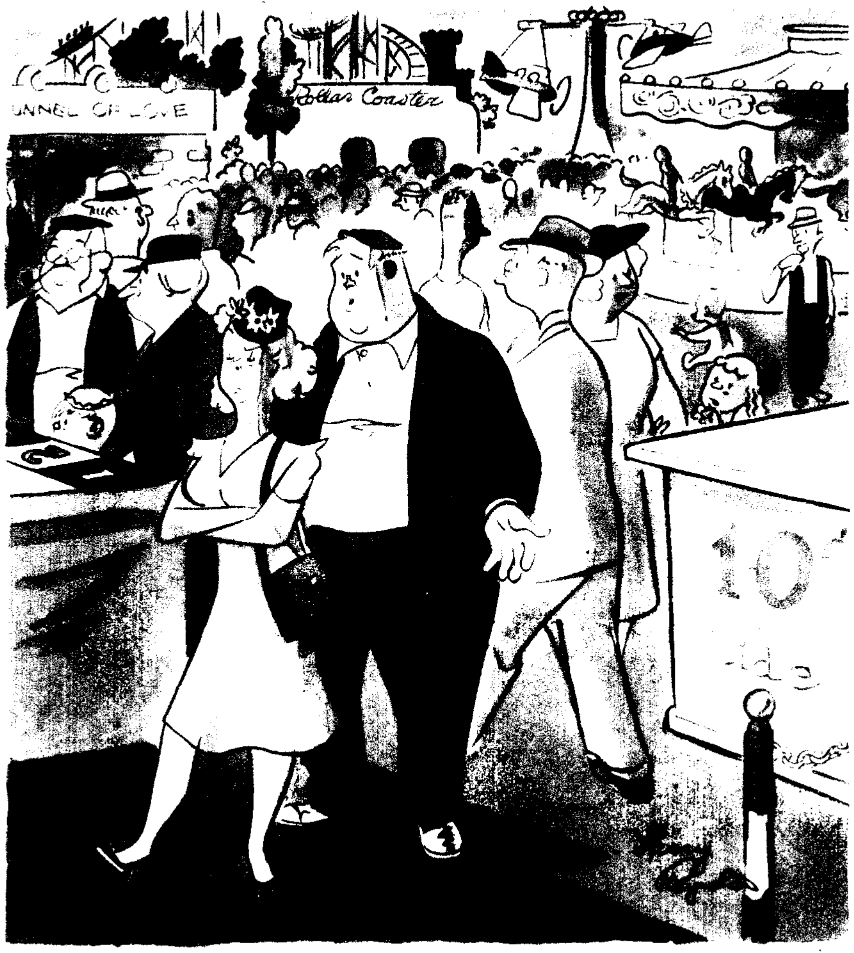
His Rough Methods Got Results

Hailed as a miracle man, and admitted to the inner circle, he lost no time in bulling through the palace guard and campus experts right up to the President's desk. Oil, he insisted, was the key to Allied victory, and everything connected with present handling was a mess. Told to straighten it out, he scurried around until 100 tankers had been secured to carry the precious fluid abroad, then went to England and Russia to take a look at distribution methods. Finding them wasteful, he bellowed for an international oil pool that would permit more efficient tanker routing, and hammered it through over the screamed protests of London and Moscow.

Back in the United States, Big Ed went to bat for the building of the Big Inch and Little Inch pipe lines, and pressed successfully for the creation of a Petroleum Administration for War. Secretary Ickes, then his dear friend, was put at the head of P.A.W., and who should appear as Deputy Administrator but Ralph Davies, vice-president of Standard Oil of California? The independents groaned, but the policies of P.A.W. were tailored to the measure of the major oil companies.

The campaign of 1944 found Big Ed

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"I do so like to hold hands, Daisy, but I can't neglect my pocket-picking entirely"

COLLIER'S

GAL WON'T GO
'CAUSE CAR'S A MESS
THIS QUICK SHINE-UP
DU PONT
POLISH AND CLEANER
Improved FOR ALL CAR FINISHES
MAKES "NO" A "YES"

Just try No. 7 Polish. You'll say it's the easiest shine-up ever. This speedy polish cleans away traffic film quickly —restores the original color and lustre. If you want a brilliant shine in half the time, use Du Pont No. 7 Polish.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Nº 7 POLISH

Gums ever bleed even a tiny bit?

take care—it may mean

GINGIVITIS

IRRITATED GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS
TENDER GUMS

4 out of 5

may get this enemy of firm gums and handsome teeth!

Today every intelligent man, woman and child should realize how important firm gums are to healthy, attractive looking teeth.

At the first sign of your gums bleeding—GET BUSY! Because tender, bleeding gums are often some of the first signs of Gingivitis—a mild gum inflammation which, neglected, often leads to Pyorrhea with its shrinking gums and loosening teeth which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months. Then do this at home—

To Help Gums Be Firmer—
Teeth Naturally Bright and Sparkling

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—the remarkable formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—made *especially* for BOTH massaging gums to be firmer and polishing teeth to their natural bright lustre and sparkle.

After even the first trial—notice how refreshed and invigorated *your gums* feel—how clean, naturally bright and sparkling *your teeth* look. No wonder Forhan's has been used and recommended by so many Dentists for over 30 years! At drug, dept. and 10¢ stores.

NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S!

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

stronger than ever for the re-election of President Roosevelt, but even more enthusiastic in pushing Harry S. Truman for the Vice-Presidential nomination. Along with Bob Hannegan, Ed Flynn, Mayor Kelly and other Iron Bosses, he formed a Truman bloc, based on the theory that Wallace was too far to the left and that a Southerner, such as Byrnes or Barkley, might alienate the Negro vote.

At the Chicago convention it was also intimated, more or less delicately, that in view of Mr. Roosevelt's health and years, it was not merely a Vice-President they were nominating, but probably a President. And why not a "good organization man" like Harry? The principal opposition, curiously enough, came from Pauley's own California delegation which was red-hot for Wallace. He not only beat it down, but even won out as national committeeman.

Mr. Truman's assumption of the Presidency naturally put Big Ed close to the throne and he was mentioned for several high posts, particularly for Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Ickes, however, evinced no willingness to resign and in the end the driving Californian was made American member of the Reparations Commission with ambassadorial rank. Isador Lubin had been named to the post by President Roosevelt, but Mr. Truman, after some experience with the Russians and British, decided that a rougher, tougher man was needed.

According to authentic report, Big Ed lived up to specifications. Looking on the business as a poker game with deuces wild, his opening remark was to the effect that if anybody thought he was going to come out low man on the deal he had another guess coming.

Exasperated by the Russian representative's need to clear everything with a host of higher-ups, he rasped that "dealing with (Ivan) Maisky was like carrying on a conversation with some bird in the subbasement."

Big Ed also sat in at Potsdam, and President Truman admits his obligation to the Californian's hard practicality and blunt speech. Russia wanted reparations fixed at twenty billions, ten to her, eight for the United States and Great Britain, and two for all other claimants. Arguing that the Russians had already stripped their zone of everything removable, Big Ed insisted that they had no right to share in the tangible assets of western Germany. Above all, he argued against what he considered the idiocy of setting up a phony credit entry on the books that could never be collected. After Potsdam he journeyed to Japan and studied Jap resources.

Rights to Tidelands Disputed

None of this saga found its way into the Senate hearings when Big Ed's name came up for confirmation as Undersecretary of the Navy. All attention was given to his part in the California tidelands oil controversy. The thing at issue then—which is still debatable—was Mr. Pauley's ethical sense. By way of background, the submerged coastal areas of the United States, running out from low-water mark to the three-mile limit, were long regarded as valueless, but the situation changed when geologists discovered oil and gas. In 1921, therefore, California asserted ownership of her tidelands, and set up a system of leases and royalties, which today nets her an annual income of four millions.

The state's title remained unquestioned for nearly twenty years, but around 1940 Secretary Ickes and various others began to mutter that the mineral wealth of the tidelands belonged to the federal government. The matter soon became a burning issue, and finally in March, 1945, California pressure induced the House to pass a bill that specifically recognized state ownership. The government, through the Attorney General, countered this move by going before the Supreme Court with an assertion of federal ownership.

Meanwhile the St. Louis Post-Dispatch had entered the controversy. The House bill, it charged, had been prepared by one William Clary, whose salary was jointly paid by the state of California and the holders of oil leases. Moreover, not the least powerful backer of the bill had been Edwin F. Pauley, then treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, and the owner of oil leases that paid him large returns. Mr. Pauley, according to the Post-Dispatch, used committee officials as lobbyists, had introduced Mr. Clary to congressmen, and had also interested himself to the extent of approaching President Roosevelt, Attorney General Biddle, Secretary Ickes and Speaker Rayburn.

On top of these charges Secretary Ickes took the stand and while admitting that he had acknowledged state ownership of tidelands oil in 1934, explained that the growing importance of oil reserves had changed his opinion. Then, with a confession of embarrassment and regret, he told how Mr. Pauley had asked him to quit his support of the government's suit, saying that he could get $300,000 in campaign contributions if it were done. This proposition, he declared, was the "rawest" ever made him.

Big Ed met the barrage head on. Of course he had introduced Clary to various senators and had made a business of expressing his conviction that ownership of the tidelands rested with the states, not only to the President and Cabinet members but also to hundreds of others including newspapermen. He had taken his leases from the state of California as far back as 1935 when they were a gamble, and more than fifty Supreme Court decisions had affirmed the right of the state to make those leases. What the hell! Was he to sit silent while a movement was on to strip California of valuable properties, and reassign the leases, over which he himself had sweated, to some other company or individual? Not while his vocal cords were in working order.

As for Secretary Ickes' charge, Pauley's supporters said, it was a distortion close to absolute falsehood. The figure of $300,000 was the quota that the party hoped to raise in the District of Columbia, and the discussion covered ways and means of putting the bite on Democratic officeholders. How did they think elections were carried? By reading the Declaration of Independence and appealing to the revered shades of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson? Not on your life! Money was what made the old mare go.

Why, if Secretary Ickes was so outraged, had he kept silent for a full eighteen months? Why had he never mentioned the "raw proposition" to President Roosevelt or President Truman? If so shocked, why was he the gracious host to the shameless Pauley at a luncheon nine months after the alleged insult? And why could not Undersecretary Abe Fortas, present at the famous conversation, remember any "raw proposition"?

A Tribute from the President

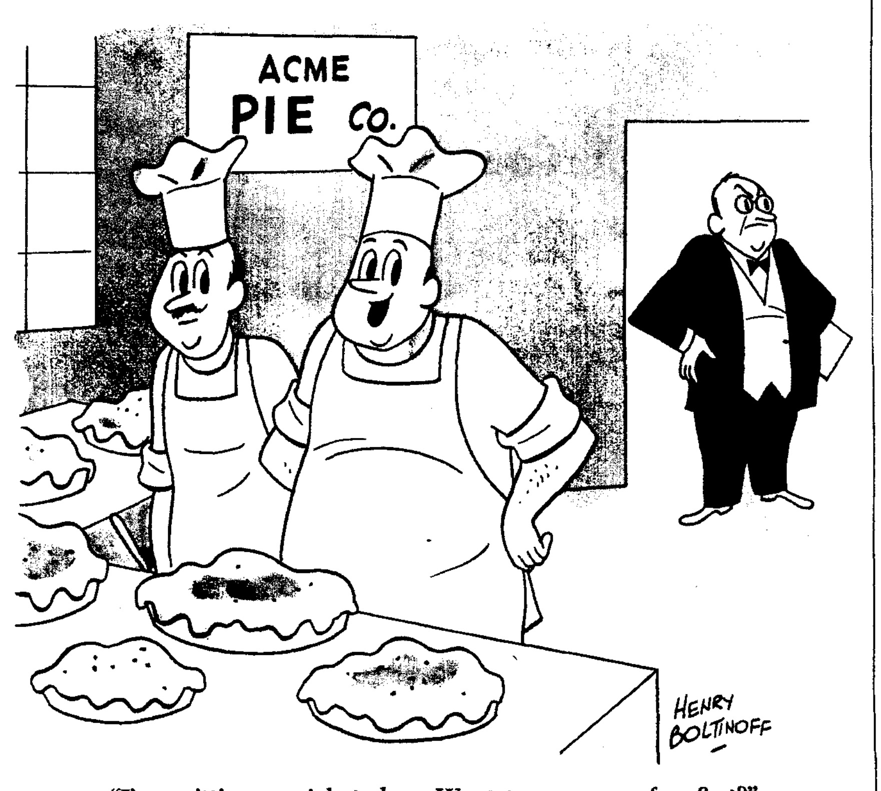
The Republican minority on the Senate committee judged the whole business to be highly unethical, but the Democratic majority declared faith in Mr. Pauley's "personal integrity and administrative ability." Accepting this as a complete vindication, Big Ed asked to have his name withdrawn from further consideration. President Truman supported the majority findings with almost religious fervor, declaring that his "Dear Ed" stood before the country "after vicious and unwarranted attacks, with integrity unscathed, with ability unquestioned, with honor unsullied." And he gave Pauley the assignment in Manchuria.

The Manchurian mission is tough, for the Russians are reported to have swept the place clean even down to red-hot stoves, but the job is eminently suited to Big Ed's peculiar talents. Getting an "equitable accounting" from the Russians ought to be fairly easy for a man who raised $750,000 in one year for the Democratic Party.

At the conclusion of the chore, no one doubts that another important post will be given him, for the collection of campaign funds in 1948 is too vital to be left to Easterners.

And so a success story that looked to have petered out has picked up speed again, and rolls on, a source of inspiration to all in search of a formula for getting ahead. Provided, of course, that they have the necessary equipment of teeth and nails.

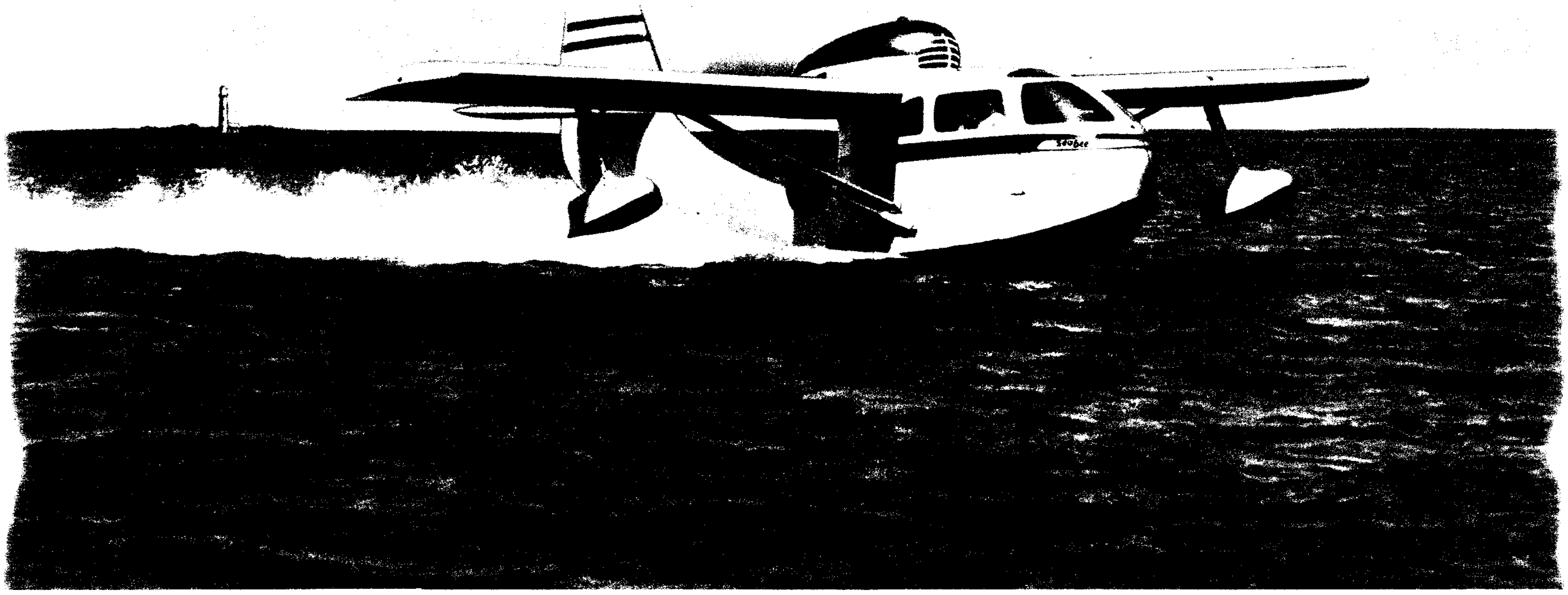
THE END



"I'm quitting my job today. Want to see some fun first?"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

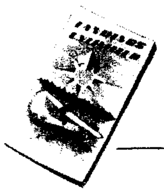
New Design for Better Living



GOING SOMEWHERE!

Now . . . you and your family can take real vacations . . . together. Vacations you've dreamed about can be yours with this sturdy four-place all-metal amphibian. ¶ Here's the ideal travel vehicle for the business man and his family. The busier you are, the more precious are the undemanding hours of sheer relaxation . . . so whether your choice of time out is a weekend with the family, a quick trip to the fishing streams or a round of golf at some distant course you've hoped to play for years, the SEABEE will take you there and back quickly . . . in comfort. ¶ Spend more time on the job, have more time for play . . . you make your own schedules when you go the SEABEE way . . . $3995. F.A.F. Farmingdale.

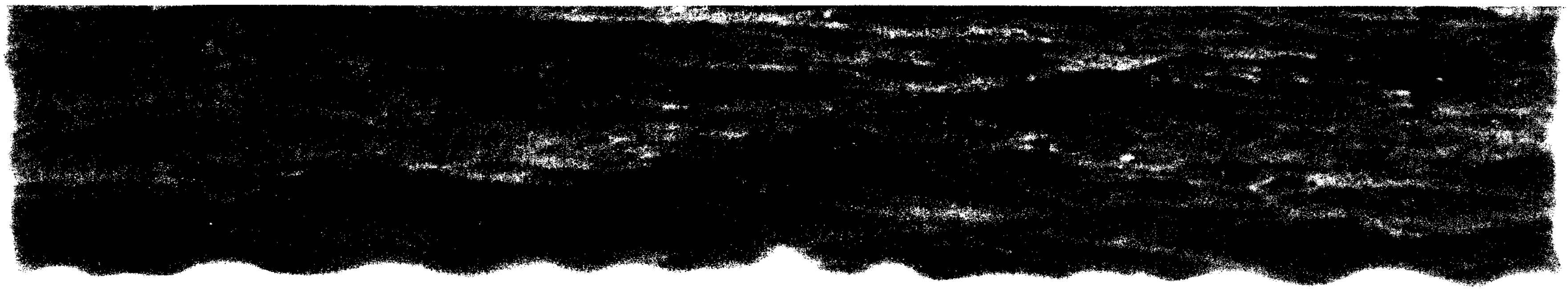
Your copy of "Landings Unlimited" sent free. It stresses modest operating cost and performance specifications. Address Blue Ribbon SEABEE Dealer nearest you, or write the Personal Plane Division, Department 16C, Republic Aviation Corporation, Farmingdale, Long Island, New York . . . . .



Seabee

A PRODUCT OF **REPUBLIC AVIATION**

Makers of the Mighty Thunderbolt



The GOOD WITCH

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

MME. RIDEAU trafficked with the devil, obviously, and she was, of course, a witch. How could it be otherwise? Had I not gone to the vaudeville theater in Quebec's lower town where my father played in the orchestra and had I not seen Mme. Rideau enter a trance and inform members of the audience the numbers of their watches, the age of their husbands, the numbers of their houses and many other things which startled and amazed all?

After the show, backstage, when Papa was sorting some music, I asked him about her. "Has she sold her soul?"

"No," Papa said. "Not exactly. She is magic though. The magic comes by means of a wire which goes up through the leg of a chair. The other end of the wire is under the carpet in the aisle. By means of tapping with the foot, the assistant in the audience informs this witch what is written on the slips of paper."

I laughed. How ridiculous! I could not believe Mme. Rideau had resorted to such a complicated system when she was quite apparently in the clutch of magic forces.

"If this is true," I said, "how does she know if that one should stay with her husband? Or if this one should marry his beautiful fiancée?"

Papa tapped me gently but firmly on the head with a Witmark Folio of Waltzes. "At eleven," he said, "you should understand that Mme. Rideau's advice is as good as anyone else's concerning love."

I stood there puzzled. "Maybe," I suggested, "Mme. Rideau receives the questions in the manner you say, but the answers, ah, the answers . . . there is where the magic comes in, no?"

Papa turned around and regarded me. "The magic . . ." he began briskly, and then he stopped and smiled gently. "The magic," he said, in a tender tone, "is magic if it pleases you to think so. Who knows what is magic and what is not magic?". . .

Later in the week that Mme. Rideau was appearing at the Dominion, I found the opportunity to discuss the matter with my Uncle Louis, who was himself, in a way, magic. His magic came from an enormous water cooler of wine which he kept by his bedside, a bedside which he seldom left, due to being occupied with dreams and philosophies.

"Do you," I said as I concluded my visit, "believe in the magic of Mme. Rideau?"

"Name of a name, of course!" Uncle Louis replied. "I myself have frequently seen the future. Often when I am not even trying!"

I considered this a moment. "The future, too? Mme. Rideau, you suppose, regards the future sometimes?"

"Of a certainty. With me, of course, the future I regard is so strange I cannot understand it. Large scarlet elephants and great green snakes frequently spoil the view."

He said all this with such a solemnity that I was encouraged.

That night after I had washed behind my ears and pulled up my stockings, I spoke to Papa:

"Mme. Rideau, although she is magic, nevertheless has also her very human feeling, too, no?"

"Of course," Papa agreed. "Very many of them, judging from her enormous weight."

"Ah, so . . . traveling all the time, she must eat always the food in restaurants, which, while good, is not the same as Maman's fine cooking."

"Tch, tch!" Papa said. "You wish Mme. Rideau to live with us? To read all our thoughts?"

"No. No. Just for dinner. It would be nice, I think. In Sunday school last week we learned about charity."

"Oh," Papa sighed. "To dinner, eh? What is behind this?"

"Behind it? *Mais rien!* She is hungry and I wish to feed her. She is lonely and I wish her to have friends. These things I learn at Sunday school."

My father sipped his cognac, and said, "We will see what Maman has to say."

MAMAN agreed, and two days after my request, Mme. Rideau appeared. She was, alas, something of a disappointment. She did not wear the bright green turban, nor the assorted silver bracelets which cluttered her arms on the stage, nor even the gown with the golden breastplates. She had on a blouse and skirt such as Maman wore.

However, I waited quietly through dinner and cognac and coffee and some aimless conversation about the world. Then, when there was a lull and Maman's dishes were being done and Papa had excused himself a few moments to secure more cigars, I put on my best smile and inquired with a knowing look if Mme. Rideau had brought with her the secret crystal globe.

No, she had not.

"What was it you wished me to tell you?" she said to me encouragingly.

"Without the ball is it possible?"

"Perhaps. The ball is not everything. Much must be in the heart and the mind also. The ball merely reflects the inner dreams and future joys."

This, while it made little actual sense, sounded very exciting. "Would a bottle do? A cognac bottle perhaps?"

"What could be better?" she laughed.

So I procured a nearly empty bottle and Mme. Rideau set it down before her.

She waved her hands mysteriously over the bottle and murmured magic words which made me feel chills on my spine and hot pricklings in my hair.

I expected a genie to appear at any moment.

"I am going," she muttered in a strange, far-off voice. "I am going to the world of the spirit!"

I sat tensely on my chair.

"What is your question?" she muttered hollowly.

"I . . . uh . . . we . . . me . . . and Sally . . . Sally is a girl . . ."

"Sally? Sally O'Brien . . . yes?"

"O'Rourke."

"Ah, I see it now. Sally O'Rourke," Mme. Rideau continued still in the weird tone. "Sally O'Rourke, an Irish girl you love."

"Mais oui!" I agreed, lapsing into French with the uncanny way Mme. Rideau had known.

"You wish to know . . ."

"Does she love me and will she go with me to the Junior Dance at Collegiate and will she wear her best pink dress if Papa will give me the money for the tickets as he promised?"

"Wait! Wait! I cannot hear you. I have gone too far. Wait! I am coming back. Repeat please."

I began to repeat. Mme. Rideau stopped me.

"It is all clear in the magic bottle. You wish to know if Sally loves you and if she will go with you to the Junior Dance and wear her best pink dress. And if Papa will buy you the tickets . . ."

I was astonished. She had not heard me and yet there it was all very clearly in the magic bottle.

"Yes, she loves you. I see her now. She smiles. She loves you."

"But I am shy and she does not know what to think. I must tell her I love her."

"Yes," said Mme. Rideau. "That is exactly what she is saying."

Thus it went for several minutes until Mme. Rideau finally groaned several times, emerged from her trance and poured for herself what cognac was left.

"I recall nothing. Where was I?" she said at length.

Papa, who had been standing at the doorway for who knows how long, smiled and stepped forward.

"You are safe, madame. But do you think it is wise to ask too much of a bottle of cognac?"

Mme. Rideau laughed charmingly and did not bother to explain to Papa that the bottle was magic.

She was so very right, this wonderful lady, for Papa bought me the tickets and I went the next day to Sally and I told her I loved her and would she please wear her best pink dress and go with me to the Junior Dance at the Collegiate, the dance for the First Form.

She said she loved me, too, and would be happy to go, wearing her finest gown.

THE day after the dance I spoke to Papa. "Mme. Rideau is very magic. She must also be happy, no?"

"At the moment, no. Madame invested her small savings in oil stocks of a flighty nature. She learned last week that they had become worthless."

I was astounded. "But why," I asked, bewildered, "did she not look in the magic ball and find out the truth?"

"Perhaps," Papa said, smiling, "because she did not have your assistance."

"But she knew about Sally and the pink dress and the dance and she made it come true!" I persisted.

"Did she?" Papa said.

"Perhaps."

"Do you tell me," I asked angrily and sadly, "that there was no magic there?"

"There was, of course, magic," Papa agreed. "But was the magic in you or in Mme. Rideau?"

"Ah, well . . . even if the magic about Sally was in me, the magic of the tickets was in Mme. Rideau. For I told her you had promised them to me and it was not true. You had said I was too young to go to dances."

Papa laughed. "Let us say there was magic in all of us, for there surely is."

It was not until years later that he told me Mme. Rideau, over his objections and Maman's, had bought me the tickets. When he told me this it was as if to say, "You see, it was not really magic."

But, of course, it was!

complete on this page

a short short story

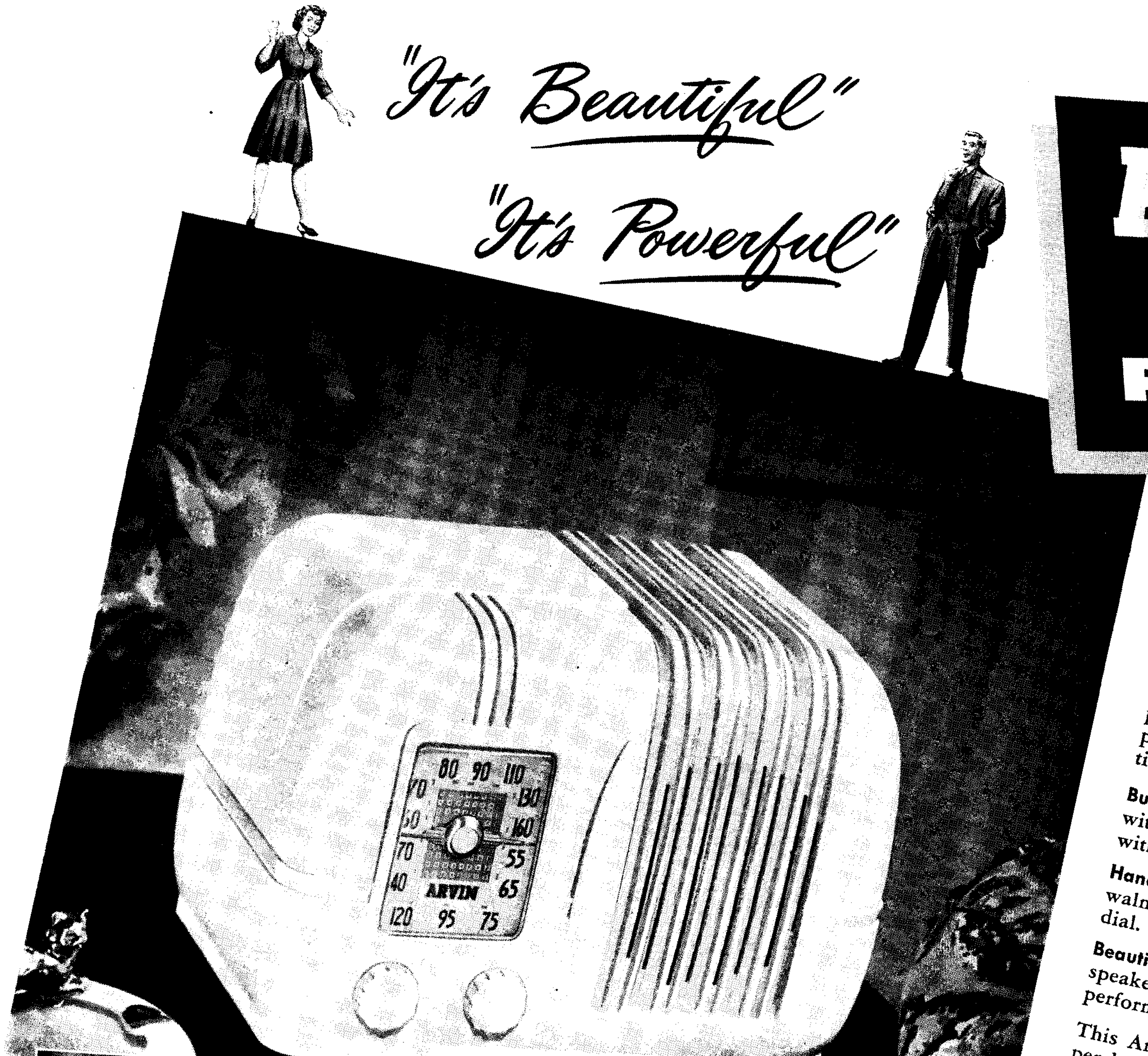
ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI

"It's Beautiful"

"It's Powerful"

ARVIN

Top Flight RADIOS



To see it is to want it . . . to hear it is to buy it . . . for everyone in your family. It's a fine chair-side companion . . . good equipment to keep the cook in the kitchen . . . a basic necessity in every bedroom.

A really powerful table radio—with an improved superheterodyne circuit, 4-tubes, plus rectifier. Extra sensitive and selective. Operates on AC or DC current.

Built-in loop antenna—picks up stations with clarity—no aerial or ground to "fuss with."

Handsome plastic cabinet—in ivory or walnut—with large, easy-to-read, lighted dial.

Beautiful tone—with permanent magnet speaker and many other Arvin top flight performance features.

This Arvin is typical of the many dependable radio values for which Arvin has long been known.

*ARVIN Model 544A illustrated. Model 544 in walnut plastic cabinet only $19.00. Prices include federal tax,—slightly higher in far West.

UPSTAIRS...

DOWNSTAIRS...

ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE

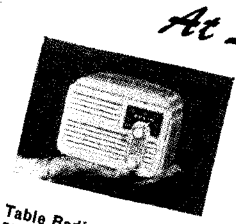
This ARVIN *only*

$19.40*

MOST FAMILIES NEED 3 OR MORE ARVINS

OTHER ARVINS... *Yours to choose!*

At Low Prices Everyone can Afford



The Tiniest Arvin. Smart, trim, dainty. Big in power and tone. Attractive non-breakable cabinet everyone admires. Ask to see Model 444A ivory or 444 brown.

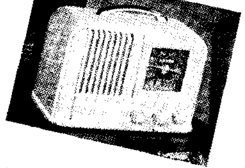


Table Radio-Phonograph. Plays 10" or 12" records. A fine radio with beautiful tone and splendid performance. A quality instrument at low price. Walnut veneer cabinet. Ask for Model 558.

This Arvin Table Radio is extremely sensitive and selective with exceptional power and tone. Many "big set" features. See Model 664A ivory plastic or 664 walnut plastic.

Beautiful Floor Combination with automatic record changer. Plays twelve 10" or ten 12" records. Powerful, selective radio. Acoustically balanced for tone. Fits beautifully in any living room. Model 665.

ARVIN *is the name on many fine products of* **NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, INC.,** *Columbus, Indiana*

ARVIN Electric Irons • Electric Heaters and Appliances • Metal-Chrome Dinette Sets • Outdoor Metal Furniture • Laundry Tubs • Ironing Tables • Car Heaters

The Captain Was a Lady

Continued from page 13

and a gull, perhaps. It was not the life for a spirited girl.

When her husband came home there was bustle and stir in the house. There were guests and elaborate meals. There were social outings and fashionable penny lectures at the Chapel hall. There were concerts, and even dances. And, above all, there were the pleasures which Dai taught her to regard as sinful. It is as unfair to blame Dai Evans for his attitude to sex as it is to blame him for being twenty-seven years older than his wife. There is no criticism of him in her letters to Janet, and no hint of the intimacies of married life. She couldn't tell Janet because Janet was unmarried. It would not have been proper; and Christian was always proper.

Apart from this one omission the record of her years in Wales is amazingly complete, and it soon becomes clear that she did not yield tamely to the boredom that yawned about her. She girded herself with a pair of diversions, one of them reputable.

She read. A catalogue of her reading during these years would extend over a dozen closely printed pages, and it must suffice to say that she waded through works as widely divergent as Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy and the Memoirs of Madame de Staël. She read voraciously, with increasing acuteness.

Her other diversion was less commendable. Discovering the amenities of the cellar, she acquired the habit of tippling. When her husband learned this he was exceedingly displeased, and the next time he went to sea he took her with him.

THE Christian Dee at this time was running to the China Seas, in ballast or with a cargo of light timber and groceries and returning with tea and rice. She had been designed twenty years before for the opium trade and, with a maximum of 8 to 9 knots on a bowline, was not able to compete successfully with the big Yankee and British clippers which had been built for the tea job. For some time Dai had been contemplating a change over to the South American nitrate trade where the money was less spectacular but the risks infinitely less, and it was only his reluctance to ship a dirty cargo in his inlaid mahogany holds that had so long delayed his decision. Christian's first trip to the China Seas resolved his doubts.

It is a long run from Ushant to the Formosa Strait. On the outward passage it took the Christian Dee anything from 120 to 160 days; and that is a lot of days at sea. If Christian had been merely a passenger she would no doubt have got bored. But Christian meant to be a sailor.

To further this end she listened demurely to the talk in the saloon where the mate or the second, depending on the watch, joined Dai and herself in a stiff-backed, uncomfortable meal. She stood by the hour on the weather side of the poop watching the hands at work: setting up and rattling down; reeving off new rovings; worming, parceling, serving; turning braces and halyards end-for-end; drawing and knotting yarns; reefing, furling, making and trimming sail—the endless seaman's round. She selected the specialists—the sailmaker, the carpenter, and the bosun—and with crisp, calculated questions picked their brains till she had a working knowledge of sails and spars and rigging. Then she turned her attention to navigation. It was something of a joke to the captain. He couldn't have been more tickled if he had had a talking dog.

At first the weather was exemplary and for weeks the Christian Dee bowled along under all plain sail, with an average log of seven knots. She crossed the line on the fifteenth of April but struck unlucky with her southeast trades and for four days in latitude 10° south lay all but becalmed while Dai studied the sky warily and fluted his canvas, whistling for a breeze. On the evening of the twenty-ninth, small tight clouds began to appear like poised fists in the east, and accordingly both watches were called on deck and sail was shortened.

Next day, the day that the first of the squalls hit them, George Somerville, the Negro cook, was logged ill of smallpox and in considerable pain. By noon the ominous blisters had appeared on the soles of his feet, and Dai decided that he must operate. George was a very large man. He was not an easy patient, and when he saw the razor he screamed and turned his face to the bulkhead. He was a good cook and they were anxious to save him. They pointed out that he must have the soles off these feet or die. But they could not persuade him, and they could not coerce him; and when the squall struck they had more important things to attend to.

COLLIER'S "How much for the complete set?" GARDNER REA

Christian, who had been told the circumstances, herself went forward to the fo'c'sle. She measured George ostentatiously with her arms, then she brought out a bolt of canvas and, squatting on the deck, cut it to size.

"That should serve very well, I think," she said, eying George speculatively. "All we need now is a sinker." The Negro watched her with rolling eyes.

Christian produced a Bible and began to read the familiar service of the dead. She had not got very far when he stopped her.

"Tell them they can cut off my feet," he said. "But, missy, tell 'em George sho don' hold with pain."

"The operation will be painless."

She kept her word. While the Christian Dee rolled in the heavy beam sea and the deck above resounded with the clip of men's boots and the thud and scuff of booms and sails, she herself skinned the Negro's soles with a razor cauterized over a hurricane lamp, swabbed and bandaged the feet. As an anesthetic she had used a weighted belaying pin and this, having splintered on the Negro's skull, she threw over the side on her way aft to her quarters, where she records: "Whether from the buffeting of the sea as we 'hove to' or from reaction, I was for the first time ingloriously sick."

The incident caused a deal of talk on board. Officers and men eyed her with a new respect. She had shown something of her mettle.

THE dirty weather continued for six days, then the trades settled in, and, crossing the meridian of the Cape in 36° south, they ran close-hauled up a smooth Indian Ocean with light working breezes. The second week in May they reached the first of the islands that sprawl, like spilt pepper, over the charts of the narrow China Seas, and then, in soundings, proceeded with the utmost caution until they finally clewed up with the stately company of tall-masted clipper ships anchored off the Pagoda Rock.

Here they took in water and provisioned ship, and here in a series of genteel At Homes afloat, Christian met the ladies of the China Fleet, "who," she writes Janet, "despite their happy circumstances, without exception bemoan their lot and pine for civilization and the society of nice manners. As this, along with gallantries, comprises their entire conversation I need hardly tell you that I found them tedious."

Then up the River Min to Foochow, that teeming, malodorous river port which owed its wealth and much of its squalor to the illustrious tea of the hinterland. All day long, buffalo trains converged on the city bearing lacquered and enameled chests of Bohea tea and sampans similarly laden plied continuously down-river.

It was here, in Foochow, that Christian's portrait was painted. The artist was a Mr. Lee, a second mate who had stepped ashore the year the Nanking Treaty opened up the port to trade, and becoming enamored of a Chinese lady, deserted and set up house with her in an attic above the Flying Fish Inn, from which point of vantage he could paint the ships that sailed up the Min and sell the finished articles to the captains when they called, as they invariably did, at the saloon below. The previous year he had made a tidy job of the Christian Dee, and Dai had therefore no hesitation in entrusting him with the commission to paint his wife.

It was here, too, and in this same connection, that Christian first met Tancy McCoy. He cuts a fabulous figure in clipper history, this Tancy McCoy, and nowadays it is hard to sift the truth from the legends that surround him. He is variously described as "the last of the buccaneers," "little better than a pirate," "a wild and dissolute character," and "the finest Yankee skipper that ever drove a ship in sail." He had an abundance of friends, and of enemies; and I think it likely that his enemies were handier with the pen than his friends, and that the account of him which has come down to us has been distorted by opinions of personal dislike and envy. Certainly it is undeniable that he was a hard-drinking and a fighting man, strong in the loin and not overscrupulous in the way of business. And it is equally undeniable that he had salt water in his veins, that he carried canvas to the last and never lost a spar, that the men who sailed with him swore by him and were ready and eager to line up alongside any time he found himself against a wall. Whatever you may think of him you must allow him this. He was a great man in the China Seas by the standards that prevailed then.

Of his appearance, at least, there is no doubt. Christian, descending the stairs from the painter's attic to the saloon, saw him as "a tall, heavily built man, deeply browned by sun and wind, not ill-favored yet with a reckless air, his cap on the back of his head and a look in his eyes which I first took to be merry and half-smiled to him in answer, but which I saw then to be most insolent and could have torn the lips from my face in my chagrin."

"Yes," Tancy McCoy said. "Yes, ma'am, you should always blush. It sure is becoming. Turn around."

She goggled at him and he nodded encouragingly. "Turn around," he said, and before she realized what she was about she had turned. Tancy McCoy had that sort of influence on people. He was an authoritative man. "Yes, *sir!*" he said. "Yes, indeed. You're somethin' pretty special for this place. You can knock spots off'n any of the las batch the Swede brought in. I'm Tancy McCoy, an' from now on for a bit I reckon it'll just be you an' me. What's your name, ma'am?"

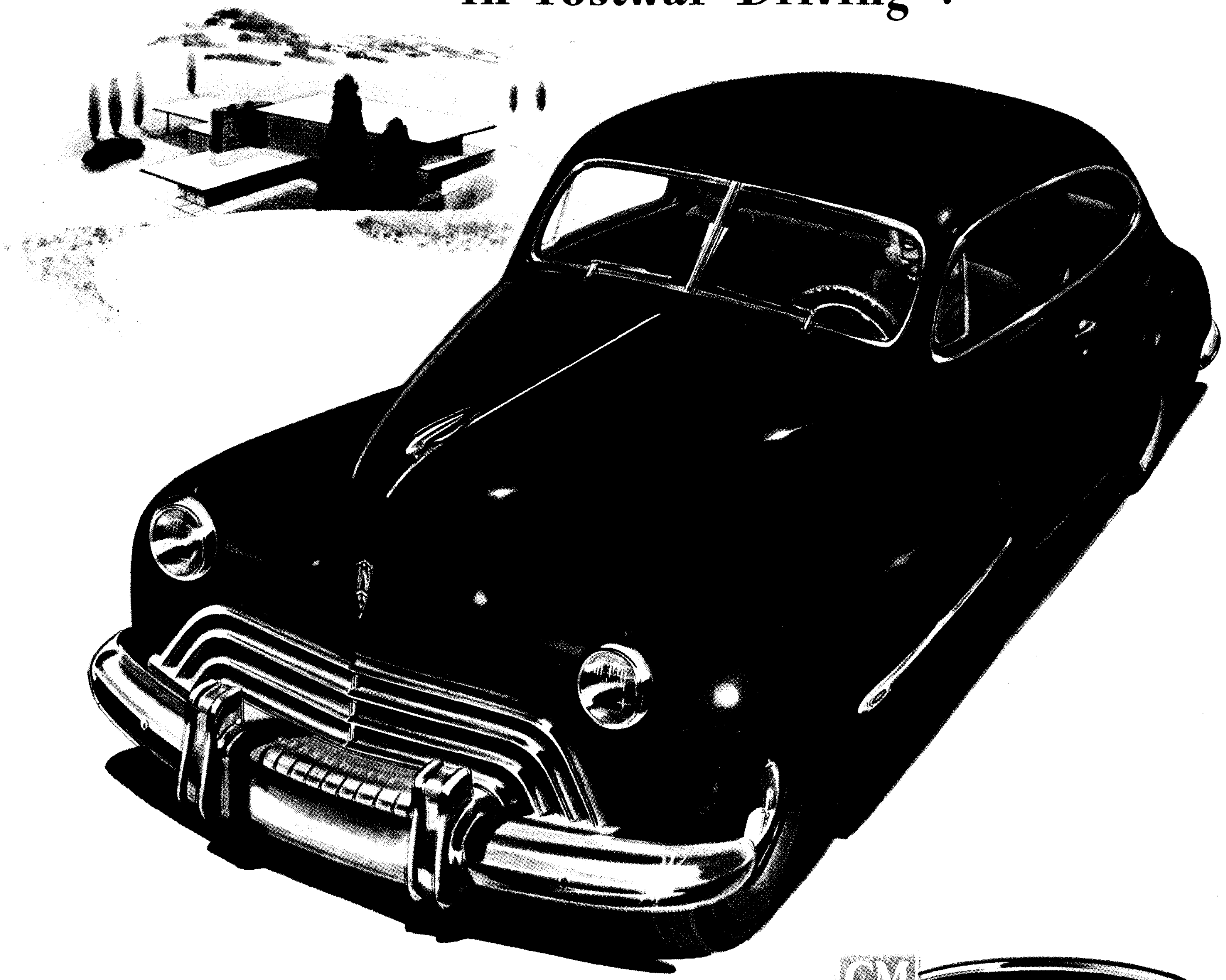
Christian stood transfixed.

"Whisky!" McCoy said. "Rustle it up, Charlie. And give the little lady her own brand of poison."

AT THIS juncture, Dai, who had arranged to meet her at the foot of the stairs, fortunately arrived on the scene, and they left the saloon "to the accompaniment of a braying and guffawing from the louts who lined the bar."

It was not an auspicious meeting. Worse was to follow, for the next day Christian reports: "Captain McCoy raised his hat to me in the street in an exaggerated fashion, which courtesy Dai was forced to return, and I, happening to glance astern, observed that this infamous character had brought about and was following, his hands in his reefer pockets, whistling a mocking air. He entered the Fying Fish close behind us and, on Dai's being engaged in conversation, whispered to me: 'I'll be waitin' for you.' I counseled Dai to be at the bottom of the stairs prompt on twelve noon (her sittings were from ten to twelve) and he engaged to be so, but on emerging from the painter's attic at noon I found Captain McCoy sitting very much at his ease athwart the stairs above the first landing. He motioned me to sit down beside him and addressed me, saying that he wished us to have a little talk. On my disdaining to reply he laughed and told me to take the whale-

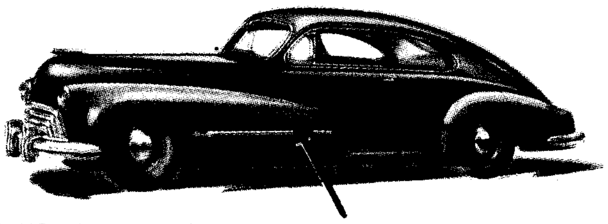
The New Style in Postwar Driving !



GM GENERAL MOTORS HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE

OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST

Oldsmobile's smart new style is more than a matter of smooth, flowing lines, ultra-modern trim, and tasteful interiors. It's a new style of *driving*, too . . . the *Hydra-Matic* way . . . the *easiest* way of driving ever devised. No gear shifting to think about. No clutch pedal to bother with. Hydra-Matic Drive is the nearest thing yet to *completely automatic driving*. Just step on the gas and away you go . . . *in style* . . . in the brilliant new Oldsmobile with General Motors' new Hydra-Matic Drive.



THERE'S NO CLUTCH PEDAL IN THE CAR!

And all forward-speed gear shifting is completely automatic!

Oldsmobile

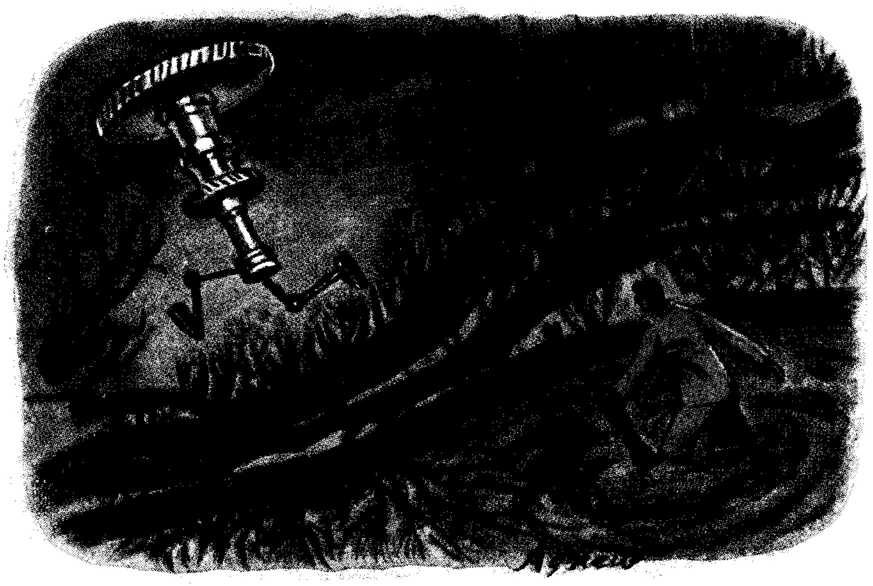
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

This bogey is born of your imagination

... but these aren't!

Could your car be reaching the end of its rope? Cars do wear out. Right now they're doing it at the rate of 5,000 a day. Make sure this isn't the fate of yours. *Keep it rarin' to go with Improved Veedol.*

Not for love nor money will most people get new cars this year. There are over 16,000,000 customers. The industry can't make more than 6,000,000 cars a year. *Be smart, put your car on a keep-fit diet of Improved Veedol.*



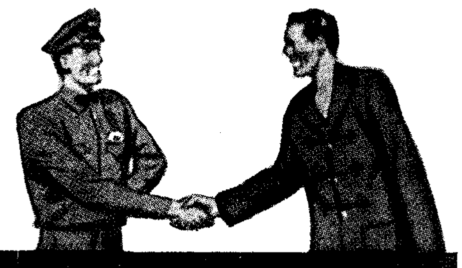
Don't think new parts are plentiful, either. They're not. You may have to wait weeks — just for the simplest replacements. *New, Improved Veedol babies moving parts . . . gives them longer life.*

An even greater safety margin with today's finer Veedol!

Veedol has always been famous for its 100% Pennsylvania quality. Wartime research has made it even better... given it these *extra* qualities. *Improved* Veedol practically eliminates bearing corrosion. It improves piston condition by reducing varnish formation. And it lessens sludge deposit.

That's why, with a crankcase full of *Improved* Veedol, you'll roll along with a cleaner, smoother-running, better-protected engine. Today especially, your car deserves and demands this greater over-all margin of safety. Better see your Veedol dealer—now.

VEEDOL
MOTOR OIL



TIDE WATER
ASSOCIATED
OIL COMPANY
New York Tulsa San Francisco

bone out of my corsetry, at which, incensed, I struck him with my clenched fist, simultaneously stepping over his legs and making my escape downstairs. I could still hear him laughing when I joined Dai, but I warrant that I hurt him. The knuckles of my hand are swollen a half inch. I did not tell my husband of the incident for fear that he would make a scene and inflict grievous bodily injury on Captain McCoy."

She reckoned that she was rid of McCoy, but she did not know her man.

Two days later, on the occasion of her last sitting, she mounted the artist's dais to find McCoy comfortably ensconced in an armchair by the window. She directed a hard glance at the painter, and, helpless, he turned the palms of his hands to her.

"Please continue painting," she said.

She ignored McCoy, ignored all his attempts to engage her in conversation. She was pointedly unaware of his presence, and at last, exasperated, he struck his fist violently on the arm of his chair. "You rate yourself too high, ma'am," he said. "To the devil with you! There are growlers enough in the sea. I'll waste no more of my time. But first we'll see if temper'll thaw you. How much is the picture?" The painter demurred.

"How much?" McCoy roared.

"Fifty dollars, but . . ."

"Here, take sixty."

This was too much for Christian. She ran to the door and called below for Dai who came at the double just as Tancy McCoy was tucking the portrait under his arm. He caught Dai Evans as he charged, caught him by the throat and held him at arm's length while Dai's fists flailed unavailingly to reach the big man's body.

"Easy there," McCoy said. "Easy. I'm ready an' willin' to make a widow of her, but are you, sparrow? That's the question, are you?" Without apparent effort he raised Dai off his feet and hurled the Welshman across the attic where he finished on one knee against the wall. Christian ran to him.

Tancy McCoy looked around the room and touched the peak of his cap. "Mornin', all," he said.

Dai got to his feet, brushing his coat, telling the world what he meant to do to McCoy the next time they met. Christian kept her face averted from him. "Be reasonable, Chrissie," he said. "A giant like that. What could I have done?"

"A *gentleman*," she said, "would have drawn his knife." Christian could be very cutting at times . . .

They lay in Foochow for ten more days, loading a cargo of tea and rice and overhauling sails and rigging for the race home. In the tea trade, speed was the all-important factor, and the big clippers which might be expected to reach England with the first of the new season's tea had their bills of lading signed at £7 per ton as against the modest £2 at which Dai was glad to fill his hold. Nevertheless, like every other captain he refused to admit that any man had the legs of him, and each year his hopes soared anew that this trip would be his lucky one: he would escape a hurricane, he would strike a good monsoon, he would smell out a breeze while his rivals lay becalmed, and, running free on brisk westerlies, race through the chops of the Channel with his flying kites set, to arrive first at Tilbury in a welter of glory and fat profits.

It could happen. It was every skipper's dream.

THE Christian Dee was among the first to complete loading, and on the eighteenth of June got away to a good start. She picked up a fresh beam wind off Losing Island, but Dai did not like her trim and would not crowd on canvas. Chests of tea and coils of rope were shifted aft in an attempt to ease her, but still she did not sit to Dai's liking and on the twenty-ninth he logs: "Squally sky in the S.W. As she is still tender deemed it unsafe to carry royals. Had the yards brought down to deck."

On the thirtieth, a sail was sighted to starboard. She came up fast and was recognized to be the Baltimore clipper, the Lady Caravel. Tancy McCoy's ship.

Dai Evans immediately ordered both watches on deck. He shook out the reef in his mainsail and set the main topgallant sail. Under this press of canvas the Christian Dee bolted along at a spanking rate, but after a little it became clear that the Lady Caravel was still gaining.

Everyone was on deck. Everyone was looking to the captain. Dai paced the poop, frowning, pulling at his chin. Finally, he gave the order to loose the fore and mizzen topgallant sails.

"That should do it," he said.

The race was on now in grim earnest. For an hour the Christian Dee held her lead, then McCoy set his upper topgallants and again the Lady Caravel began to overtake.

"Shall I set the royals, sir?" the mate asked.

"No, no. Too dangerous."

The story of the portrait and the brawl had sped like a cat's-paw through the fleet and there was not a man aboard the Christian Dee who did not know the details of the outrage that McCoy had perpetrated on Mistress Evans. They lined the rail watching with narrowed, hostile eyes as the Yankee crept up on the quarter. They did not think the Old Man would let him get away with this. Neither did Christian.

"You've got to set the royals, Dai!" she said.

He ignored her. He was in a towering rage, his lips twitching as he walked with short, staccato steps from the steering compass to the mizzen rigging.

"He's overtaking fast," the mate said.

"Keep your mouth shut, sir!"

"Set your royals, Dai!" Christian said sharply. As if in answer Tancy McCoy loosed his main royal and ran it to the masthead.

"Is it mad he is? He'll have the spars out of her," Dai said.

Christian gave him a long look, turned on her heel, and went below. Her diary for the day contains a single and apparently unrelated sentence: "I cannot stomach cowardice."

From her cabin port she saw the Lady Caravel come abeam, saw Tancy McCoy brandish her portrait aloft and imagined she could hear his mocking laugh. She slammed the deadlight down over the port and threw herself on her bunk.

An hour later a hand knocked on the cabin door. "The cap'n's compliments, Mistress Evans, and you are required on the poop."

"My compliments to the captain," Christian replied, "and I will come on deck when the royals are set."

The royals were not set. She did not go on deck.

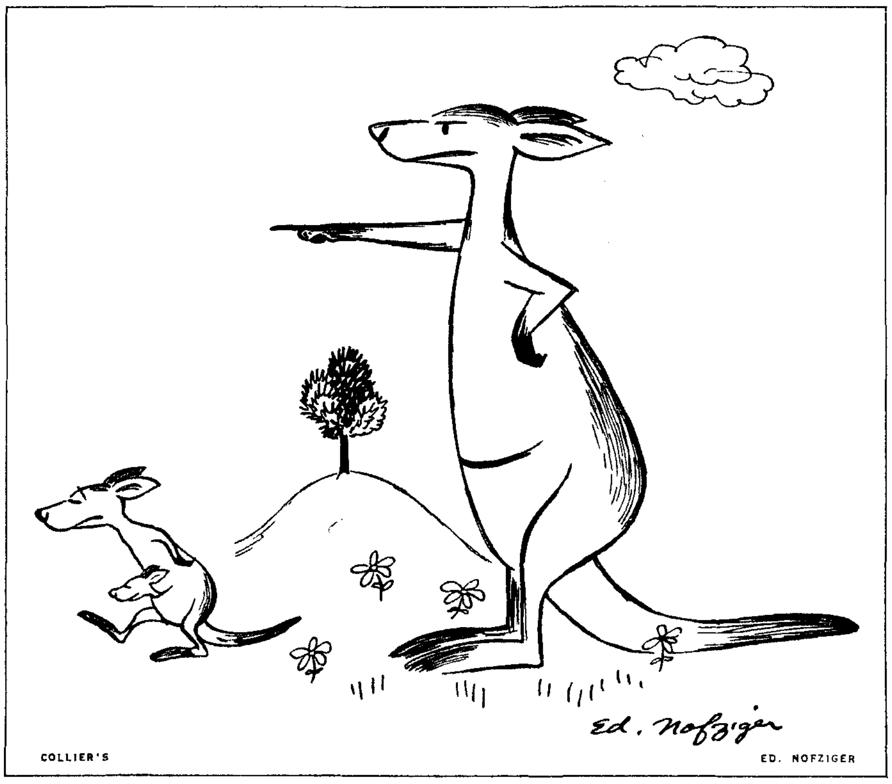
She did not go on deck for the whole of that passage, and as far as is known she did not address a single word to her husband until the ship docked in England 127 days later. Then, sweeping to the Garwyth Chapel on Dai's arm, dressed in black velvet shot with orange, an ostrich feather in her hat, she presented the picture of a most gracious and devoted wife.

DAI EVANS was a jealous and a cautious man, and as a direct result of this unfortunate voyage decided to cut adrift from the tea trade. For the next four years the Christian Dee, refitted, carried slate from the Welsh quarries to the west coast of South America: to Pisagua, Iquique, Tocopilla and Antofagasta where she loaded the incongruous product of the bleak and sterile Chilean desert: nitrate—nitrate enough to fertilize all the gardens of Wales.

The logs of these years in the West Coast or W.C. trade, as they called it, make fascinating reading, and the detailed, day-by-day account of the long passages round the Horn leaves us with a vivid impression of the problems and hazards that beset the seaman in sail: Williwaws, the fierce, heavy squalls of the Straits of Magellan; the vicious Easterlies off the Horn, that graveyard of fine ships; the sudden West Coast temblor; the *terremoto*, which flushes the sea into a seething caldron, hot to touch; the tidal wave which may lift a ship anchored in twenty fathoms and hurl her half a mile inshore. The physical strain of three—aye, and five—months of four-hours-on and four-hours-off; the cramped living conditions; the indiscipline (usually in the vicinity of the line) with the resultant floggings and bad blood; the food—the black bread, the salt junk and harness beef, the rotting potatoes; the diseases—scurvy, yellow and breakbone fever, smallpox, pellagra, beriberi.

It was not much of a life, one would think, for even the rough, tough sea dog of the day. Yet Christian, a slip of a girl, exulted in it.

At first, she occupied herself mainly with navigation. It has been said that



YELLO-BOLE

3¼ surface inches* of HONEY make the difference

$1.50 IMPERIAL Billiard Shape

*The area of the inside of the bowl of this Yello-Bole Pipe is 3¼ square inches, and it is treated with honey. When you pack this Yello-Bole with your tobacco, and light it, the honey gently exerts its influence on your smoke, causing it to be mild, fragrant and enjoyable. You do not experience any period of "breaking in" this pipe at all, for the honey causes it to start right. The honey-and-tobacco "cake," which gradually forms, keeps on yielding pleasant, mild, naturally flavorful smoking for years. Get Yello-Bole at dealers.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., Est. 1851
630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 20.
"Where Pipe-Making Has Been a Tradition for Almost 100 Years!"

Dublin
$2.50 PREMIER
this seal in bowl
this mark on stem

Apple
$1.50 IMPERIAL
this seal in bowl
this mark on stem

Billiard
$1 STANDARD
this seal in bowl
this mark on stem

5 LIGHTWEIGHT OUNCES of Summer Comfort

-PLUS

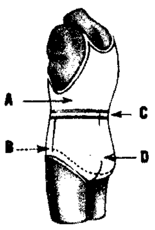
construction features you'll find only in

REIS Scandals

Light, cool and absorbent, *yes!* Yet Reis Scandals are scientifically constructed to give you the mild athletic support that means tops in comfort on hot summer days! And Scandals really fit because they are deliberately cut, sewn and *shaped* to the male form. Ask for Reis Scandals—the ideal underwear for summer.

THEY'RE CUT TO FIT . . . TO FIGHT FATIGUE*

MATCHING SHIRT (A) is especially shaped at bottom (B) to follow legline of Scandals. "HI-WAIST" construction of Scandals (C) gives better fit. Elastic waistband. Full cut seat (D) for full coverage. No seams to sit on.



*COPYRIGHT 1946 ROBERT REIS & CO.

REIS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

UNDERWEAR
PAJAMAS

SPORTSWEAR
HOSIERY

ROBERT REIS & CO., 2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

navigators are born, not made, and this is largely true, for, though any man can learn to take and read his observation and work his sum from formulae, it is not one man in a thousand who is correct to a hairbreadth, and not one man in ten thousand who is always correct. But Christian was, and Dai soon stopped laughing at her parlor-trick with the sextant. He no longer found it funny. His chagrin was eventually replaced, however, by a genuine pride, for in the summer of 1858 we find him writing in his log: "Mistress Evans fixed the longitude by a snap of Procyon which emerged briefly from a cloud bank and was not visible for more than three seconds. She has undoubtedly a genius for precise navigation and mathematical calculation, and has devised a method of minimizing error in a position which, when published, should be of value to all mariners and will bring credit to our name."

Having mastered navigation, Christian turned her attention to the art of sailing, and here, too, she built on a flair, for right at the outset she had the "feel of the ship" and that instinctive timing which is the hallmark of the artist in sail, and the lack of which has cost many a master his spars. On the second trip to the W. C. S. A. her writing appears with unfailing regularity in the scrap log, and from the rotation of hands—the mate's, then the second mate's, then Christian's—it is clear that even at this early stage of her life afloat she had assumed the responsibility of taking a watch at sea.

At the end of the outward passage the second mate deserted. He may have resented Christian's new status. Second mates are notoriously touchy.

He was not missed. One of the forward hands took over his duties aloft and Christian became second mate of the Christian Dee, a berth which she filled admirably and which she held until the time of Dai's death.

THIS melancholy event took place off the Falkland Islands, suddenly, on the 18th of September, 1858. Dai had, Christian writes, "for some time been suffering from abdominal pains and after breakfast on the morning of the 18th retired to his bunk with a severe stomach-ache which he attributed to the bad beef. I was standing the forenoon watch and shortly after six bells Mr. Griffiths (the mate) sent for me, saying that the captain was calling out and in great pain. I straightway went below, but as I entered the cabin he was seized with a convulsion of such proportions that it hurled him clean off the bunk onto the deck. While we were raising him his poor body arched like a bow, and when we laid him on his bunk we saw that he had departed."

No sailing ship in the vicinity of the Horn would tempt Providence with so potent a Jonah as a corpse, and that same evening the body was consigned—not without some difficulty—to the deep. It was blowing half a gale, and Christian, finding that her voice would not carry above the skirl of the wind in the ratlines, handed over the Bible to the mate. Twice, at the appropriate stage in the service, the remains, in their weighted shroud, were launched overboard, twice to return as the ship heeled over in a squall so that the corpse, slithering about on the deck, had to be recovered like a hat on a windy day. It seemed foolish to read the service yet a third time, and, as if by common consent, all hands fastened on the unfortunate body and, somewhat out of temper, vigorously dispatched it.

Christian assumed command of the Christian Dee. She was twenty-seven years of age and had been five years and four days at sea.

Iquique, the main nitrate port, was a notorious eyesore. It was a town of wooden shacks clamped against nature on a slag hill, threatened by sand and sea alike, ankle-deep in bilious, yellow guano dust, infested with flies, and under siege from clinkstone and soda sulphate that fell in a continuous bombardment from the bleak and arid pampas above. There was no fresh water, no tree, no blade of grass within a hundred miles. There was no harbor, no bay even. The ships lay in an open roadstead with a surf-beat shore, and all loading was done by lighters.

This was the Christian Dee's destination, and it was here, off Iquique, that Mistress Evans dropped her first anchor since taking over the ship. Immediately the vessel had her chain, the touts and boardinghouse runners came alongside and, emboldened by the news of the captain's death, boarded her and even swarmed up the rigging to project their sales talk at the men still working aloft.

These pimps were dangerous men, and their talk ran to a pattern. "Get wise," they said. "You're being victimized. Now I can get you a berth in a decent ship, big money, a shore job with a woman thrown in, a smart lawyer to sue your skipper, a profitable little business." They had propositions by the score. Englishmen were at a premium.

Christian heard the commotion and came on deck. "Get off my ship!" she ordered.

They ignored her.

"Thomas," she said to one of the seamen, "fetch me a musket." With the weapon in her hands she addressed the nearest runner, a swarthy gentleman who was sowing disaffection in the mizzenmast. "You," she said. "Lay down out of there!"

He paid no attention.

"This is your last chance. Lay down and get off my ship!"

"Oh, go to bed with a guano bird," he said over his shoulder, and resumed his hawking.

Christian raised her musket, took careful aim, and fired. The bullet shattered his arm, and his friends, rising like crows at the report, flocked over the side and were gone in a matter of seconds. "I do not regret the incident," Christian writes, "as it was greatly applauded by the crew, some of whom had previously become so restive that I had feared it might be necessary to order a flogging, a measure which I may now postpone, having shown them then that I am master and will brook no insubordination."

The nitrate works sympathized with her in her tragic bereavement, and the manager of the *oficina* himself came off in a boat to offer condolences and, behind her back, a shore billet to the carpenter.

Christian gave him short shrift. She was as suspicious as only a widow can be, and she had discovered that her cargo was underweight. Granted he had filled the hold, but did he really think she was as green as the stuff he had packed there! Green? Yes, green as a young tree, and liable on that account to ten per cent shrinkage on the passage home. She would stand no criticism of her dunnaging or stowing. She demanded that he remove the entire cargo and reload with nitrate, repeat "nitrate." The manager could not agree to this. She already had first-quality nitrate.

"It is deeply regretted, señora," the manager apologized.

"It will be much more deeply regretted," Christian said.

That afternoon her boat's crew rowed her to the other ships in the anchorage—a bark, two schooners, and a brig—all Welsh, all nitrate ships. She spoke to their captains and found them sympathetic to her cause—it is doubtful if she would have found them as sympathetic if she had not been an attractive widow—and a common course of action was decided upon.

The following morning a message was received from the *oficina*, deploring the incredible error and informing Mistress Evans that a special cargo, selected by the management in person and offered at a reduced rate, was ready for loading.

THE Christian Dee's last night in Iquique was marked by an incident which, with variations, was to recur several times in Christian's life afloat. She was, it must be remembered, a young and presentable woman, described in Mr. J. D. Munro's book, Clipper Captains, as "a singularly attractive girl, with a proud head and sensuous carriage."

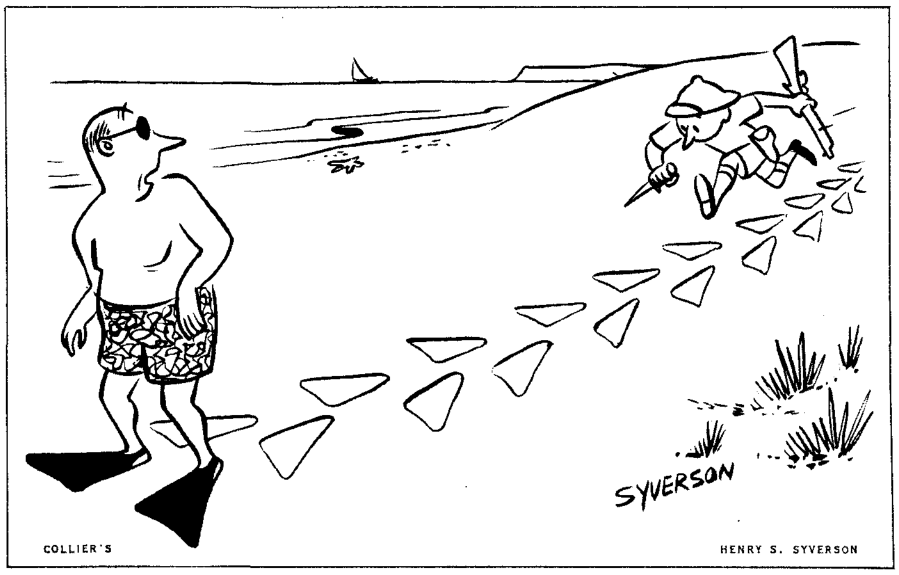
Clifford Griffiths, mate of the Christian Dee, was a sober, inoffensive fellow, but the night the loading was completed he fell in with the master and mate of the Gwinneth Jones, who were known drinking men. He accompanied them to One-thumbed Pete's where he was prevailed upon to toast his late captain in a *treepa* of *aguardiente*. Then a *chaouch* of fiery *anisado* was produced to wish Dai Godspeed through the celestial shoals, and by the time this was consumed, along with a few *piscos* for luck, Mr. Griffiths was in a ripe condition, ready for anything.

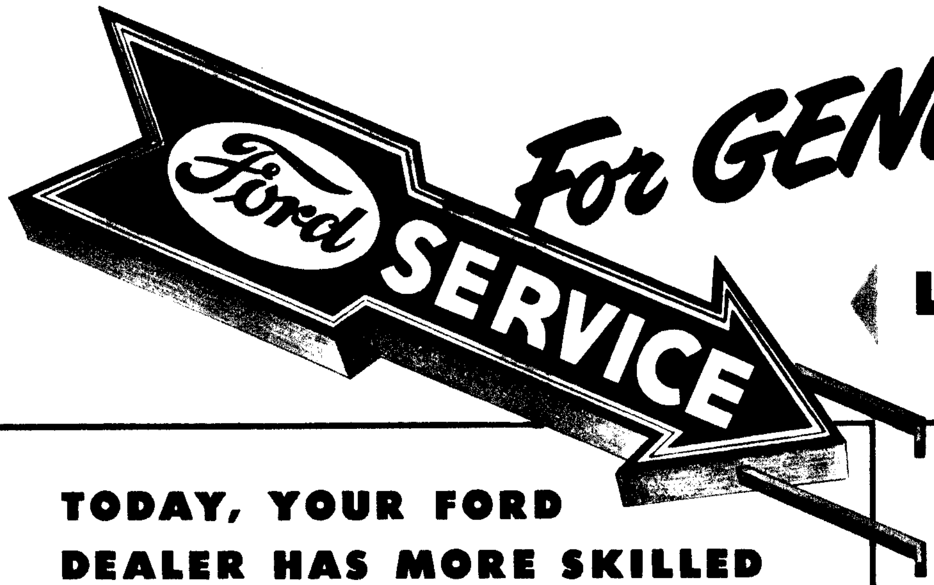
What actually happened is not too clear. Mr. Griffiths was persuaded—with difficulty, for he was a large and powerful man—to return on board and was bundled into his cabin. Ten minutes later there was a great commotion and the fo'c'sle hands heard Mistress Evans calling out. When they went aft, they found her at the foot of the gangway, in night attire and fluttering about in some agitation.

She kept clapping her hands for help. "Steward, steward, come quickly!" she was calling. "There's been a dreadful accident. Mr. Griffiths has hurt himself."

The mate was found lying across the doorway of her cabin, a lump the size of a duck's egg on his forehead.

(To be concluded next week)




Ford
SERVICE

For GENUINE Ford Service

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

TODAY, YOUR FORD DEALER HAS MORE SKILLED FORD MECHANICS . . .

AND A BETTER SUPPLY OF GENUINE FORD PARTS . . .

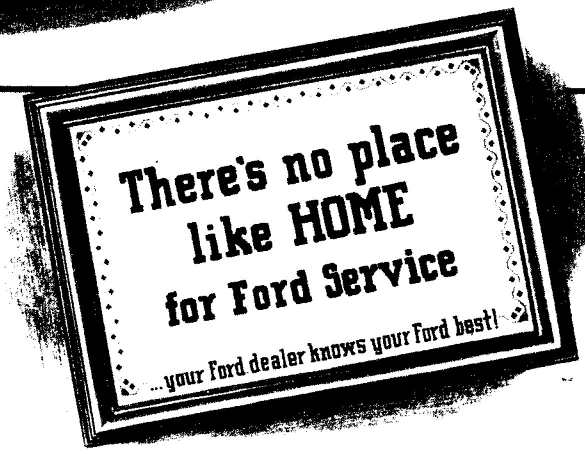
FORD GENU E PARTS

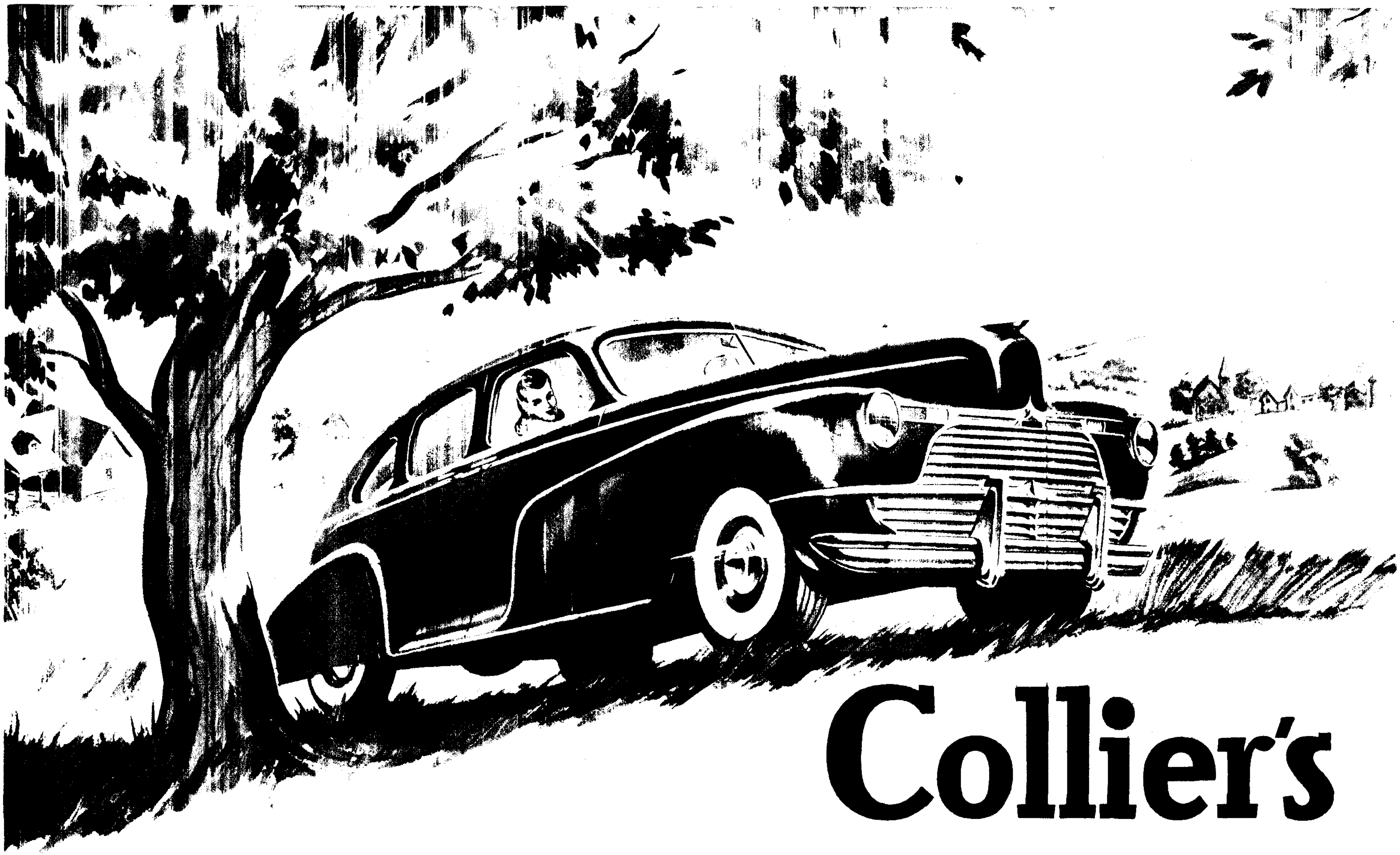
THIS MEANS BETTER, FASTER SERVICE WHEN YOU TAKE YOUR FORD "BACK HOME"

- **Your Ford Dealer is in the best position in years to give you prompt service.**
- **He has a staff of trained Ford mechanics.**
- **He has more Genuine Ford Parts.**
- **He will service your car the Ford-way.**

New cars will not be plentiful for a while yet . . . so, it is wise to take care of the one you have. Your Ford Dealer will help you keep your Ford in top-notch running order . . . thereby enhancing its future trade-in value. Get genuine service for your Ford . . . take it "back home" to your Ford Dealer regularly.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

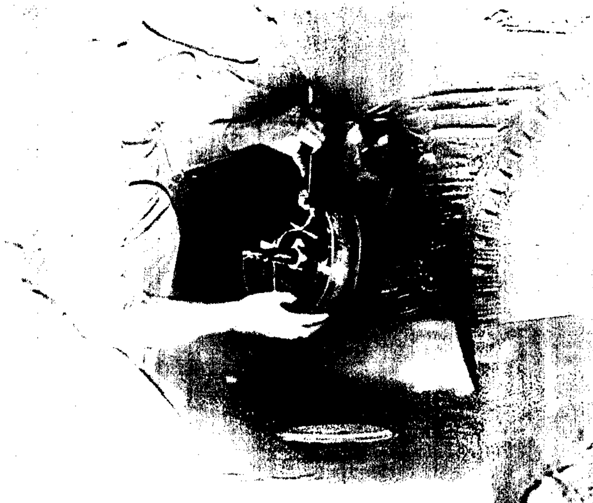

There's no place
like HOME
for Ford Service
...your Ford dealer knows your Ford best!



Collier's
SAFETY-FIR
for

SAFETY-FIRST PLAN NO. 1 *. . . Brakes . . .*

Obviously, good brakes are essential to safe driving. Yet many drivers are never *sure of their brakes. In one major city, accidents due to defective brakes increased* 125% last year. Modern hydraulic braking systems must be inspected *regularly* to avoid a "sudden" failure in an emergency. Brake failures often occur without any warning whatever; your brakes may work satisfactorily at one stop and fail completely on the next. *So don't neglect your brakes. . . regular* and *complete* check-ups of the entire system is Preventive Service of first importance.



SAFETY-FIRST PLAN NO. 2

. . . Lights . . .

One large city reports that in 1945, fatal accidents traced to defective lights were 50% greater than in the preceding year. Lights out of focus, burned-out bulbs and blinding glare in the eyes of oncoming drivers are the most common examples *of this dangerous defect. Light adjustments are quickly made and cost very little.* Don't neglect your lights.

SAFETY-FIRST PLAN NO. 3 *. . . Steering . . .*

Accidents due to defective steering equipment took a serious rise in 1945. Worn bushings and pins, wheels out of alignment—any condition that causes wobbly wheels, shimmy or less than perfect control of steering is dangerous. Accidents caused by steering failures are usually of the more serious type. So don't gamble with this vital part of your driving control. Get your steering apparatus checked regularly.

PUT SAFETY FIRST!

Your responsibility as a car-owner goes beyond average care and ability in driving. You owe it to your family, yourself and your community to see that your car is safe to drive at all times. Year after year, thousands of accidents—many resulting in deaths or permanent disabilities—are the result of "mechanical defects." In most cases, such "accidents" can be prevented with a few simple, inexpensive check-ups.

Through its service man in your neighborhood, the automotive industry has for years tried to impress on the motoring public the wisdom of regular car inspection. The National Safety Council, local safety organizations, state and city police departments and civic clubs have jointly crusaded to reduce automobile accidents.

Since 1939, in the interests of public safety, Collier's has been carrying on its "P. S."—Preventive Service—campaign. *Its* purpose is to bring to the attention of motorists authentic, unbiased information on accident preventing car-care, driving home the truth that it is the height of folly to risk a dangerous accident when Preventive Service costs so little in time or money.

...Tires...

Tires wear *inside* as well as out . . . it's hard to tell from the looks of a tire what serious trouble may be brewing. Preventive Service here means having your tires taken off and inspected at regular intervals. Little cuts and abrasions can grow into serious troubles and cause dangerous punctures or blow-outs. Don't neglect your tires.

...Visibility...

For safety's sake, keep your driving vision clear—see where you are going at all times. A dirty windshield is dangerous. Bugs, dust and sticky stains all tend to put the driver "in the dark." Be sure your windshield wipers make perfect contact, that blades wipe evenly, without smearing or scratching the windshield. A fan or ventilating system will eliminate inside fog when car windows must be kept closed.

ST PLAN
CARE-FREE
DRIVING

We thank the Department of Public Safety, Bureau of Police, Philadelphia, Pa., for the use of the picture at the right—an authentic illustration of a fatal accident caused by defective brakes. If this unfortunate driver had practiced P.S. (Preventive Service), it probably would never have happened.

President Truman Asks Cooperation in Reducing Automobile Accidents

In Washington on May 8, the President addressed the Highway Safety Conference assembled to formulate plans to reduce materially the frightful toll of automobile accidents and deaths. State and city officials from all over the country were present, in addition to delegates from leading business, civic, and national organizations.

In urging cooperation by everyone, the President said,

"The problem before you is urgent . . . I firmly hope that every agency of Government, backed by the aroused support of its citizens, will meet its responsibilities fully in this field . . .

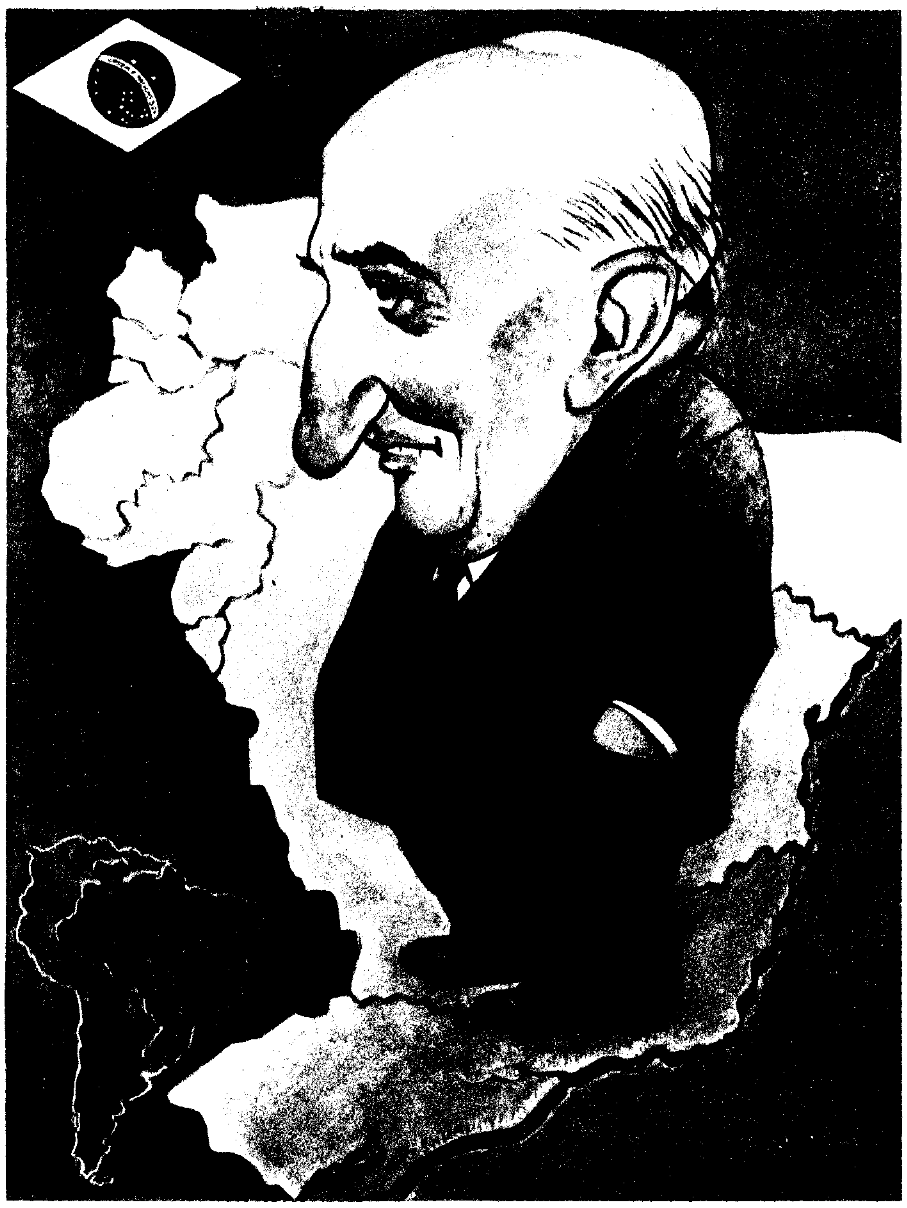
"I appeal also to every driver and pedestrian for cooperation in making our streets and highways safer. Give to this program your earnest and continuous support, individually and through organized effort. In that direction lies the promise of a safer and a happier America."

P.S.

Preventive Service for Motor Car Owners

Sponsored by Collier's

For Pleasant, Safe Driving



CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

UNITED NEIGHBORS

II: PEDRO LEAO VELLOSO OF BRAZIL

BRAZILIANS of the cow, cotton and coffee province of São Paulo are supposed to be combative, exuberant and impulsive. Pedro Leao Velloso is an exception. He's the Security Council's most passive, self-contained and deliberate member.

Velloso is easily identified by a magnificent baldness; his large head gleams like polished mahogany. Astride his pendulous nose he wears protective green sunglasses. Behind those glasses are the shrewd, alert eyes of a diplomat.

Born in the city of São Paulo in 1887, the son of a newspaper owner-editor, Velloso studied law, became a reporter and quit for diplomacy in 1910. He's been a professional diplomat since, but occasionally writes for Rio's biggest paper, Correio de Manha.

The longest single speech Velloso has made before the Council contained less than 25 words, spoken in support of a resolution of Secretary of State Byrnes last April during the Russia-Iran dispute.

"Some people live to talk," Velloso explains, "I talk to live."

As a diplomat, Velloso plays his cards close to his bulgy belt. His colleagues, and newspapermen who've known him for years, agree about his shrewdness.

One of his numerous assignments in the Brazilian diplomatic service, for instance, took him to Tokyo in 1935. He apparently learned more about the Japanese character than some of our own diplomats. At the San Francisco Conference, Velloso predicted they'd fold up at the first hard blow "like the submissive, servile people they are.

"And once you've beaten them," he warned almost prophetically, "watch out. They'll do their utmost to ingratiate themselves."

Both fellow diplomats and correspondents rate him a conservative rather than a liberal. It is known, for example, that at San Francisco, Velloso was one of the drafters of the memorandum committing the American republics to admission of Argentina to the U.N. although that country had not fulfilled the prerequisites for membership laid down at Chapultepec.

The memorandum, however, was also initialed by the late President of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt. There is, therefore, little room for criticism of Velloso's action, without chalking up also an error for American Western Hemisphere policy. Velloso has privately expressed his regret that Argentina was allowed to come into the United Nations.

Velloso has since opposed a U.N. break with Spain as recommended by a Security Council's subcommittee. He withdrew his objections when instructed by his government to do so. "Public opinion," he admits, "is against Franco and will eventually force him out."

Anti-Franco sentiment is particularly hot in Brazil where, since the forced retirement of Getulio Vargas last October, there's been a rebirth of democratic fervor. Vargas had dissolved all political parties in 1937, seven years after he came to power by a military coup. In May, 1945, he had to revoke his decree. Immediately some 30 parties sprang up.

In the elections last fall 9 of these managed to send at least one delegate to the new Assembly to frame a democratic constitution providing for full self-government. The winning *Partido Social Democratico* polled nearly 56 per cent of the votes and put President Dutra in power. The traditionally anti-Vargas *Uniao Democratica Nacional* of General Gomes won 35 per cent of the votes.

Velloso is a diplomatic hang-over from the Vargas regime (in which he served as Foreign Minister) but is responsible to an obviously democratically oriented Brazilian government. He has about another year to serve, after which he intends to retire with his handsome French wife to their apartment in Rio and their summer villa in Petropolis. The Vellosos have no children.

The Brazilians aren't newcomers to democracy. They've practiced it for centuries. They have no racial prejudices, and the mulatto or the full-blooded Negro has the same rights to a job, a table at a night club, or a seat on a train or bus as anyone else.

For nearly 300 years Brazil was the gold-rich and much-abused dependency of Portugal. In 1789 the patriot known as Tiradentes (the Toothpuller) because he was a part-time dentist, led a futile attempt to throw off Portuguese rule. He was betrayed, hanged, drawn and quartered.

Later, Brazil achieved a distinction unique in the history of the Western Hemisphere nations. It became the seat of the Portuguese Empire. Napoleon had declared war on Portugal, and the whole Portuguese court, including Regent Prince João and about 15,000 followers, escaped to Brazil.

The court immediately abolished all laws prohibiting the private development of industry and agriculture which had stirred Tiradentes' revolution. In 1815 the French were swept out of Portugal, and Brazil was declared a kingdom under the Portuguese monarch who ruled his home country from Rio. In 1820 the king returned to Portugal and left his son, Dom Pedro, as regent in Brazil. One day in September, 1822, Pedro received a batch of repressive decrees from his father. He tore them up and promptly declared Brazil to be a free and independent nation.

He crowned himself emperor, but Brazilians weren't satisfied to live under even a constitutional monarchy. Just as a new revolution was shaping up, Pedro's father died in Portugal. Pedro left Brazil under the regency of his son, Dom Pedro II, under whom the country enjoyed 50 years of peaceful internal development after he came of age in 1840.

Great areas were planted in coffee and cotton, railroads were built and the first experiments with wild rubber were made during Pedro II's reign. In 1876 the emperor went to Philadelphia for the Centennial Exhibition and met a young fellow named Alexander Graham Bell. Pedro helped to publicize Bell's invention and ordered hundreds of telephones for Brazil. He also bought a carload of sewing machines, another new invention then. Brazil has been commercially and politically linked to America ever since.

Another 50 years of peace might enable Brazil to realize the fullness of its economic and agricultural wealth. It needs a long period of peace to build the roads, railways and airways necessary for the development of its internal riches. Brazilians are keenly aware of the fact that only a successful United Nations organization can provide that peace—hence their wholehearted support of the U.N. FRANK GERVASI

Beauty on the Wing

Continued from page 15

also correspond with about 100 other collectors in America and practically every other nation."

Before the war the Moecks spent the summer months taking trailer trips of from 5,000 to 10,000 miles. He tries to add about 2,000 specimens to his collection each year.

Sometimes it takes several years to classify a summer's find—a job reserved for winter months.

The Moecks resort mostly to nets to catch specimens. But "sugaring" is another favorite method. This consists of smearing a solution of stale beer and molasses on a tree trunk. The butterflies get slightly intoxicated from the solution and then they can be caught with a pair of tweezers.

A white sheet over the lights of an automobile in the Cedarburg swamp at night is sure fire for some kinds of moths. And attracting males with females works, too.

"I once caught 160 males in six hours by putting two females in a cage in the swamp at night," he says. "They recognize each other by their antennae (tiny hairs branching out from either side of the head like a radio antenna). You can cover the eyes of a male with black paint and he'll find a female from a half to a mile away, but if a male's antennae are destroyed he won't find a female a foot away."

No Preparation Necessary

There is no preparation for preserving a moth or butterfly. You can simply stick a pin through its wings and put it in a cardboard box, or you can fold its wings and put it in an envelope. Moeck prefers to classify his specimens and put them in "Ricker mounts." These are cardboard boxes, padded with cotton batting and having glass covers. He usually mounts two of each kind—one showing the specimen's back and the other showing its underside.

Shelves of such mounts line the walls of the entire room. Once in awhile he sprinkles a few moth balls among the files.

When Moeck receives an old, brittle specimen—such as one from eastern Turkey which had been in an envelope since the 1870s—he puts it on a wet blotter, adds a drop of carbolic acid and covers it with a gadget similar to a cake cover. Twenty-four hours usually makes such specimens soft and pliable, but the Turkish one required four or five days.

The lepidopterist says common butterflies may be purchased for five or ten cents each. Some showy specimens bring much more. Frequently, at auctions held in London, prices for rare specimens reached several hundred dollars.

In his more than 20 years of collecting, a Polyphemus moth gave him one of his oddest experiences. It was still in the cocoon and Moeck showed it at a home show. He broke open the cocoon and thousands of persons examined the pupa. After the show he put it in a box on his desk.

Months later he heard a thumping sound in the box, took off the cover and out flew a newborn moth.

He got the biggest kick, however, out of an incident that took place in Mexico City. After weeks of collecting he parked his car in front of a theater. When he came out, the dozen or more cigar boxes—which held 5,000 new specimens—were missing from the back seat.

"That thief must have been a very surprised man when he opened those cigar boxes and found butterflies," he remarked, with a chuckle.

THE END

UTMOST RELIABILITY

AC
AC SPARK PLUGS

HOW TO GET THE MOST FROM
★ TODAY'S BETTER GASOLINE
★ INCREASED DRIVING
★ NORMAL DRIVING SPEEDS

If your spark plugs were changed to the *type* of plug which was necessary with "lower octane" fuel, restricted driving, and low speeds, it is time to change back to the factory recommended type,—or to a "cooler" type in the case of preignition or rapid electrode wear.

Today's AC Spark Plugs are built for today's gas, mileages, and driving. They give you quicker starting. They last longer and stay clean longer. And new AC's save up to 1 gallon of gas in every 10 you buy.

AC Spark Plugs have been original equipment on more than 2 of every 4 new cars, buses, and trucks built since 1932. With today's improvements, AC is more than ever the plug for *utmost reliability.*

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

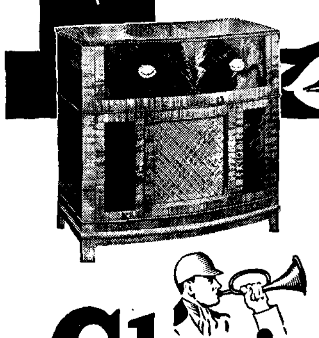
Look for this Sign

SPARK PLUGS CLEANED AND ADJUSTED "BY THE AC METHOD" SAVE AS MUCH GAS AS 1 GALLON IN 10.

SPARK PLUGS

LUXURIOUS

The MASTERPIECE AM-FM GRAND. A magnificent musical instrument. Double conversion superheterodyne circuit, with rectifier. Every post-war feature and advancement. See it at your Dealer's.



Clarion RADIO

AMERICA'S FIRST AUDIBEL RATED

FM AND TELEVISION

TAKE IT EASY!

DRINK Squirt

THE BIGGEST SELLING GRAPEFRUIT DRINK IN THE WORLD!

Copyright 1946, The Squirt Company 46-9

Falcon is Back Again!

Falcon No. 1 MINIATURE

INCLUDING CARRYING CASE $3.98 Tax Paid

Preserve those precious memories with a Falcon Camera! Tops for picture performance—sparkling, brilliant pictures. Tops for film economy—16 pictures on any standard 127 roll film. Supplied in several body designs.

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

Available Soon! On the way . . . other Falcon Cameras, priced up to $23.50.

FALCON CAMERA CO. Chicago 2, Ill.

The Week's Mail

Continued from page 8

DEAR EDITOR: I am glad to note that Collier's is throwing some of its great heft against the ineffable Ku Klux Klan, which is as un-American and undemocratic as a gang of Germany's Nazis. I am a Southerner, like my great-greats for a long way back, and I have no sympathy for the Ku Kluxers.
JAMES WELLS
New Orleans, La.

As a matter of fact, few Southerners disagree with Mr. Wells.

DEAR EDITOR: Congratulations on your editorial in the issue for May 25th on The "Social Equality" Bogy. The leaven is working. W. E. GOODE
Scotland Neck, N. C.

Excerpt from that editorial: "Let's just center our attack on the economic aspect of the race problem in this country. The solving of that part of the problem should almost automatically solve all the rest of it."

DEAR EDITOR: Burges Johnson's letter in The Week's Mail in the May 18th issue of Collier's is interesting. My poem, Prayer for a Child, which appeared in the Omaha World Herald last November was based essentially on the same theme:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."
A pretty thought, a lovely prayer,
But as you kneel beside my chair,
"If I should die," we shall forsake,
Instead, my heart bids you awake
To welcoming sun, sky melodies,
The first soft snow, and crystal trees,
To warmth of home, your mother's smile;
No fear or dread shall touch, defile
Your childish dreams. For you are blest
As stars and angels guard your rest.

MIRA MEACHAM VEST
Schuyler, Neb.

The prayer beginning: "Now I lay me down to sleep" was published anonymously under the title Prayer at Lying Down in The New England Primer in 1737. In some versions, "I pray Thee, Lord," is substituted for "I pray the Lord."

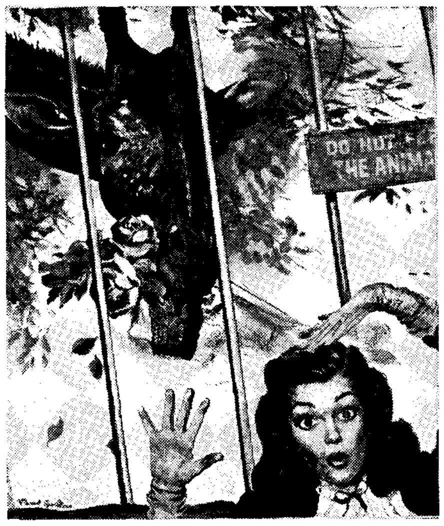
DEAR EDITOR: Isn't it about time for you to do something to counteract anti-Semitism? BEATRICE ALLISON
New York, N. Y.

Collier's started doing that when it was a baby—about fifty years ago.

DEAR EDITOR: Your cover picture of April 20th, by Frank Golden, brings to mind a story my mother told me. Grandfather took her and her sister to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, when they were teen-agers. They went to the zoo, and while there they saw a giraffe try to eat the plumes on a woman's hat. The beast got a good tooth hold and he wouldn't let go until the keeper made him.

Mother said it was awfully funny—like your cover. RUTH FRAZEE
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Here's the cover. Unlike the Philadelphia giraffe, Mr. Golden's got the hat.



DEAR EDITOR: Thanks a million to Greer Williams and Collier's for the wonderful write-up given Charles Baugh, "The Spastic." I, too, have a son, three years old, who is a spastic. I was told by all the doctors and hospitals here in St. Louis to put him away and forget him, but I found one very good and kind physiotherapist—a woman—who has done wonders for him.
MRS. M. BRYANT
Pine Lawn, Mo.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have a son who is a spastic, I can truly appreciate the article, I Am a Spastic, in your issue of May 18th. I have learned that there is hope for a majority of the children afflicted with cerebral palsy provided they are properly treated.

They will be so treated when the people of this country are sufficiently informed about the plight of thousands of children who can be made into useful members of society.
R. E. HEISLER
Glenwood Springs, Colo.

Collier's regrets that it is unable to publish all of the many letters it has received on this article.

DEAR EDITOR: In your Crime Goes Booming Along editorial, May 18th, you suggest maintaining and improving our social service organizations, and supervising juke joints and the like.

Brother, with angels supervising juke joints, and with all the improvements you could hang on organizations, you would fail to retard crime.

As long as we have badly raised "youth," we are going to have trouble. The way to handle Junior is to make him work and beat the tar out of him when he raises Cain.
S. W. ADAMS
Manchaca, Tex.

Junior disagrees with Mr. Adams' suggestion and we disagree with Junior. Personally, we think the suggestion is a good one.

In Dependence

Continued from page 16

She turned again to Mr. Gardiner. "Is there a lock on the bedroom door?"

The young man grinned. "I'll install one for you," he said. "A little chain job, guaranteed to keep me out." He was reaching for his wallet. "It's thirty-five apiece?" Mr. Gardiner nodded. The young man said, "You ought to pay more; you're getting the bedroom." He saw the explosion gathering on the girl's face. "But I'm willing to be generous," he conceded. "I'll pay half."

Mr. Gardiner looked doubtful. "I dunno," he said. "You look like nice people, but conventions is conventions."

The girl took a deep breath. "If I'm willing," she said slowly, "I don't see why you should be unhappy."

"Emergencies," said the young man, "require extraordinary measures. I'm compromising myself."

MR. GARDINER chewed on his cigar. "All right," he said finally. And then, as a sop to his conscience, "After all, it was a dead heat." He hauled a receipt book out of his pocket, and a stub pencil. He wrote carefully for a moment. "Names?" he asked.

"Elizabeth Hastings."

"John Hastings," said the young man. He blinked and looked at the girl. She was looking at him. "Well," said the young man weakly, "it is." He opened his wallet to prove it. "I'm from Connecticut," he said, in the manner of one explaining all.

"Oh," said Mr. Gardiner, satisfied. He finished the receipt and tore it out and accepted the money. He produced two keys and an inventory in duplicate. "The garage," he said, "is out back. It goes with the apartment. Number four." He left, closing the door carefully.

In the apartment, there was silence. "Well . . ." said the young man presently.

"Yes," said the girl.

There was more silence. "Elizabeth . . ." the young man began.

The girl said sharply, "Let's get that straight, right off. People call me Lib, and I suppose you might as well, too."

"Thank you," said the young man. "People call me Johnny."

"I'll call you John," said the girl without compromise. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I have other things to do." She started for the door.

"So have I," said Johnny. "I'm busy reconverting."

At the sidewalk, they parted. Lib went left, toward Western; Johnny right. Lib turned left again, on Western, and marched down to Hollywood Boulevard. There she paused and looked both ways and then turned left again, toward the sign that said Munson Motors. Halfway down the block she turned abruptly into the Boulevard Café, where she perched on a low chair at the counter and drank a cup of coffee and gathered together the shreds of her aplomb. The process took ten minutes. At the end of the time she marched out of the café and resumed her advance on Munson Motors.

THE car lot was almost empty. There were a few hulks squatting against the sidewalk and there was one coupé, reasonably shiny and with tires on which the traces of tread could still be seen, perched on a low platform like a diamond necklace in Tiffany's window. Lib eyed the hulks disdainfully. She marched over to the coupé and moved around it slowly. It seemed to be all there. She kicked a tire, as she had seen men do when they examine a car, and the tire was hard enough to hurt her toe. Satisfied, she opened a door and looked inside. The upholstery looked good. The speedometer said that the car had been driven five miles, which scarcely seemed likely. Lib turned to the tiny wood building on which the huge Munson Motors sign was mounted. She opened the door and stepped into the semidarkness. She saw, dimly, two men.

IT FILTERS THE SMOKE

Remarkably efficient crystal filters remove 77% to 80% of the nicotine and tars. Protects your nose and throat, your teeth, your health!

DE°NICOTEA CIGARETTE HOLDER

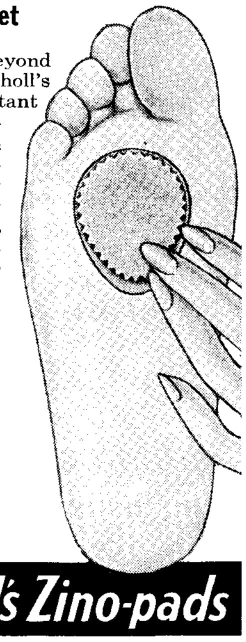
$2

With aluminum tip, cigarette ejector and ten extra crystals.

alfred dunhill
660 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK 19

PULVEX FLEA POWDER
DDT
now also contains
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Kills the fleas QUICKLY!
Keeps others off for days!
Still 25¢ and 50¢

SLUG SHOT
Banish Garden Insects
Protect plants from sucking and chewing insects, fungous diseases. At dealers or direct. "Garden Enemies" folder FREE!
Hammond Paint & Chemical Co.
726 Ferry St. BEACON, N. Y.


Callouses

Dr. Scholl's Quick, Soothing Relief For Painful Callouses, Burning, Tenderness On Bottom Of Feet

For quick relief beyond belief, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. The instant you protect the sensitive spot with these thin, downy-soft, wonderfully soothing, cushioning pads, pressure is lifted. Painful callouses, burning or tenderness are relieved at once. Separate *Medications* included in every box for speedily removing callouses. Cost but a trifle. Get a box today. Insist on Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores, Toiletry Counters.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

"That coupé on the stand," she said. "How much is it?"

A voice, which seemed faintly familiar, said, "It's eleven hundred and seventy-three dollars, plus sales tax, or, at least, that's the asking price."

"That's the final price," said a second voice grimly. "That's ceiling."

Lib's eyes were accustomed to the dimness. "You!" she said.

"I," said Johnny. "I told you I was reconverting."

The other man had a large, fat cigar tucked in the corner of his mouth. Lib wondered idly if everyone in Hollywood smoked cigars. The man said, "That car's in first-class, A-number-one condition. It's been on jacks for the last eighteen months and before that—"

Lib was impressed, but Johnny interrupted. "Before that," he said, "it was owned by an old maid who bought it new and then couldn't pass the test for a driver's license so she never used it. That's why the tread's worn off the tires."

Lib said nothing. The man with the cigar said, "You know all the answers, don't you, buddy?"

"I saw a car once before," said Johnny.

The man with the cigar said, "You two together?"

"Yes," said Johnny promptly.

The man looked disappointed. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "Since you're a veteran. Mind you, I wouldn't do it if you wasn't."

"This," said Johnny, "is going to be good."

"Okay," said the man, "okay. I'll let you have that car for ten-six bits. As is."

"Will you help us push it away, too?" Johnny asked.

"Okay, okay. I'll go outside and let you folks talk it over. You've seen for yourself what a clean job that car is. Not another like it in town. I'm taking a loss, but you bein' a veteran, I'm willing." He went out of the little house and let the screen door close behind him.

Lib said angrily, "Now will you please tell me why you said we were together? You think because we live in the same apartment—"

"Patience, woman," said Johnny. "If he thought we were separate, he'd play us one against the other. As it is, he has one sucker and we may get a deal."

"We may!" Lib's voice was low, but there was feeling in its tone. "And which one of us gets this wonderful deal?"

"You've got a point there."

"Besides," said Lib, "it's more than I want to pay. I don't think the car's worth that much."

Johnny nodded. "It isn't."

"Then why—"

"Because," said Johnny patiently, "I've looked at other places and I know that this's as good as you can find. And what's wrong with it, I can fix."

"Oh," said Lib. She did calculations in her mind. "I can't afford more than six hundred dollars," she said presently.

"For that," said Johnny, "if you're lucky, you'll get a secondhand motorcycle." He was silent for a time. Then he looked at Lib. "Suits me," he said. "We'll buy it together. You can have it Monday, Wednesday and Friday. I'll take it Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. We'll alternate on Sunday."

Lib thought of a motorcycle. She said doubtfully, "Can you really fix it if something goes wrong?"

Johnny grinned. "The mechanical or electrical thing I can't fix hasn't been invented yet. Besides," he added, "there's only one garage."

Lib felt that forces beyond her control were at work. "That's true," she said helplessly. She raised her head. "All right."

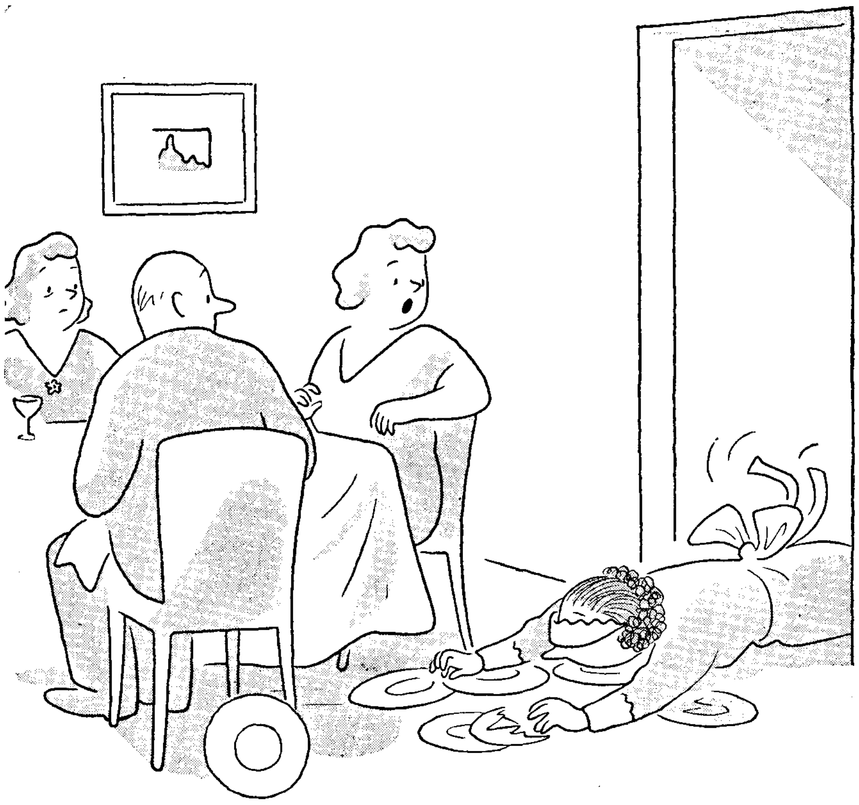
"We'll haggle," said Johnny. He opened the door and shouted for the man with the cigar.

THEY drove off in the car, which finally cost them one thousand and twenty-five dollars including sales tax. Johnny drove, Lib sat beside him quietly, doubtfully, listening to the snorts, coughs and rattles which came from beneath the hood. "New plugs," said Johnny, "carburetor adjustment, clean out the fuel line, maybe reset the tappets . . ."

"I'll take your word for it," said Lib. "You'd better be right."

They stopped at their respective hotels and collected their luggage. Johnny drove by the Union Station and got his tool box out of the baggage room. They returned to the apartment. Lib disappeared into the bedroom immediately. In two minutes she was out again. Johnny stood in the center of the living room, surrounded by his luggage, at which he looked helplessly. "There's one closet," said Lib. "And one dresser." She looked at Johnny with antagonism.

Johnny lifted his shoulders and let them fall. He raised his big hands. He


COLLIER'S "Lily, please! Those are our good dishes!" CHON DAY

MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM
"PLANTERS' PUNCH" BRAND
The Same Fine Rum in a Round Bottle

Present regulations prevent our obtaining supplies of the famous oval bottle which has been used continuously for three generations.

Regardless of the shape of the bottle, you may be assured that the rum is the same fine quality as always—the quality that upholds the slogan—

97 Proof

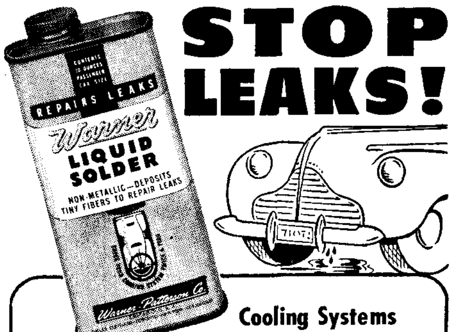
"The World's Best is Jamaica Rum
Jamaica's Best is Myers's Rum"

R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., Inc.
U. S. Distributors
57 Laight Street, New York 13, N. Y.

Now She Shops "Cash and Carry"
Without Painful Backache

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

COLLAR ANSON HOLDER
HOLDS COLLAR AT NATURAL COLLAR ANGLE
At Jewelry Counters Everywhere
ANSON PRODUCTS, 24 BAKER ST., PROVIDENCE 5, R. I.


STOP LEAKS!
Cooling Systems Made Leak-Proof QUICKLY
WARNER LIQUID SOLDER—Non-Metallic—Deposits Tiny Fibers to Repair Leaks Anywhere in Cooling Systems. Simply pour in! Finds and REPAIRS every crack or hole. Do it yourself—or see your service man.
WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
920 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO 5

[SEIBERLING INTERRUPTS ITS COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING PROGRAM TO BRING YOU THIS MESSAGE OF WARNING]

To Kill or not to Kill!

GO SLOW THIS SUMMER . . .
MILLIONS OF TIRES CAN'T STAND THE HEAT!

ALREADY the highway death rate is 49% ABOVE last year!

WHY?

Because lack of parts and lack of service have made millions of cars more liable to unexpected failure at critical moments of stress. And because 6 to 10 year-old cars just can't stand up under prewar speeds and driving habits.

A New Hazard This Summer!

But now, this summer, there is an *additional* hazard—a hazard so serious that you cannot ignore it if you value your life!

That hazard is HEAT . . . *heat within your tires.*

Friction-heat is generated inside of every tire as it rolls over the road. The faster you drive, the more heat you generate. In hot weather the heat within your tires can shoot above the boiling point!

Tire Enemy Number One!

IF your tires are prewar natural rubber tires, excessive age has weakened them—THEY CAN'T STAND THE HEAT!

IF your tires are early-day synthetics, and do not include recent improvements—THEY CAN'T STAND THE HEAT!

IF your tires, regardless of age or type, are cut or bruised—THEY CAN'T STAND THE HEAT!

Even if *your* tires are in perfect condition, the car speeding towards you may go out of control because *its* tires CAN'T STAND THE HEAT!

More people will be killed and maimed on our highways this summer than at any time in the history of motoring —UNLESS *YOU* RECOGNIZE THIS DANGER AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

You Are Not Immune!

You and your family are not immune—and you *can* do something about it.

You can DRIVE SLOWLY! Not over 50, and not *even* 50 for any distance. Speed generates heat.

You can MAKE SURE that your steering mechanism, brakes, lights and windshield wiper are in good mechanical condition.

You can KEEP YOUR TIRES INFLATED to the proper pressure. Soft tires flex more and build up more heat than properly inflated tires.

You can conserve YOUR TIRES BY FREQUENT INSPECTIONS. Tires will still be as scarce as at any time during the war.

You CAN KEEP your car under control always. That's the only way to avoid serious trouble if either *your* tires or the *other fellow's* suddenly fail.

Drive as though your life depended upon it. **It Does!**

JF Seiberling

President
Seiberling Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

[PUBLISHED BY SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY IN THE INTEREST OF A SAFER AMERICA]

arched his eyebrows. "The bedroom's yours," he said finally. "We agreed to that." He looked at the luggage.

Wheels, Lib thought, within wheels. You threw a rock into a pool and you never knew where you would find a ripple. "We're in here," she said, "and we're going to have to make the best of it." Johnny was watching her. "We'll have to share everything," she said. "There's no other way to make it fair." She glared at the grin in Johnny's eyes. "Everything," she said tartly, "except the bed."

"That," said Johnny, "goes without saying."

"But I'm saying it," said Lib, "just to make it clear."

SO THE north half of the closet was hung with suits and coats and odd trousers, and the south half held dresses and skirts and blouses and robes, and on the floor size-twelve brogues rested side by side with size-five-and-a-half pumps. In the dresser—two small top drawers and four full-size—Johnny got the left-hand top drawer and the second and fourth below. He eyed the completed arrangement. "Cozy," he said. "Very cozy."

Lib only glared, but the sight of the closet, when she went into it later, was vaguely disturbing. . . .

Johnny changed his clothes in the bathroom. He emerged in khaki coveralls. He hung his discarded clothes neatly in the north half of the closet and gathered up his tool kit and went out of the back door and down to the car. The sounds of his tinkering drifted gently through the windows.

Lib got out sheets and pillow cases and blankets. She made her bed and carried bedding into the living room and stored it in the space beneath the studio couch. She put out towels and face cloths, mentally assigning racks. Finally she got her purse and went down to the corner where she found grocery store and drugstore open. She made purchases, keeping careful account, and, in three trips, lugged home her loot. She lined drawers and cupboards and checked the inventory and put away her purchases.

She went to the window, at last, and thrust her head out into the twilight. "John," she said sternly, "are you finished?"

Johnny was wiping his hands on a ball of waste. "All done," he said. "Listen." He slid into the car and started the engine and let it idle. It ran like a chronometer. He gunned it. The sound was a loudening purr. He switched off the engine and slid out of the car.

Despite herself, Lib was smiling. "It sounds grand," she said happily. Johnny nodded, grinning.

Johnny put away his tools and closed the garage. He came into the kitchen. There was a bar of mechanic's soap on the sink, and a towel. Lib indicated them. She was at the refrigerator. "You wash in here," she said. "I have the bathroom all cleaned up."

"Yes'm," said Johnny, grinning. He peered over her shoulder and saw the food neatly arranged in the refrigerator. "There wouldn't be any beer in there, would there?" he asked.

"No beer," said Lib sternly. And then she relented. "I can mix you a highball if you'd like one."

"Magnificent," said Johnny.

"For fixing the car so well," said Lib.

Johnny nodded gravely. "For fixing the car, of course. And will you have one? For doing the marketing?"

"No," said Lib. "Yes."

They sat in the living room, in the twilight. Lib tuned in music on the radio and they sat quietly, listening, sipping their drinks. It was pleasant, Lib thought guiltily, pleasanter than it had any right to be. And then Johnny had to spoil it.

"Living in sin," he said, "has its compensations."

Lib switched off the radio and stood up. "I'll take the car," she said, "Since you have it tomorrow. I'm going to dinner." She had not meant to leave the apartment. But independence must be demonstrated; assertion alone is not sufficient. "Well?" she demanded.

"Sure," said Johnny. He was thinking of the food in the refrigerator. "Have at it."

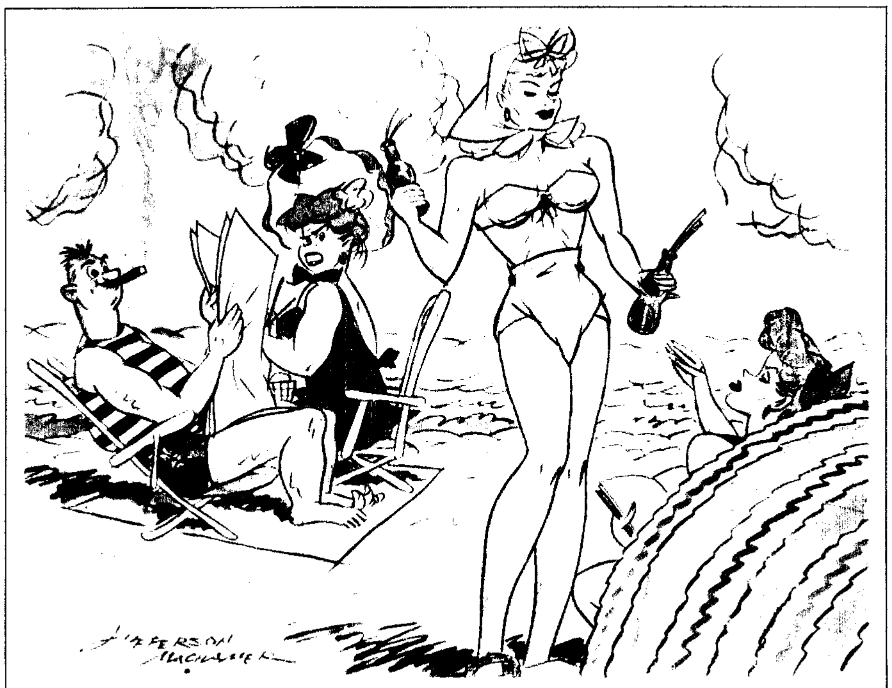
He sipped his drink and watched her march into the bedroom and shut the door behind her.

He was still in his chair, still motionless, when she came out of the bedroom, swathed in a robe, and marched defiantly into the bathroom. He even politely averted his eyes. Nor had he moved when Lib, bathed and dressed, came at last into the living room. Somehow, his immobility angered her. "Do you intend to sit there all night?"

"I might," said Johnny affably.

Lib bit her lower lip. "I'm sorry," she said. "Of course, it's none of my business." Johnny said nothing. "Your bedding is under the studio couch," Lib said. "Good night."

"Tomorrow," said Johnny, "I'll get a lock for your door. You'll have to chance it tonight."



"It shouldn't take you so much time, dear, to stare at so little swim suit!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Thank you," Lib said tartly.

"Have a good dinner," said Johnny. "And be careful of our car."

Lib slammed the kitchen door. . . .

The apartment was dark when Lib returned after sating her independence on a poor dinner and two uninteresting pictures. She let herself in through the kitchen. There was no sound. She ran her hand along the sink, searching for dirty dishes. There were none. She went into the living room.

From the studio couch, Johnny asked, "Make out all right? I was a little worried." He paused for a moment. "You shouldn't go charging around this town at this time of night alone."

Lib's independence threw off its lethargy. "May I ask what business it is of yours?" she demanded.

There was another pause. Then, "I own half the car," said Johnny. "Something might happen to my half."

"Oh!" said Lib. She stamped her foot.

"Neighbors," said Johnny. "What'll they think?"

Lib fled to the bedroom and slammed the door.

She slept well that night, unmindful of the lockless door, disturbed only by her dreams which dealt with threatening, formless shapes and with a gangly young man who pursued the shapes, waving a kit of mechanic's tools. She awakened late, collected her wits and lay quietly, listening. There was no sound.

She slid out of bed and donned robe and slippers and opened her door. The studio couch was restored to its daytime neatness, and over the chair by the bedroom door, hung pajamas and a robe. Emboldened, she marched into the living room and to the kitchen.

"Good morning," Johnny said affably. He was sitting at the kitchen table, drinking coffee and studying the paper. "I hope I didn't disturb you."

Lib gathered her robe haughtily. He was shaved and dressed and his eyes were bright. She was suddenly conscious of her own hair and of the sleep that must still be in her eyes. "I thought you had gone," she said.

"Just ignore me," said Johnny. "Just pretend I'm not here." He gestured. "There's coffee on the stove and I squeezed some orange juice. Yours is in the refrigerator." He was eying her blandly. "You know," he said with a certain amount of awe, "you're pretty, even when you wake up."

Such things must be nipped in the bud. "Now see here . . ." Lib began.

Johnny waved his hand. "Just spoken in passing," he said. He gestured again toward the stove and refrigerator. "Fruit juice and coffee."

Lib glared at him for a moment longer. "Thank you," she said finally. She got the fruit juice and poured herself a cup of coffee and took them both to the bedroom. When she emerged, dressed, Johnny was still poring over the paper.

"Don't know where I can rent a store property, do you?" he asked.

"I'm looking," said Lib shortly.

Johnny's eyebrows rose. "For what?" he asked.

"A store property to rent," said Lib calmly. "I'm going to open a lamp shade shop. I'll design the shades and make them myself."

"I," said Johnny, "am going to open an electrical shop. Fixtures and repair."

"At least," said Lib, "we're not going into the same business."

"Amen," said Johnny. He folded the paper and rose. "There's nothing in here. I'll just have to cruise and look." He looked at Lib. "Want to come with me?"

"No," said Lib.

"Suit yourself," said Johnny. "It's my day for the car."

Lib stopped on her way to the sink. "So it is," she said. "I'll come with you," she decided. "If I may."

"Delighted," said Johnny.

They found one, of course. It was on Sunset, short of the Strip but close enough, as Lib pointed out, to attract a proper clientele. It was a large store and the rent was exorbitant. They inspected it with care and each of them with longing. It was the agent who made the suggestion. "It's large enough for two businesses such as you have in mind," he said. "And their proximity would be of mutual advantage." It was the first time that either Johnny or Lib had seen a connection between electrical fixtures and repairs, and lamp shades. "The owner, I am sure," said the agent, "will be glad to set up a partition and one more door and make two stores of the space."

Lib thought again of the ripples in the pool, of the wheels turning within wheels. She said doubtfully, "I don't know." She looked at Johnny. He, too, was looking doubtful. "The location is ideal," Lib said, thoughtfully. "And there's no question but that we could send each other business."

"It would be convenient, too," said Johnny. "Driving to work, I mean."

"Let's do it," said Lib suddenly.

"We might as well," he said.

For the balance of the day they charged about the town like wild things. They saw the owner, who was agreeable, and they talked with the contractor who would perform the work. They found a sign painter and discussed their needs with him. Then they separated, to go to their wholesale districts, and buried themselves in detail. . . .

At three o'clock, gray clouds pushed themselves up over the mountains and swooped down on metropolitan Los Angeles. At three-fifteen it was raining hard, and Lib, plodding from wholesaler to wholesaler, squared her slim shoulders and set her square little jaw and fought down the wish that she had accepted Johnny's offer of the car. "I can hop around just as well without it," he had said. "You'll find it handy."

And Lib's independence, revived after a night's sleep, had risen in its wrath. "We made a bargain," she said tartly. "We'll stick to it."

"Suit yourself," said Johnny. "The paper said rain. You'll be sorry."

It did and Lib was. For the rest of the afternoon she sloshed through the streets and sidewalks and at six o'clock, when she crowded onto a streetcar, she was wet clear through and colder than a person has a right to be in California.

JOHNNY was in the living room, in the big chair with a highball at his elbow when Lib sloshed in through the front door. She stood for a moment, dripping quietly onto the carpet, waiting for him to gloat. He said, instead, "You'd better get out of those clothes and into a hot bath. I'll fix you a toddy."

Lib pulled a few strands of sodden hair out of her eyes. "I can take care of myself," she said. "I don't need any help."

She marched, dripping like a seal, into the bedroom and shut the door firmly behind her. Something jangled. She looked. It was a chain lock, neatly installed. Strangely, the sight of it infuriated her. Savagely, she jammed it shut and plumped herself, with an audible squish, onto the dressing stool. She shucked off one shoe and then the other, letting them fall. More than anything else, she wanted a hot bath and a hot drink, but that old devil, independence, waved his hands in horror at the thought. She stood up and peeled off her clothes and let them drop in a soggy heap. She got her pajamas out of the closet and put them on. She saw Johnny's pajamas and robe hanging neatly on the northernmost hook. She grabbed them and went to the door and undid the lock and opened the door.

"Here," she said. She threw the pajamas and robe out into the living room and closed the door again, forgetting the lock. She turned out the light and went over to the bed and pried it apart and climbed in, shivering. From the living room, there was no sound. She went off into a fitful, exhausted sleep in which night shadows and night sounds and night chill combined with vague dreams and horrors to make the night hideous.

Morning came at last, as morning will. Lib heard the sounds of the shower and then a sustained off-key humming, presumably while Johnny shaved. She lay quietly on her back staring at the ceiling and aching. The humming stopped and she heard Johnny's footsteps in the little hall and then silence. Once there was the clank of something dropping in the kitchen; it sounded like the top of the coffeepot, and the thought filled Lib with desperate longing. She tried to throw back the covers and then gave it up and lay quiet, shivering.

It was about fifty minutes later—it seemed like hours—that she heard Johnny's footsteps in the hall again. And then a knock on her door. "Lib," he said gently. "Lib."

Lib opened her mouth and worked her throat, but no sound came forth. She took a breath and tried it again and the result amazed her. "Whadisit?" she heard herself say.

There was silence. She could almost hear Johnny thinking. She took another deep breath. "Go away!" she managed. "Leabe be alode!"

More silence. Then Johnny's footsteps going out to the living room, and the sound of the front door closing.

Lib lay quietly, still staring at the ceiling, still aching and shivering. And then she wept, silently, in fierce independence.

IT WAS a long, long time. Dimly, Lib heard the front door open and close again. Then footsteps in the hall and the sound of water running in the bathroom. It ran merrily for a time and then stopped. Johnny's fist beat on the door. "Lib!" he said sharply. "Unlock this thing!"

Lib raised her head and then let it drop again. "Id isn'd locked," she said. Then, "Go away! Leabe be alode!"

But Johnny was in the room. He glared at her. "At least," he said, "you had sense enough for that." He paused for a moment, still glaring. "There's a hot bath drawn. Get into it."

"I wo'd!" Lib said.

Johnny's eyes narrowed. "You'll get into that bath if I have to put you there and bathe you myself," he said. He stepped over to the bed and grabbed the covers, threw them aside. "Get out."

Lib's eyes were blazing. She opened her mouth and worked her throat, but only an angry croak came out.

Johnny grabbed her shoulders. He gave a heave of astonishing force. Lib found herself standing on the floor. The floor rocked. Johnny held her. Half pushing and half carrying, he propelled her into the bathroom. She looked down at the steaming water. "If I don't hear you in that in about thirty seconds," Johnny said, "I'm coming in and put you there." He left her and went out of the bathroom and closed the door.

Lib looked down at the water. It steamed invitingly. She fumbled with her pajamas and got them off and let them drop to the floor. She climbed into the tub and slid down into its gracious warmth. She heard Johnny at the door again. "I'b id!" she croaked. "Ged oud!"

"Shut up!" said Johnny, opening the door just wide enough to toss in a fresh pair of her pajamas. "Stay in there till I tell you to get out, and then put these on. And none of your damned stubbornness," he added.

It was another long time. The water was hot and Lib began to steam and the perspiration flowed out of her forehead and her cheeks and rolled down her face. She thought of getting out, and then rejected the idea as unsound. She lay quiet in the tub until Johnny beat on the door.

"Get out now," he said. "And dry yourself well." She heard him go into the bedroom. She made no move. He was back in a moment, turning the doorknob. "You out yet?" he demanded.

Lib gave up. "Yes," she said. "I'b getting oud." She hoisted herself up and climbed out of the tub and grabbed a towel and began to dry herself.

Johnny was back again in about three minutes. "You decent?"

"I'b comig," said Lib. She buttoned the last button and staggered to the door. It opened. Johnny looked at her grimly. He put one arm around her back and the other beneath her knees and he lifted her and carried her carefully into the bedroom.

The bed was neatly made and turned back. Two more blankets had been added, and an extra pillow. Johnny put her, sitting, on the edge of the bed. He slipped her arms through her robe and pushed her back against the pillows, lifted her legs into the bed and covered her up. She felt soft warmth against her feet and then she saw the electric cord leading to the bed lamp. She touched it and looked at Johnny. "I went out and bought it," he said. "I had to walk because this is your day for the damned car. That's why I took so long. Here, drink this." He shoved a steaming glass at her. It smelled of spices and lemon and strong waters. Lib sipped gingerly and warmth began to spread inside of her, soothing the aches.

JOHNNY strode into the bathroom. She heard him draining the tub and sloshing it. Then he was back. He sat on the dressing stool and faced her.

"I called the painter and the contractor," he said. "I told them I couldn't be out." He glared at her. "Because it's your day for the damn' car, and you can't drive." He let that sink in. He gestured at the door. Lib followed his hand. "I took that lock off," Johnny said. "The next time, you'd remember to lock it and then we'd be in a hell of a fix. I'd have to take the door off its hinges." He continued his glare. "Well?" he demanded.

Lib croaked meaninglessly. There was logic in what he said.

Johnny glared even harder. "That thrice-damned studio couch has at least five loose springs," he said. "For two nights, now, they've been springing at me. I'm bruised all over."

Lib sipped her toddy. Somehow, what was coming didn't seem repugnant. She waited, in quiet independence.

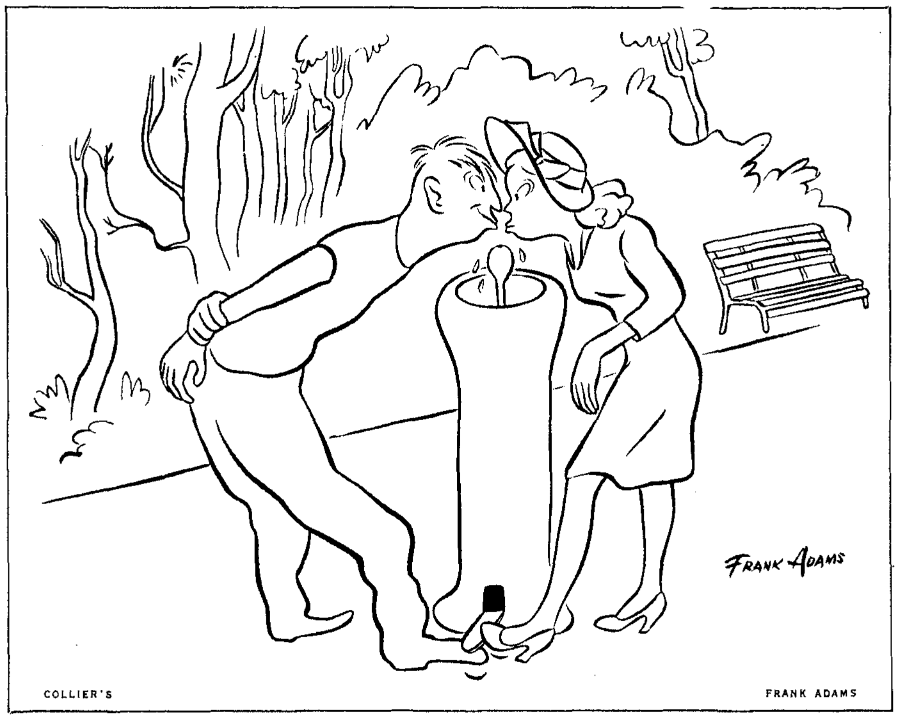
Johnny held up his hand, fingers spread. "We share a name," he said. He ticked his forefinger. "We share an apartment." Second finger. "We share a car." Third finger. "We share a business property." Fourth finger. He paused there, bogged down in his own logic. "You're a hell of a sight," he said, grinning. "Your eyes are swollen and your nose is red and your hair looks like a rat's nest."

Independence, thought Lib. Freedom of choice. One never knew where the ripples would end, or when another wheel would appear, turning briskly inside the whole mess. She wriggled her toes against the gracious warmth of the heating pad.

"And another thing," said Johnny. "It was cold last night and this apartment has only four blankets. That isn't enough for two beds." He paused. "We ought to get married. . . ." he said reflectively.

Lib lowered her toddy glass. There was a lot in what he said. "You've dalked be ido id," she said.

THE END



Rooms Without Walls

Continued from page 22

don't expect to be any Einstein," he went on, seeing her smile suddenly, "but I do ask to know what's going on around me and inside me—to be able to evaluate my own reactions."

She did not answer him but there was a faraway look in her eyes as though she were remembering something, as though his words formed in her mind a familiar pattern, carrying her back to other talks, talks that had gone on late into the night, in lobbies of hotels, in hallways, in jeeps, in air-raid shelters back in London.

HE PAUSED and glanced over at her, almost apologetically. "You saw what happened tonight. I met you and hadn't the slightest idea that you weren't the happiest girl in the world."

"Maybe," she said, "maybe you're expecting people to fall into a pattern. But they don't. You have to know someone a long time to be able to fit all their pieces together, and there's no one who can walk through a street and get more than just a quick flash of a passer-by. It may be a very telling flash, but it's still just a flash."

"How about you?" he asked. "Did you know your flier—I mean—really know him?"

She paused. "Not completely," she said. "But I was beginning to."

He put out his hand and turned up her face. "You're very sweet and very lovely," he said slowly. "I wish I could help you."

She stood quite still, then she turned away. He saw her face silhouetted against the riverbank.

"Maybe you can," she said softly.

"How?"

"Would you kiss me?"

"Kiss you!"

"I know," she said sharply. "But he's gone now. And I'm not. I'm here."

"Of course," he said softly. "Of course you are."

"Well—maybe—" she hesitated, "maybe—if you kissed me . . ."

She broke off and looked at him and her eyes were steady. "Does this sound very funny?"

No, he thought, not very funny. And suddenly he realized how important the moment was for her. It must have taken a lot of courage to get thinking as straight as this.

They stood there and for a moment an embarrassment came between them. Then he put out his hand and stroked her hair. Suddenly he was very close to her.

"You mustn't cry any more," he said. "Promise me?"

He put his arm around her and then he bent down and kissed her.

THEY stayed like that, he, feeling the freshness of her lips, her nose cold against his cheek. He held her very tenderly, then he took his lips away and kissed her neck. She put up her hand and touched the side of his face.

"There," he whispered. "There."

His lips came back to hers and they stood alone and the river passed them by. . . .

Suddenly she drew back and turned so that her face was away from him.

"What's the matter?" he began. "What . . ."

He turned her gently by the shoulders until she faced him again. Her eyes were closed, and suddenly he saw her start to smile. For a moment that helpless sense of not knowing what was going on around him, not understanding anything about anyone swept over him again and left him feeling cut off and alone. . . .

He started to turn away, but then he saw her take a deep breath as if it were for the first time she had actually smelled the smell of the river and the smell of the cold night. She bent down and picked up a piece of grass and rubbed it across her cheek. And then she looked up into the sky and opened her eyes wide so that she was actually seeing the night and the stars and the moon.

"I've done it," she said quietly. "There's been all this time when I couldn't bear even to let myself know another man, but now I've done it. I've kissed someone else, and it's been all right." She was really smiling now.

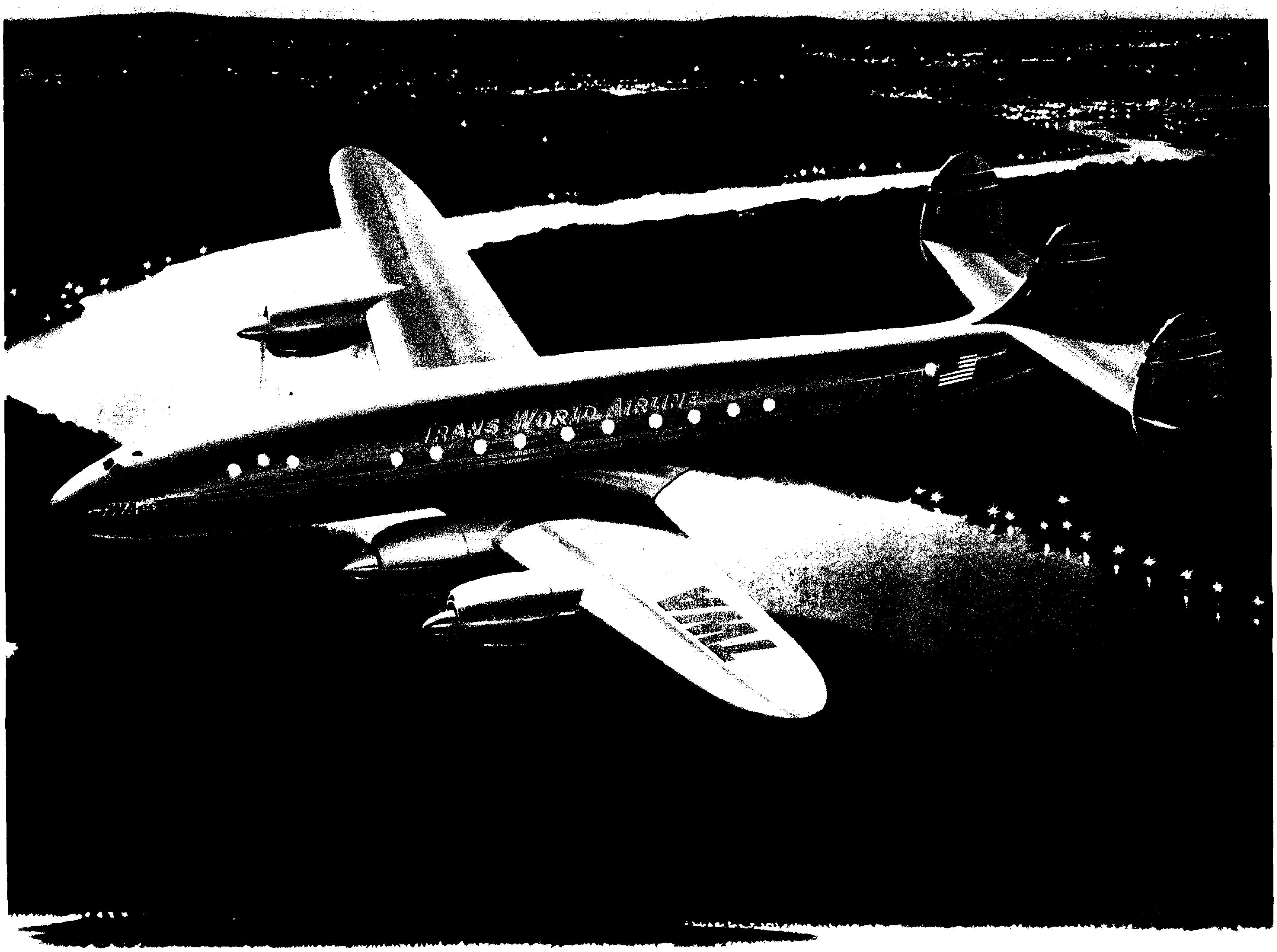
For a moment he didn't move. Then as if all his growing up were crowded into one single instant he understood what had happened.

"Thank you, Mr. Lieutenant," she said after a pause. "Thank you very much."

"Thank *you*," he said finally. "Thank you very much."

He took her arm and they stood there, by the river, suddenly coming to life.

THE END



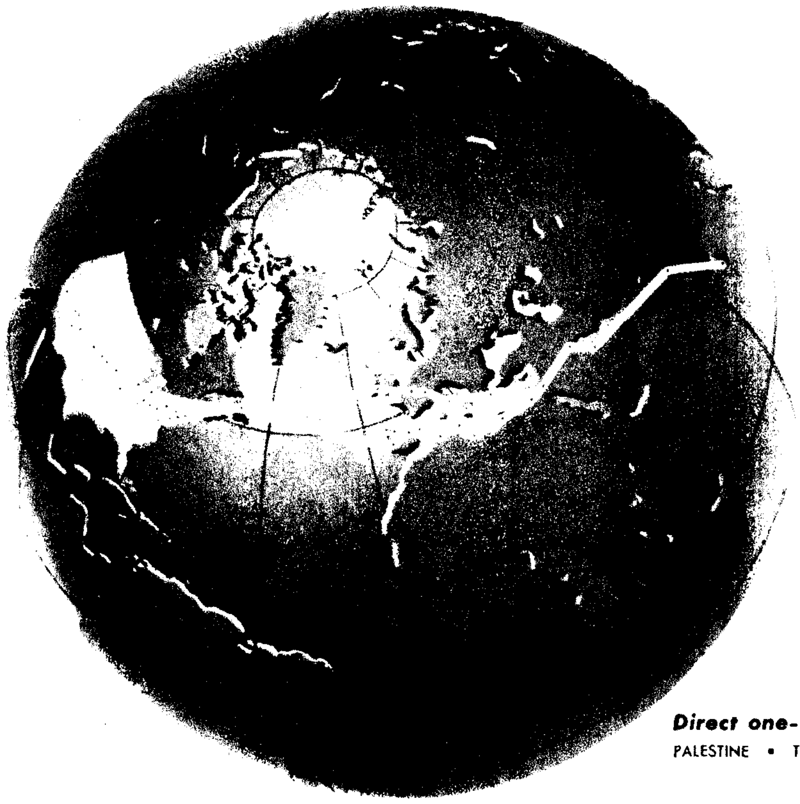
RESTFUL AS THE EVENING HOUR

Gliding homeward through the dusk, you sense that your journey has been twice blest. Your TWA Constellation has carried you with speed unequaled on any other airline in the world — with the all-altitude comfort and smoothness of pressurized cabins — and in the finest of airborne luxury. And your TWA crew, through skillful piloting and lively interest in your well-being has made a pleasantly exciting experience out of what could have been a dull and tiring trip. Small wonder you tell yourself, "Flying is the way to travel — and TWA is the way to fly."

TWA

TRANS WORLD AIRLINE

Direct one-carrier service to NEWFOUNDLAND • IRELAND • FRANCE • SWITZERLAND • ITALY • GREECE • EGYPT
PALESTINE • TRANS-JORDAN • IRAQ • SAUDI ARABIA • OMAN • INDIA • PORTUGAL • SPAIN • ALGERIA • TUNISIA • LIBYA



MONDSTREET, RALPH

BY MORT FRIEDLANDER

In his few weeks of freedom he wanted to look at the past, to add up the events and understand the sum. He had to work quickly: A murderer hasn't much time—

AS REQUESTED by the Department, here are the remaining facts connected with Mondstreet, Ralph, based on the following: Walter Lawrence, Miss Ellen Fremd, Louis Ledger and Michael Sanafini, all New York City; Mortimer Sensor, Union Pacific Railroad (Atchison Division); Joseph Ball, Brereton, Kansas; Professor Paul Moulet, Custer, Colorado; Mrs. Henry Whitman and Frank Litchfield, Pioneer, South Dakota.

My expenses, coming to $260.15, attached.

Mondstreet worked for Maxwell & Maxwell, Inc., New York City, a construction company, since 1927. Walter Lawrence, his boss, claims he was very dependable and received $7.000. He was due to be promoted to assistant chief engineer in June.

In regard to personal character, he was quiet and a neat dresser. At his house was half a fifth of rye but he didn't drink much. He read a lot and had books there by Henry James, Marcel Proust, Rudyard Kipling, Henrik Ibsen, Richard Hakluyt, Thomas Mann, Plato and Karl Marx. On account of the last I inquired but he was all right.

On the night concerned, May 2d, Mondstreet was with Miss Ellen Fremd at her apartment from around 7:45. Previous to that they ate supper at the Rome Gardens Restaurant, including two Martinis apiece. Miss Fremd's place consists of one room with a bathroom, and the bed is fixed up like a couch when not in use. They conversed until 8:00 o'clock news after which they listened to some records on the phonograph. Then she started to sew and he to read. They were still at it when his wife phoned at 11:15.

Miss Fremd was also employed by Maxwell & Maxwell as secretary of Stanley Stagg, the president. Before that she was with Kantor Brothers. Mondstreet and she insist nothing was between them at all except they liked and respected each other. However, there was a book of poems in her drawer that said: To dear Ellen with more than friendship—R. M. Miss Fremd is a serious type with glasses, no make-up and very little attention to her appearance. Her age she gives as thirty-five, which is correct. She is not being held and expects to move to California.

When Mondstreet's wife phoned that night, Miss Fremd answered. She claims Mrs. Mondstreet didn't say who it was or anything but just asked for him. Miss Fremd replied it must be a wrong number since nobody lived there by that name. At this Mrs. Mondstreet got abusive and said her husband better come right home because Jimmy had an accident. Jimmy is Mondstreet's kid, three years of age.

NEITHER Miss Fremd nor Mondstreet knew how his wife located him. They agreed he better grab a taxi home. At his place he found Mrs. Mondstreet waiting, dressed in pajamas like she was when found. He inquired right away about the kid and she told him there was no accident in the first place. Jimmy was at her sister's. After that, he says, she did all the talking, with him not speaking a word.

First, she described what she thought about Miss Fremd, which was plenty. She also said Mondstreet made her sick to her stomach, and no female, except one like that, could think of him in terms of a man. She stated while she was finished with him for good she would make him sorry yet, including going down to Maxwell & Maxwell the next morning to tell everybody what was going on. All this, as near as he can figure, took about twenty minutes and his wife was very wrought up.

Mondstreet went in the bedroom finally but she was right behind him so he grabbed a blanket and returned to the living room. She followed him there also, however, still talking. Finally she departed to the kitchen and he put the light out and lay down on the couch. The next thing, she was coming at him with a teakettle of hot water. He says he don't recall much after that except when he took it away she bit his shoulder which made him lose his head. When he came to she was laying there with a dent in her head from the edge of the fireplace. It looks like she was pushed, maybe, and tripped over the rug.

Mrs. Mondstreet was very different from Miss Fremd in looks and everything. Beside being very high-spirited she was a regular cover girl. There was plenty of clothes in her closet and souvenirs from night clubs where Mondstreet said he took her. As far as we could find she didn't play around. They met five years ago skiing and got married after three months.

He claims they weren't suited at all since her main interest was going places to do things. Every time he tried to convince her otherwise she would reply you were only young once. Mondstreet's opinion is she could never be satisfied because you have to have something more than just pleasure. Things like reading,

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

music and companionship were the most important to him, he stated, but ever since their marriage she hardly gave him a minute's peace to think about them. As a result, the way he puts it, his whole attitude began to get mixed up and he started to hate everything which made him feel bad. This was especially the case after the kid came and it looked as if he was stuck for good.

That was how it was finally when Miss Fremd came to work at Maxwell & Maxwell last August. He says they were attracted from the start, probably on account of both being lonesome. They had lunch a couple of times and talked. Then he invited her to supper one night and phoned his wife he had to work.

Miss Fremd says he explained to her his situation very frankly. Though it was against her principles, she accepted the circumstances because of liking him and admiring his character. Pretty soon it got so they had supper together once every week after which they would go back and spend the evening at her apartment reading or talking or listening to music. He would always leave at 11:30 the latest. Miss Fremd admits these times meant a lot to her and to him, also, she thinks, since they both seemed to find something in the other they needed. Partly it was a sense of deep peacefulness and somebody to share it with, she says.

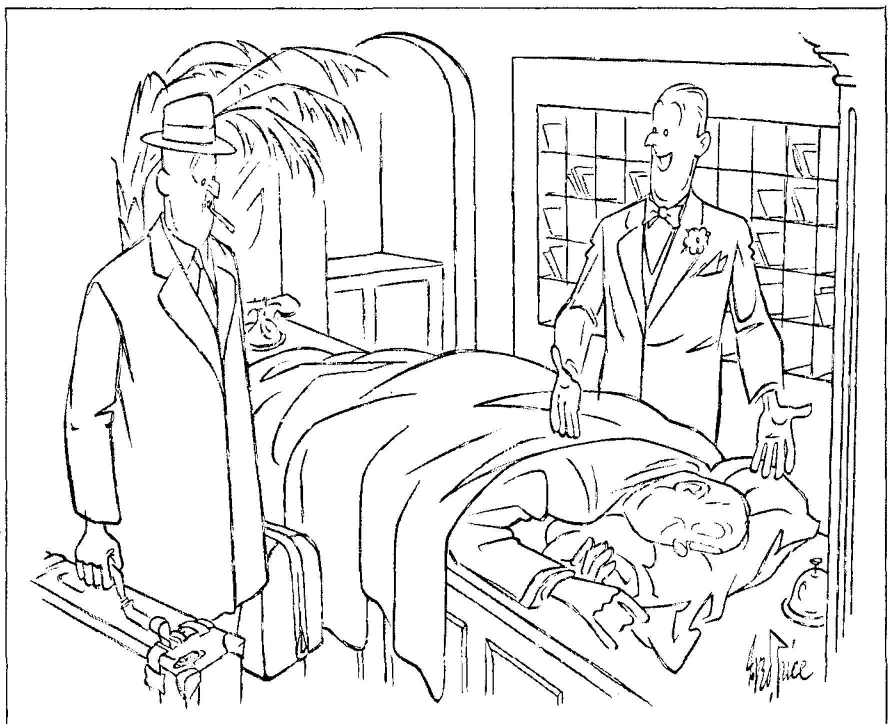
According to Mondstreet, Miss Fremd is a person with very fine qualities. He gets kind of poetic on the subject and says life flows in her like a clear stream and that she is kind and gentle. Through her he began to see things again like he used to. She wouldn't ever let him do anything like give her presents, except for the book. It was just they liked to be together and he owes her a lot. If you ask me, it was something more than just friendship between them. We never found how his wife knew where he was. She might have trailed them from the office and phoned after. That would account for her leaving Jimmy with her sister before supper.

AT THE apartment when Mondstreet saw his wife was dead he didn't feel anything special, he admits. First he was going to call the Precinct right away. He picked up the phone, even. Then he had a thought and put the receiver back. As he explained after, it was like this. The last five years his wife had got him all balled up so he hated everybody, including himself.

Then he met Miss Fremd and started to get straightened out. Then this happened and smashed everything; so again he didn't know where he stood but it seemed more important than ever to find out. There wasn't much time but he thought maybe he'd discovered a way. After dressing he went out and spoke in the elevator going down with the night operator, Louis Ledger. Ledger says he seemed okay, not nervous or anything.

He went direct to the Acacia Bar around the block from his house. The proprietor, Michael Sanafini, thinks it was close to 12:20. There were four or five other customers at the time, including a sailor and a girl who was lit. Mondstreet had two bourbons with water, taking his time. Sanafini says the only thing struck him was how he kept looking around so interested in the place like he never had been there before. He left at 12:45 and Sanafini is positive he wasn't tight.

The next check we got is from Mortimer Sensor, conductor on the Union Pacific Chieftain and previously mentioned. He says Mondstreet approached him in the men's room of Car 689 around 2:00 o'clock, afternoon on May 4th, just after crossing the state line and seemed very conversational. He inquired what it was like being a conductor as that was one of his ambitions when he was a youngster. He mentioned it was a good thing to get out of the city for a change.



COLLIER'S "Does this answer your question?" GEORGE PRICE

Sensor says he tried on his cap in front of the mirror and even punched a couple of used tickets. After twenty minutes Sensor had to go forward and didn't see him again though his ticket was for Cheyenne.

At Brereton, Kansas, which is not a regular stop, the train was delayed nine minutes by a hotbox, and Mondstreet got off there between 3:17 and 3:26 right after his talk with Sensor. Half a mile before coming to the station is a crossing—that is the next trace of him up to 8:00 o'clock, morning May 5th. At that hour Joseph Ball, employed by the railroad, found him sitting on a rock next to the gatehouse. Ball's job is to let down the gates across the road when a train comes through.

Mondstreet, he says, stayed all morning watching while two passengers and four freights went through. He told Ball he hadn't had a chance to in a long while and he'd missed it. At noon he headed up the road away from town, the last seen of him by anybody until he showed up again at 2:30 the afternoon following, May 6th. He himself says he slept out the night between, and Ball noticed his suit looked very wrinkled and his shoes all dusty. He didn't talk much. When Ball started back to Brereton at 5:00 o'clock and asked if he was headed there also, Mondstreet said he would remain a while because it was nice out yet.

He claims from there he hitchhiked to Custer, Colorado, arriving May 7th around 5:00 o'clock, afternoon. Rocky Mountain College where he went 1932 to 1936 is situated there. It is a small institution of only 634 students. After eating he went and sat on the steps out in front of the college library building to think about things. Around 8:15 he went to visit Professor Paul Moulet, who teaches French.

Professor Moulet is a bachelor, naturalized, who was born in France in 1882 and lives alone. Mondstreet used to go see him to discuss matters when he was at school there. According to the professor, Mondstreet was always sensitive and inclined to be philosophical, which it is bad to be these days because things are different.

When he showed up, the professor didn't think anything of it. They went inside to his study and talked about various subjects. Mondstreet, he recalls, was especially interested in his views regarding the connection between goodness and beauty. He told the professor he was convinced you couldn't understand one and not the other. His manner showed something was on his mind but the professor didn't like to ask. After drinking hot chocolate they broke up toward 11:30 with Mondstreet saying the other had done a great deal for him and thanking him. He spent the night at the Pike Hotel.

The next morning, May 8th, he rented a car and drove up and back to an old mine he used to go to on picnics with a girl friend when he was in college. At 2:14 he caught a train to Cheyenne and from there to Pioneer, South Dakota, where he was born September 16, 1914. His father owned a drugstore and passed away when he was seventeen. His mother died in 1917.

Pioneer is 1,114 population and everybody knows him there. He stayed at the house of Mrs. Henry Whitman, a widow, across the street from where he used to live. She gathered it would be for only a couple of days. He slept there May 8th, 9th.

The morning of May 9th he went to have a look at the school which is a two-story building as the town is a county seat. It was Saturday, at which time nobody is ever there except the janitor. Mondstreet says he didn't see him and went upstairs to visit some of his old classrooms. In one he sat at the desk that used to be his and stayed several minutes.

When he looked out the window down at the yard where they used to play it was very sunny and quiet. Returning he put five dollars in a box that hangs outside the principal's office, for poor people at Christmas.

After lunch he dropped over to the pool hall which is run by Frank Litchfield who they say used to be a wild character but has mostly settled down. They were friends in school together until Mondstreet left town. Litchfield is supposed to have shot a guy once. He says he was tickled to death to see Mondstreet. He left a kid in charge of the place and they went upstairs where he lives by himself. There they had a few drinks and talked about old times a couple of hours until Mondstreet suggested they go back down for a couple of games of snooker. After that Litchfield got his car and they drove sixteen miles to Buffalo Creek Inn for supper. Returning around 7:30 Litchfield finished a bottle upstairs but Mondstreet wouldn't touch any more. Mostly they just sat quiet and thinking.

May 10th, Sunday, they put some beer and food in the car and drove eight miles over to Deer Creek where they used to fish when they were kids. They sat under a tree next to the water and caught seven trout. When Mondstreet mentioned he had to be back by 2:30 in the afternoon, Litchfield says that was the first he began to guess something was up.

Later we found that from 3:00 to 4:30 Mondstreet was at the cemetery where his folks are buried. A half hour after that he showed up at Litchfield's once more, asking if he could use the latter's cabin a day or two. Litchfield gave him the key and offered to drive him but Mondstreet said it was only a couple of miles and he'd rather walk.

I ARRIVED in Pioneer May 11th at 10:25 o'clock A.M. and contacted Mrs. Whitman right away. She told me he might be at the pool hall. Litchfield was there sweeping up so I asked where I would find Mondstreet as I was a friend of his. He said up at his cabin. Right away, though, he suspected something and asked who did I say I was. When I showed my badge he let go a mean left and when I got up he was outside already, doing fifty headed from town.

Later a kid came by in a Ford and said he'd take me. The cabin is just off an old road in the hills and I stopped where Litchfield's car was parked around a curve. The place was on the right in the woods with smoke coming out the chimney.

There was no sign of anybody otherwise and I got close to one of the windows that was open without any difficulty. Inside Litchfield was all excited and trying to get Mondstreet to get up off the bunk he was laying in.

Litchfield was saying, "You don't know what it means, Ralph."

At that, Mondstreet answered the other didn't understand, not that he didn't appreciate what he was trying to do for him.

Litchfield said, "Hell, what was there for anybody to understand under those conditions?"

Mondstreet replied the way he figured, the most important thing was you had to know life was good. If it wasn't, what was the use of anything, he said, and that was what had him worried most of all recently.

However, the last few days he went over many things in the past so as to see them better and notice things he overlooked before. So now, whatever happened, he felt assured. Then he held out a letter for the other to mail for him.

At this point I entered showing a gun and said to give it to me and also no funny business. Litchfield was very tense and Mondstreet, who started to put on his coat, told him please not to try anything.

Litchfield looked queer but finally sat at the table with his hands over his face. When we were leaving he tossed over the keys to his car onto the floor. About what happened at the pool hall, I mentioned I would make no charges. Mondstreet came without a fuss.

The letter was to Miss Fremd and read as follows:

"Dear Ellen: This is only a hasty line but I am sorry for all the trouble that must have been caused you. You had better not try to think about it or me. I promise that no matter what happens, I will be all right.

"Yesterday morning I went fishing with Frank Litchfield whom I told you about once. You ought to meet him sometime. Take care of yourself. Our evenings together were the happiest in my whole life. Ralph."

On the way back in the train I said with the charges against him and other circumstances like not trying to get away, he would probably get ten years or less—maybe only five—with one third off for good behavior. This he asked to put in a P.S. to the letter and added then: "With love."

THE END

Only $79.95

CEILING PRICE
INCL. FED. TAX

55U

FINEST TONE SYSTEM
IN RCA VICTOR HISTORY

This symbolizes the new "Golden Throat," our exclusive 3-Way Acoustical System. This thrilling development is explained technically in a little booklet attached to every RCA Victor instrument.

Hear the New table Victrola* with the "Golden Throat"!

It's an RCA Victor radio . . . with an exciting new TONE system!

It's a phonograph . . . plays up to twelve records automatically!

It's compact, beautifully styled . . . and it costs only $79.95!

● Symphony or Jive—what sort of records do you like to hear? . . . Or do you prefer settling down to a good radio program?

Whatever's your choice, this new table-model Victrola (made only by RCA Victor) will bring it to you more faithfully than ever! It has everything—including the exclusive RCA Victor "Golden Throat"! You get a superheterodyne radio with built-in Magic Loop Antenna! You get a new-type record changer and a new improved tone arm which reduces surface noise and "needle chatter." You get all these and *many more* features for only $79.95. Hear the new Victrola at your RCA Victor Dealer's today!

*"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA

RCA VICTOR

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

France's New Revolution

Continued from page 19

bargaining point for peace with England and France, his fear and detestation of Bolshevism were primary, real and profound.

In any event, those are the two principal chronicles of the Thorez escape. His reasons for adding nothing precise to the Communist one is simply typical French political rapier work. It leaves his opponents the burden of proving otherwise. His followers believe him.

An American in a similar fix might be expected to relate full details with gusto. However, in contrasting Thorez' silence, not only his obvious reliance upon the French sly appreciation for what is not said must be considered, but also the fact that Communists owe double responsibility for their public utterances. In the sense of political faith they are answerable to Moscow—and no doubt cause many headaches there—much as Catholic prelates are answerable to Rome in matters of religious faith.

Withal, the escape mystery is a latently dangerous weapon in the hands of Thorez' opponents. If he, on his own judgment or Moscow advice, makes a mistake in nurturing it, or if his busily researching enemies presently turn up damaging evidence, he will never head a French government. Contrariwise, awkwardness by them may push him up there. '

The safest thing a foreigner can do is stay away from prophecy and observe the man, together with his prominent colleagues, against the background of the general political situation in France and the discernible trends here and elsewhere in Europe.

With his tall, burly frame, his tousled hair above a boyish face, his bland smile, his lazy and friendly and unhurried manner—all suddenly exploding into a bundle of fire and eloquence and flashing eyes when he bobs up aggressively to address a crowd, especially one with hostile elements, Thorez seems himself an enigma. I have had Royalists, centrists, right-wingers, members of every persuasion that hate him, admit that "no matter what else anyone can say about Maurice, he is the outstanding personality in French politics."

Father of the Sit-Down Strike

He came up the fighting way of the soapbox. One thing certain American employers might find it difficult to forgive him—he was the inventor of the modern "sit-down" strikes, adapted from the passive resistance used by Germans against French occupation forces after the last war and later by Gandhi against the British.

Thorez applied them during the evil industrial days that followed the Stavisky case and the multiple government scandals in France in the mid-thirties, and they spread from here to plague many lands, including ours. The lot of workers and peasants in France was miserable until then, in low pay and vile living conditions. Thorez definitely forced some improvements, which did not endear him to vested interests that for a century and a half had had their own way.

Maurice Thorez at the age of 46 has reached political leadership in a country accustomed immemorially to septuagenarians in such roles. This in itself is a sign of the times in France, which had enough of old men at Munich and Vichy, and it is not confined to the Communist Party; the others have their share of youth. Thorez was born in April, 1900, in a village in the Pas-de-Calais, which is the French name for Strait of Dover. The Pas-de-Calais, in the northwest of France, is a shabby region of farms and coal mines behind the ports of Calais and Boulogne.

Thorez, scion of generations of miners, had but rudimentary schooling before he went down into the mines in his earliest teens. He is fond of calling himself "son of the people." But today, through his own efforts, he is an erudite man, not only in Marxism and economics and sociology but in general cultural subjects. Fourteen when the war broke out in 1914, he worked as a sailor on the much-embattled River Somme, then returned to the mines.

In those days, in a working district coated with the sordidness of decades of misery and exploitation, saturated in poverty and filth and hopelessness, all worsened rather than alleviated by the great war, it was perhaps inevitable that the mental gropings of an unschooled yet inherently clever young man would bring him to radicalism. Even before he could vote he became a socialist. At 20 he fell under the spell of old Professor Marcel Cachin, a pioneer French Marxist and the first Communist ever to become a French senator.

A Rapid Rise in Politics

Led by Cachin, Thorez and numerous other socialists broke from that party at the Congress of Tours in 1920, while the heat waves of the Bolshevist revolution and the German red mutinies still pulsed across Europe, and founded the Parti Communiste Français. The ascent of Thorez, the spellbinding young ex-miner with the physique of a football player and the voice of a charmed organ, was quick. He became secretary of the Communist Federation in his native Pas-de-Calais. Next he organized the political bureau of the party, and then was appointed to the executive committee of the Communist International. In 1932 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, in which today he represents Ivry-sur-Seine, one of the populous industrial suburbs of Paris.

The "son of the people" knows their language—and their psychology. Few speakers in the world—certainly no other in France—can match him in whooping up massed crowds. Yet, with his mental gifts, he has captivated the intellectuals of French Communism as well as its hard-bitten realists and practical men; he is adored by its fiery poets and novelists and philosophers.

His private life on the other hand is colorless. He lives in a large bizarre house in Clichy, another teeming industrial section of Paris. His present wife is an active Communist and a deputy. They have two young sons. A 21-year-old son by an earlier marriage carries on the Thorez tradition of coal mining, although on a less arduous scale. He is studying mining engineering.

Actually, few people even among his ranking colleagues ever penetrate the Thorez fireside. Whether this is a game he learned from observation of the paladins of Moscow, or a hang-over from years of being hunted in the underground, or simply the natural furtiveness of the class from which he sprang, it is true that Thorez in his lesser citadel is as inaccessible as Stalin in the Kremlin. Thorez is totally indifferent to three of the great loves of ordinary Frenchmen—wine, food, and purposeless argument. Strangely, too, his physical appearance is more Slav than French, with his squarish, heavy frame, thick neck, and large, round head.

In his serener moments he bears a quite striking resemblance to a younger and low-collared Herbert Hoover. For all that, he is intensely French. Patriotic and nationalistic undercurrents can be detected in his speeches and writings. This has led to rumors, as might be expected, that despite his services in Moscow he is not held in as much esteem there as some of his top-flight French comrades.

If Thorez is the "outstanding single personality" of French politics, then Jacques Duclos, the party secretary and number two Communist of France, is its foremost political strategist, parliamentary duelist and gadfly. He is known as "le cerveau," the brain. He is responsible for the party's propaganda line. In the Chamber of Deputies he is the party floor leader. When an important vote is up he sees to it that all the lads are on hand, the lame, the halt and the ailing—or else.

Masterly, crackling impromptu debater—it is a professional delight to watch him in the Chamber, where the barbs, interruptions, insults and hubbub are beyond anything we know in Congress, shooting his jabs this side and that as he deals with hecklers, and never deviating one impassioned word from his main discourse.

Two Contrasting Temperaments

Duclos has social kinship with Thorez in two respects: he also comes of a poor family and his education was self-attained. But in temperament they are as far apart as their birthplaces, Duclos' being—in October, 1896—on the mountainous Spanish frontier. Duclos is a jolly fellow, who knows his way around the amusing but good eating and drinking spots. He gets fun out of life, in contrast with the monkish Thorez; and further he is privately as well as publicly articulate. He is the easiest to see of all big-time politicos. He talks freely and with his large, dark, intelligent eyes smiling behind enormous tortoise-shell glasses, he puts over an impression of candor.

Duclos was a baker in his earliest working days and a socialist. He fought as a front-line soldier for three years in the first war until his capture by the Germans. Afterward he came under the influence of the famous author Henri Barbusse, whose great novel Under Fire was the most savage exposure of that war. Duclos joined the Communists at Tours in 1920 and by 1935 was a member of the executive committee of the International. He was first elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1926, defeating Paul Reynaud. He since has won against similarly doughty foes, including Leon Blum.

His one licking was by Deat, the traitor who in this war stank equally with Laval in decent French nostrils. Duclos gained notoriety in the United States by his attack on Earl Browder's handling of the American Communist Party. His intervention led to the rebirth of that party under William Z. Foster.

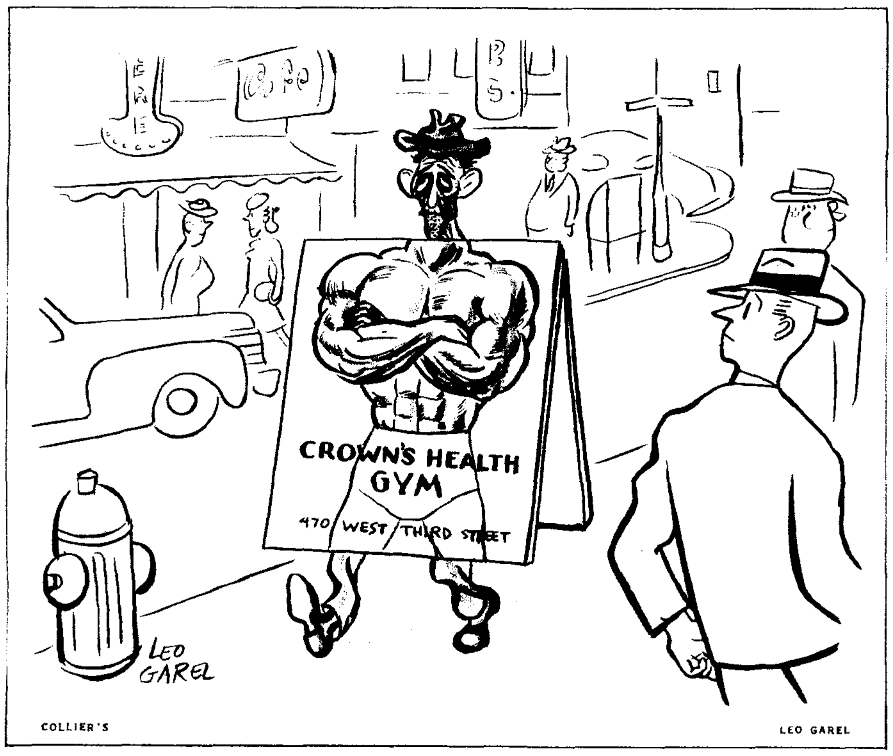
Duclos says he remained in Paris throughout the occupation, hiding by day, changing lairs frequently, going out seldom and then only at night and well-armed, ready for a fight to the death at any moment. He would have been a prime catch for the Gestapo. His enemies say, of course, that he lived in Russia. The evidence supports Duclos. He was chiefly responsible for the direction of the Communists, the sabotage efforts of the workers, and he was a head organizer of the Paris insurrection of August, 1944, when the German garrison was attacked before the arrival of the American liberating forces.

Next to Thorez and Duclos, and older and tougher than either, stands André Marty, the number three Communist of France. Marty gained prominence in the last war. A naval engineering officer—a class socially looked down upon in the French navy because it comes from the ranks and not from the snooty French Annapolis—on a destroyer sent to the Black Sea to look after French interests there during the Bolshevist revolution, Marty conspired with shipmates to hand the vessel over to the Reds. For that he was decommissioned and sentenced to 20 years imprisonment of which he served two.

Joining the Communist Party after his release, Marty presented himself to the workers as a victim of the "capitalist militarist." He was elected to the Paris municipal council and subsequently to the Chamber.

Marty has been in many countries, spent part of this war in Russia, part in North Africa. Of French party chieftains he is the best known on the Continent where the working classes think of him as the flag-bearer of Communism in all western Europe. Affecting rough clothes, he is a real "bourgeoisie-baiter," the cartoon type of tovarisch who makes hair on conservative necks prickle. Many party executives don't consider him very bright—or good advertising. Yet he rates too high in Moscow to be sidetracked for he held the extremely important job of secretary of the Communist International from 1935 until its dissolution in 1943; nor can his services in organizing the International Brigade against Franco in Spain be overlooked.

While there is reason to believe in the



COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

If you can't stop - don't start

STOP AND LISTEN LOOK
STOPPER, I'M LOOKING AND I'M LISTENING, BUT I CAN'T STOP!
PL-E-E-ZE, BOSS, DON'T TRY TO CRASH THIS GATE!
Stopper
SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M GOING FOR A RIDE... AND NOT ON A TRAIN
OFFICER, HE'S BEEN MEANING TO GET HIS BRAKES RELINED
GOOD THING YOU STOPPED HERE ...WE'LL PUT ON AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK BRAKE LINING
Stopper
Berger

STOPPER SAYS—"Yes, friend, you're on the right track when you *Stop, Look & Listen* to the mechanic who recommends and installs American Brakeblok Brake Lining. It's the *best*—and it won't take you long to discover why many leading automobile manufacturers use it in their new cars and trucks."

American Brakeblok
BRAKE LINING

AMERICAN Brake Shoe COMPANY

FALSE TEETH WEARERS
You can't Brush Off
DENTURE BREATH

To Keep Your Plate or Bridge
Sparkling Clean and Odor-Free

Soak it Daily in SAFE—EASY Polident

Play safe! Don't try to *brush-off* DENTURE BREATH! Actually, the harder you brush your plate or bridge, the more you may offend.

You see, brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, powders or soaps may scratch your plate material. This material is *60 times softer than natural teeth.* These easily-made scratches are traps in which food particles and film collect . . . causing offensive DENTURE BREATH.

So play safe! Avoid DENTURE BREATH this easy, brushless way. Just *soak* your plate or bridge daily in Polident solution. There's no brushing, so no danger. Costs less than 1¢ a day to use. 30¢ and 60¢ sizes of Polident at all drug stores.

Use POLIDENT Daily
TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES
CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

NO BRUSHING

Soak plate or bridge in Polident fifteen minutes or longer, rinse, and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into corners brushing never seems to reach, keeps dentures clean, bright, odor-free!

LOOSE PLATES?
Amazing NEW CREAM Holds
Even Lowers Tight all Day

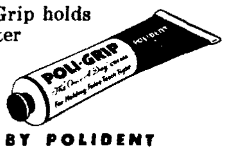
The makers of Polident have developed a new cream for holding false teeth tight. Its gripping power is so sensational that they guarantee you double your money back if it doesn't hold your plates tighter, longer than anything you ever tried before. If you have used old-fashioned holding powders and found that you had to apply them three or four times a day, didn't like their taste or messiness, then new Poli-Grip is for you.

Pleasant to use, dainty and economical. With Poli-Grip you can laugh, sing, eat what you want without fear of embarrassment.

Remember Poli-Grip holds plates tight no matter how they fit.

35¢ and 60¢ tubes at all drug stores.

GUARANTEED BY POLIDENT



sincere nationalism of Thorez and some other French Communists there is no question whatever of André Marty's international allegiances.

Thorez, Duclos and Marty then are three of the keymen of France's best-organized single party. Now it is pertinent to consider that party and what it means to Europe.

The Parti Communiste Français is the largest, most successful and best disciplined—a factor of greatest pregnancy—Communist Party in Europe outside the Soviet Union itself. It is 26 years old and its growth has been stormy but steady through decades when France, torn by corruptions and bureaucratic inefficiencies, saw its governments falling at the rate of at least one every year. This curse of instability was a cause of France's unreadiness for war in 1939. It also encouraged the deflection of many voters to Communism. But there was a further element which inescapably shared responsibility for this—the backward prewar French industrialists who never made a concession to their employees until the gun was at their heads.

In the party's first national attempt in 1924 it got only 20 deputies into the Chamber. By 1936 their numbers rose to 76. In 1945, when the party was again permitted to stand, it more than doubled its deputies and received over 5 million votes or 26 per cent of the total cast; half a million more than its nearest competitor.

In the second election, while the Communist Party lost five or six deputy seats in the total vote of France and its colonies and thus surrendered first place in the Chamber of Deputies to the MRP or Popular Republican Movement, it is notable that it lost only one deputy in France proper and that it actually gained a quarter of a million votes in numerical strength over its 1945 showing. Some of the foreign press hastily diagnosed this election as a rebuff of the Communist Party. But this was not accepted by French newspapers nor by impartial French political experts. Instead, here, the virtual maintenance of the Communist Party's deputy strength and the big increase in its national poll are interpreted as proof of its discipline, its undiminished appeal to workers and the solidity of its long-range prospects. The gains of the MRP came from certain new voters, as explained later in this article; as well as the defection to it of socialist voters whose party had failed to live up to their hopes.

Lenin's Maxim About the Masses

Convinced that one day they will lead the government of France, Thorez and his comrades are not concerned about minor ebbs. They remember Lenin's old warning that for every three steps you lug the masses forward you must expect them to slip back two—but it's still a net gain. Therefore the party goes along temperately in propaganda, avoiding sensational proposals, toning down its fire-eaters, speaking principally of democratic aims—in the latter item showing no difference from all kinds of parties everywhere.

The "party line" takes careful note of the many characteristics in which French workers differ from their Russian counterparts. It has not broached collectivism, basis of Russian agriculture, which French peasants would never accept. Summarized, its avowed program is: in foreign affairs, friendship, co-operation and trade with all the Allies; in domestic matters, a broad policy of freedom of press, speech and conscience, suppression of trusts, nationalization of monopolies, respect for small property rights in farms and businesses. Hardly anything the *bourgeoisie* could not accept.

The party had a good war record. It was one of the mainstays of the resistance. It harbored no collaborators, most of whom came from the upper and middle classes. It was the first party to scent en bloc the latent dangers of military Fascism in a De Gaulle regime. De Gaulle, while head of the provisional government, refused the Communist Party cabinet posts to which it felt entitled, and in a perhaps devious scheme to show them up, gave them the difficult posts dealing with industrial production. The Communists bounced that back on him by doing an efficient job. They definitely raised coal production.

The Communist Minister for Air Tillon lifted a hitherto always weak branch of French output to first-rate status. Skillful alliances have been made with American and other foreign air operators. Building of military, private and commercial transport planes is booming.

Urge Increased Production

The Communists throw most of their propaganda into calls for greater production in all fields. The traditional May Day parade this year graphically revealed this: the slogans and floats omitted the old threats to their bosses and emphasized work—harder efforts—increased production.

This is Jacques Duclos' favorite theme. "I don't believe in God or heaven," he told me, "so I don't await a miracle such as French industry and economy picking itself up from the wreckage of war and occupation by help from above. Workers and peasants have to lift this country with their muscles. My party has a plan to help them—by modernization of thinking as well as of machinery on all our farms and in all our mills. We will respect our commitments to the United States. We will do a lot of real business with you, for we need your technique and tools.

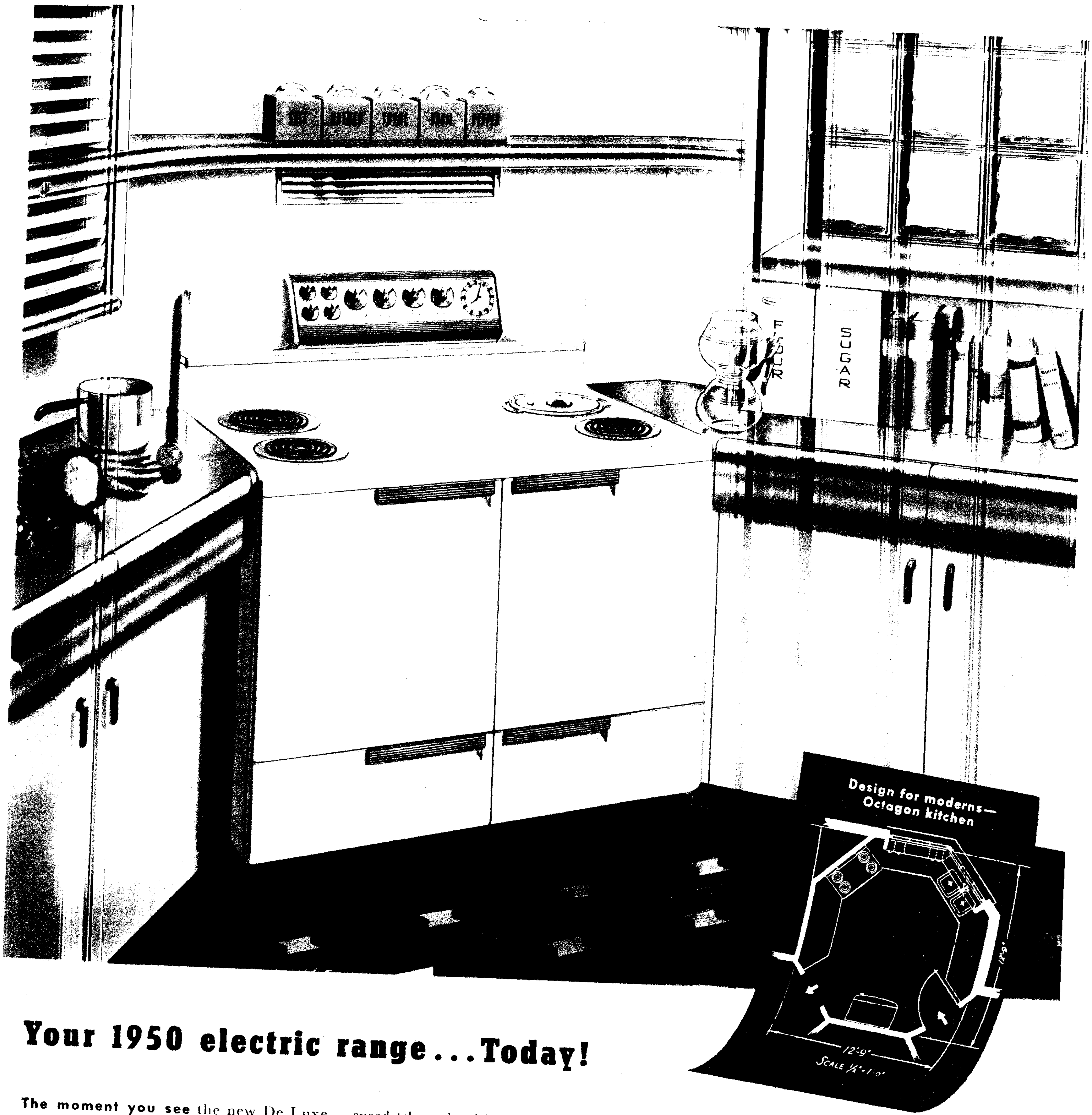
"But we Communists feel that France must have a useful place in the world—and not merely as an ancient museum, a Greece, a sight-seeing country for the well-heeled of other lands to come gape at. Nor as a country which produces chiefly luxuries for rich shoppers in other nations. We must produce things good for French people, too. We can't hope to compete with the United States in production but in our smaller way we can do as good a job for our own consumers. Our rivals say we take orders from Russia. Frenchmen don't have to take orders from any foreigners to make their own country fitter to live in. Don't forget that help for your own Revolution that founded the United States came from here. And that we gave you the Statue of Liberty.

"Anyway," he added with a grin, "Russia is old-fashioned now. It's a socialism. Our Communist doctrine for France is a mixture of French materialism of the eighteenth century, of German Marxism and of the modern British workers' movement. You can't imagine such a program turning France into a barracks. Frenchmen, the fathers of independence, can't be regimented.

"Since I don't believe in eternity, here or hereafter, I don't believe that any social or economic or political system goes on forever. Capitalism has had its day in Europe and now it is giving way to evolution. In the United States, capitalism has not yet reached its peak. But everybody, including you Americans, should realize that it is a mistake for any people or nation to be maneuvered into the seeming position of trying to hold back a tide of history. Wasn't there a king named Canute who tried that with the ocean tides? He is just a joke in the books now."

There are three more vital things it seems to me, however, for Americans to realize in trying to judge whether France will go Communist.

The first is that the program of the French Communist Party, outlined



Your 1950 electric range...Today!

The moment you see the new De Luxe Presteline electric range, you'll know why it's called De Luxe. For here is the very last word in automatic electric cooking.

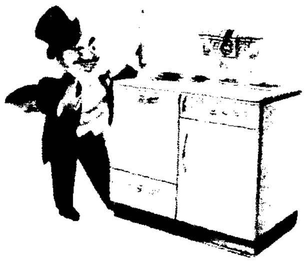
Two large ovens . . . each separately controlled . . . to make small work of big dinners! Roast or broil your "main course" in one automatic oven . . . while your *second* oven speeds through with grand pastries, biscuits, your favorite desserts!

Top-stove cooking is de luxe, too! Take your choice of top cooking units and deep-well cooker arranged either of *two* popular ways! (1) the Divided top, illustrated, or . . . (2) the conventional four-together way . . . Both give the extra flexibility and accuracy of 7-heat top-range controls.

Fully automatic, the new De Luxe Presteline electric range provides every conceivable new and improved feature to bring you years of carefree, luxurious cooking. See it soon!

Pressed Steel Car Company, Inc.
Domestic Appliance Division, 666 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago 11, Illinois

the popular price field
other electric range
fers all the features
u'll find in the Preste-
e Standard model.



THE NEW DE LUXE **Presteline** ELECTRIC RANGE

WE DON'T STAND A GHOST OF A CHANCE SINCE HE GAVE HER LEAF GUM!
LEAF SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM
LEAF LEAFMINT CHEWING GUM
MADE IN U.S.A.
NBC

Listen to LEAF'S
"Tin Pan Alley of the Air"
Every Saturday—
Coast to Coast.

THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER...

LEAF

taypit!

You make a neat, secure package in a jiffy—with this new, crystal-clear tape. It's strong and quick to use; comes off the roll without a tussle; sticks instantly. Use no water—just press on.

THE CRYSTAL-CLEAR TRANSPARENT TAPE

100" for 10c
300" for 25c

Also look for Taypit Write-On and a wide variety of Taypit Gift-Wrap tapes in gay colors and designs.

INTERNATIONAL PLASTIC CORPORATION
10 Park Place, Morristown, N. J.

MEND 'EM WITH TAYPIT!
Torn papers, music, book pages, maps, money, window shades, umbrellas, galoshes, raincoats, rubber parts, etc.

WATCH CRYSTALS
YOU CAN'T BREAK
ANY SIZE—ANY SHAPE
ASK ANY JEWELER FOR A G-S FLEXO CRYSTAL 100% BREAKPROOF. CAN BE FITTED WHILE YOU WAIT. GUARANTEED.
GERMANOW-SIMON CO.
ROCHESTER 1, N. Y.

OldTown RIBBONS · CARBONS
Duplicating Supplies
For those who prefer the best
BROOKLYN 17, N. Y.

How to give
TIRED EYES
a quick rest
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES TIRED? You can rest them quickly. Put two drops of gentle, safe Murine in each eye. Instantly, your eyes feel cleansed, soothed and refreshed. You get—

QUICK RELIEF. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients. It relieves the discomfort of eye-fatigue . . . makes you feel rested, refreshed and ready for work or play.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

above, differs extraordinarily little from those of the socialists and the MRP. Nationalization of commerce and industry—banks, insurance, coal mining and other private enterprises—was voted by all three in the recent first assembly of the Fourth Republic and is now law. Polls showed more than three quarters of the French public in favor of nationalization.

The second main thing to realize is France's place as the signal bearer of Europe's readjustments, because Europe's three main political divisions—into Communist, Socialist and Catholic parties—are most sharply defined here and in their nature whole and self-sufficient.

Respect for French Leadership

A Swedish manufacturer whom I have known for many years told me, "The liberated western parts of the Continent will follow irresistibly after France and for military reasons as much as for any others. France is large. She is potentially the most powerful of us. Our windows on the new world will look down too closely upon her events to allow us just to turn our backs and go on with our own old housework."

This is an utterly new concept for Europe where voters intense with nationalism have never before stared across frontiers when casting their ballots.

The third and last point to remember—the seeds of Communism, as of any other growth, must have suitable ground in which to grow. The very term "Communism" in its present-day connotation originated in France in the 1830s. But France is not Russia. France has always been a repository of the Western concept of individual liberty.

The French Revolution was a movement by the mass of people led by the middle class to give more liberty and security for all. It was for a reduction of state control. After the Revolution, control gradually drifted back into the hands of the upper classes. But the ancient evils persisted for the working and peasant classes. France lagged far behind Western countries in decent life for her common workers. Her bureaucracy grew into a cancer of privilege and graft. For example, in the years between the two great world wars France built only about a million new dwellings—slightly more than little Holland—as against four million apiece for Germany and England. To this day fifty per cent of the city dwellers of France have no toilets in their homes and ninety per cent have neither baths nor heating.

The question in France resolves down to whether the Communist Party will be successful in convincing the now-aroused yet despondent and bitter working classes that only it offers them real hope. You will find an astonishing number of intelligent and conservative Europeans who are reconciled to the inevitability of a thoroughgoing Communist experiment in France. But also many equally thoughtful others who are not, because they feel that the result of the rivalry of the three major leftist parties will presently be an all-left coalition that will truly represent working-class interests and thus achieve a bloodless revolution.

Both schools of thought agree that the burden for what happens falls heavily and almost equally upon the United States and England, but not through the pressures and the indivisible war dangers of power politics. These students propound a picture which is a vast oversimplification but nevertheless useful. It is that two distinct material systems are laid out under the view of the peoples of the world today; and in its Western sphere two distinct moral forces that will further influence their coming decisions.

Russia on one side and the United States and England on the other signify the material systems. If the United States can prove a genuine case for private enterprise and individual liberty by the attractiveness of its peoples' social and economic security and standards of living, and if England can prove that its labor movement is a liaison through which socialism can both co-operate within and co-operate with the essential outlines of the American method while assuring similar opportunity, freedom and decency for its working classes—then Europe will turn away from the Moscow bait.

The moral responsibility is borne by the Christian church, in particular the Catholic, for it is recognized in Europe that the Vatican is the spearhead of opposition to the ideology of Communism. If either fail—the Vatican by advocacy of property rights to an extent which the working classes would suspect of including monopolist and the old vested interests; the United States and England by foreign and domestic policies which suffocate others and are not solely based on fair chance and open competition—these caught-in-the-middle Europeans believe that the Communist Party will soon get its golden season.

Meanwhile, in analyzing current French elections, it is easy to exaggerate certain things. It is an exaggeration to hail the rejection of the constitution as a fatal rebuff for the Communists. Actually nearly half the country's total vote favored the constitution, which lost probably because of a clause for a single assembly with its inherent dangers of allowing the concentration of power in one party's hands.

Hate Authoritarian Regimes

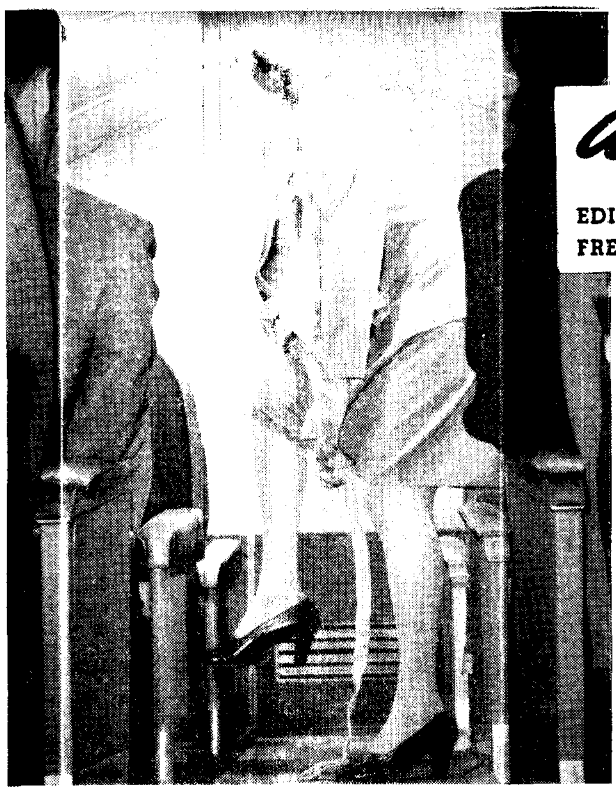
To millions of Frenchmen this smelled of totalitarianism. And among the new voters this year were thousands who had seen authoritarian governments at close quarters and did not like them—just-returned prisoners of war, who had been in Russian hands since their liberation; and Alsatians and Lorrainers who, having endured the German variety for years, had their first opportunity to express hatred of anything resembling it.

French political experts believe that the next constitution offered will differ from the last mainly in providing for two houses and a strong executive with their innate democratic checks and balances. They also point out that Thorez and his escape now become of paramount moment because no matter what kind of a constitution is finally accepted, whether it proposes two houses or twenty, if a single party in the coming years of the Fourth Republic gains adherents enough to raise it to overwhelming strength, it will be able to impose its will unhindered upon the nation, to give France in practice a dictatorship.

That is why the Communist Party, stung by renewed attacks on Thorez as a deserter, released its official version to the press. But it still did not reveal the vital missing links—the mechanics or the actual dates of his escape. The opposition still has not proved that his escape was a German-Russian plot—the one thing that would enrage all Frenchmen of all parties, mark the crest of Communism here and the beginning of its swift fall, and probably send Thorez into hiding if not to a worse fate.

So the basic situation is unchanged. Thorez remains a hero to millions—a deserter to other millions—a devil to conservatives. The Communist Party holds more or less to its strength and considers that in itself a triumph. Thorez smiles inscrutably. And once again France is confronted with a *cause célèbre*—*"L'Affaire Thorez"*—the true story of which, when it is known, may shake this long-suffering country as much as Dreyfus and Pétain did. Smaller events than a little snow on a pair of gift boots have caused great changes in history.

THE END



HUSTON PIX

Stewardess Alice Le[illegible] of Pan American Airways, shows how to don an inflatable (Mae West) jacket

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

What about Ditching?

ONE day last fall, Mr. Frank R. Canney, an able and respected engineer of 20 years service with the Boeing Aircraft Company, wound up an exhaustive study of B-29 forced landings at sea—ditchings due to battle damage suffered over Japan and to bombers becoming lost over the Pacific, or for a variety of engine and accessory failures. About that time, American Airlines System, Pan American World Airways and TWA were preparing to inaugurate postwar commercial passenger service from New York to Europe via the North Atlantic, and since Mr. Canney's company in Seattle is building a passenger version of its B-29 to be known as the Stratocruiser, he got to thinking about the probable frequency of ditchings in commercial transoceanic operations.

He assembled a lot of what engineers call data, oiled up his slide rule and a short time later reported his findings to the National Air Transport Meeting of the Society of Automotive Engineers in Chicago. Looking his fellow engineers squarely in the eye, Mr. Canney declared there probably will be one four-engined airliner ditching in the North Atlantic on the New York-Europe run for every 16,576 flights!

Up to this writing Mr. Canney's engineering prophecy stands inviolate. But while commercial transatlantic pilots, navigators and flight engineers intend to make a monkey out of him—and Mr. Canney hopes they do—a billion-dollar International Search and Rescue Organization is this minute poised to leap into action the moment that terrifying word Mayday screams out of the radios on ships and shore stations all the way from New York to Norway. Mayday is the international radio voice code for S O S, adopted from the French term *M'aidez*, meaning "Aid me."

Just a year before Mr. Canney revealed his profound statistics, representatives from every nation on earth except Argentina and Russia met in Chicago to work out the postwar global air-transport problems and voted to establish an international Search and Rescue group to be operated in every area on earth where airplanes will fly. That group is now moving into high gear for the North Atlantic area.

But if Search and Rescue is to do its job after receiving a Mayday call from a commercial airliner, it must have something to search for and then rescue. This places the burden squarely on the pilots of both our airliners and foreign planes now flying the Atlantic. For if they fail to put their big land planes down on the ocean properly, they could sink instantly as a unit or break into pieces and disappear. The failure of three out of the plane's four engines would normally require a forced landing.

Every transatlantic pilot has been lectured and drilled to the point of boredom on the best procedure for ditching to match the conditions at the moment—day or night, calm sea or rough, power available or none at all. But before he sets down on the ocean, his job, difficult as it is, would be easier if he had satisfactory answers to two vitally important questions: (1) Were the passengers "briefed" before take-off, on the nature and use of the survival equipment on board? (2) Was his crew so thoroughly skilled in evacuation procedure that even though the conditions were extremely unfavorable, they could proceed with their duties subconsciously and get the passengers into the rubber dinghies?

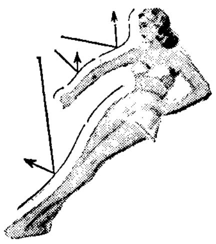
We'll assume he is confident his passengers are thoroughly familiar with the survival equipment and its use and also that he knows his crew can perform their abandon-ship duties in total darkness if necessary, because all of them were with him when he carried out his last ditching drill. Too, he is glad his company provided an exact reproduction of the fuselage of his plane, anchored in water; required them to go through the procedure over and over of breaking out and launching the lifeboats and the equipment they carry, and learning how to use the emergency exits.

AFTER giving the alarm "Prepare for Ditching!" he knows the crew will work swiftly and calmly among the passengers removing neckties, hats and other apparel that would be a handicap in the water, and will assist them with their life jackets. Having had a demonstration by the stewardess before take-off on how to don the Mae Wests, he knows his women passengers could do this in a few seconds. He visualizes the purser and stewardesses grabbing anything loose that would go flying through the cabin on impact with the water and chucking it out of sight. He sees the passengers securely strapped in their seats and properly braced against pitching forward when the sudden stop is made on the ocean.

His copilot, navigator, flight engineer and radio operator, all with specific jobs to do, are taking a final position fix of the plane, sending out its location by radio, dropping flares (if at night) or smoke bombs by day for wind direction and velocity, packing up a few priceless items for use in the rubber boats, such as the plane's records and navigation equipment, and breaking out the rubber rafts.

These three critical jobs in order of importance—passenger briefing, crew drilling and plane ditching—having been accomplished, the plane's occupants would be safely aboard the rubber dinghies and it's up to Search and Rescue

(*Continued on page 76*)



SKOL
PREVENTS PAINFUL SUNBURN
ALLOWS A BENEFICIAL TAN
CONTAINS NO OIL OR GREASE

SKOL TAN
Keeps them
Outdoor
Lovely

Cast the *glamour-spell* of your SKOL Tan on all who see you this summer. Use SKOL and become SKOL Tan lovely *quickly*. A special patented ingredient screens out the harmful burning rays of the sun, but permits the beneficial rays to SKOL Tan your skin into golden-brown loveliness. You acquire your SKOL Tan not in tedious weeks of build up—but in a few days. SKOL, unlike many other preparations, is *not oily . . . not sticky*. It disappears when rubbed on skin. Get a bottle of SKOL today.

SKOL COMPANY, INC., New York, N. Y.

SKOL acts as a protecting filter. Screens out the sun's burning rays . . . lets the beneficial rays come through to SKOL Tan your skin. Apply frequently as directed.

SKOL
SUN
TAN
LOTION

The Week's Work

Helen Mueller

THE sassy clarinetist Ding-Dong Williams, who is an old friend to a great many Collier's readers, is making his screen debut in a movie called, strangely enough, Ding-Dong Williams. Glenn Vernon plays Ding-Dong and Marcy McGuire plays the glamorous Angela.

There's another character you should watch for when you see the film—Richard Kordell, eleven-year-old concert pianist.

Richard English, author of the Ding-Dong stories which have appeared in these pages with fair regularity since 1938, promises us more of the same after he finishes up a movie writing job this month. (His last one was in the March 16th issue.)

English is at the moment probably our happiest author. Not only do buyers clamor for his work, but he can *hear* them clamor, which he couldn't do a year ago. After six years of deafness, he regained his hearing through the new fenestration operation. Enough time has passed since the operation to make both him and the doctors believe that his recovery is permanent.

Among the pleasant things in his new world of sounds are the voices of his redheaded wife, Kay, and of his infant son, Richie. And once again he can play the clarinet (Ding-Dong's instrument), which he put away when deafness struck.

ANOTHER current movie is based on the Collier's mystery serial Perilous Holiday, by Robert Carson. Pat O'Brien and Ruth Warrick play the leads. Carson, who was a lieutenant colonel in the Army Air Corps, is back in Los Angeles, happy to be called mister, happier to sleep late mornings when he feels like it.

Robert Fontaine

IT TAKES a lot of shuttling between New York and Hollywood to make a writer, apparently. Consider Robert Fontaine, author of The Good Witch (p. 50). Fontaine, after the usual assortment of newspaper jobs, resolved to be a writer. Mild success as a radio gag man for Joe Cook moved him to try Hollywood. There, he says, he spent his time "taking snapshots and eating barbecued sandwiches and waiting for Sam Goldwyn to call me up. He didn't, and as I was stricken suddenly with honeysuckle rot, I came East in 1942 and became a free-lance writer.

"This was jolly fun until the government stopped paying me unemployment compensation. After that I tried to grow a beard and write a novel. The beard failed but around 60,000 copies of the novel, The Happy Time, were sold and it has been translated into Spanish, Norwegian and English (with an accent). At about the same time I acquired a wife who is also a writer (Heaven help us!) and two children, girls, Mary Jo and Brenda, six and nine, who prefer playing Superwoman to literature. They also serve as a sort of stimulus by standing outside my locked study door, slipping notes under it, whistling through the keyhole, screaming about how hungry they are and singing duets such as 'Father, we love you more and more, please unlock and open the door . . .' "

Fontaine and his wife have dramatized the novel, and Leland Hayward intends to produce it on Broadway this fall. The next step, naturally, will be back to Hollywood.

WHEN we received a cartoon signed T. Hee (p. 32), it gave us pause. Cartoon Editor wrote to Mr. Hee expressing dignified surprise, and Mr. Hee replied, "I am not surprised that you are surprised by my name Most people who hear it for the first time are amazed, then amused. My name makes them feel happy. It is my real name.

"It has appeared on newspaper art, posters, sheet music, phonograph recordings, and numerous motion picture screen-credit titles including Pinocchio, The Reluctant Dragon, Fantasia and Make Mine Music. My name inspired Fred Allen to have me flown to New York to appear on his program. So I'd like to keep it. . . ."

This week's cover: That eyelash gag on the cover is no gag. It really happened to Helen Mueller, the blonde who is one of artist Jon Whitcomb's favorite models. "She makes my work easy," Whitcomb says. "Things keep happening to her, like these eyelashes, and she tells me about them, and there I am, all set for the next picture.". . . A.P.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 75

from now on. But the survivors can help by hand-cranking the Gibson Girl radio transmitter which sends out automatic signals; erecting the umbrellalike metal reflector which radar aboard searching planes or ships could pick up, having signal smoke and flares in readiness and marker dye to spread upon the waters; special mirrors to pick up the sun's light and reflect it at approaching planes and ships; police whistles and flashlights to aid in keeping in touch with other floating dinghies at night. The yellow 'paulins can be rigged as sails or shelters or rain catchers. The first-aid kits contain a world of relief for illness and injury, and there's food and water for at least four days.

There are things to read too: religious booklets, ocean charts to study and a survival booklet which goes into every detail on how to make the best of the circumstances. There's sunburn ointment and a desalting device to produce fresh water from the sea, reinforcing the supply packed in the raft. By next winter there should be exposure suits for everyone, quick-donning garments to protect a person against the fatal, frigid waters of the north.

THOROUGH passenger briefing is regarded by Search and Rescue experts as the first important step to be taken in any systematic plan for ditching a commercial land plane at sea. The Federal Civil Aeronautics regulations require that passengers "shall be acquainted with the location of emergency exits, with emergency equipment provided for individual use and with the procedure to be followed in the case of an emergency landing on water."

The operators of the airlines have not been in complete agreement as to what the public wants in the way of ditching instructions. One group holds the information should be complete. Search and Rescue experts go one step further and say that a short motion picture depicting everything should be shown to the passengers shortly after take-off.

The full-out-briefing people point to the successful procedure followed by the Air Transport Command when it was flying the nation's highest officials overseas during the war. Before take-off, they were herded into a secret room at the Washington National Airport and shown all the lifesaving equipment on board the Douglas C-54s. An inflated life raft with its many accessories was on display and their application to survival made abundantly clear. The plane-evacuation procedure for passengers was thoroughly explained.

One of the strongest advocates for all-out briefing of transoceanic airline passengers is Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, president of Eastern Air Lines, who survived a 21-day ordeal in a dinghy in the Pacific nearly four years ago in equipment that now can be called primitive. But Captain Eddie says the devices developed for our combat airmen, as well as their application to commercial flying since his experience, should be placed on exhibition in all large cities for all to see. Such exhibits, he declares, would eliminate any fear of transoceanic air travel.

But there are other aviation people who believe it is unnecessary to risk scaring hell out of the passengers as they are about to depart by talking of ditching and life jackets and paddling around in mid-ocean in a rubber boat. It's better, they say, to talk about the four-engine security of war-proven engines, of the great advances made in radio and radar for accurate navigation, of higher speeds, requiring less time in the air and less exposure to possible trouble. It's better to mention high-altitude flying above ice and weather, station vessels in the Atlantic never more than an hour's flying time distant, frequent communication between plane and shore stations and ships at sea, and better weather reporting knowledge and facilities. All these are built-in safety devices, and nothing short of gross negligence or sabotage would force the airliner down. Even so, the captain invariably would have sufficient time for the crew to help the passengers with their Mae Wests and order them to sit tight until told when and where to leave the cabin after it is on the water. And as for trying to build land planes that could withstand ditching in 20- to 40-foot seas, well, they could be built, but they'd be so heavy there would be no room for passengers and then they'd have no reason to fly the oceans.

(To be concluded next week)

Any Week

Continued from page 4

Ferguson, former governor of Texas, said," says Mr. Taylor. "Like a Mother Hubbard—covers everything and touches nothing."

IN BERMUDA, Mr. Gurney Williams of this staff, read the following item in a newspaper: "Anyone heard scandalizing my name will hereby be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. Miss Billy Scorch."

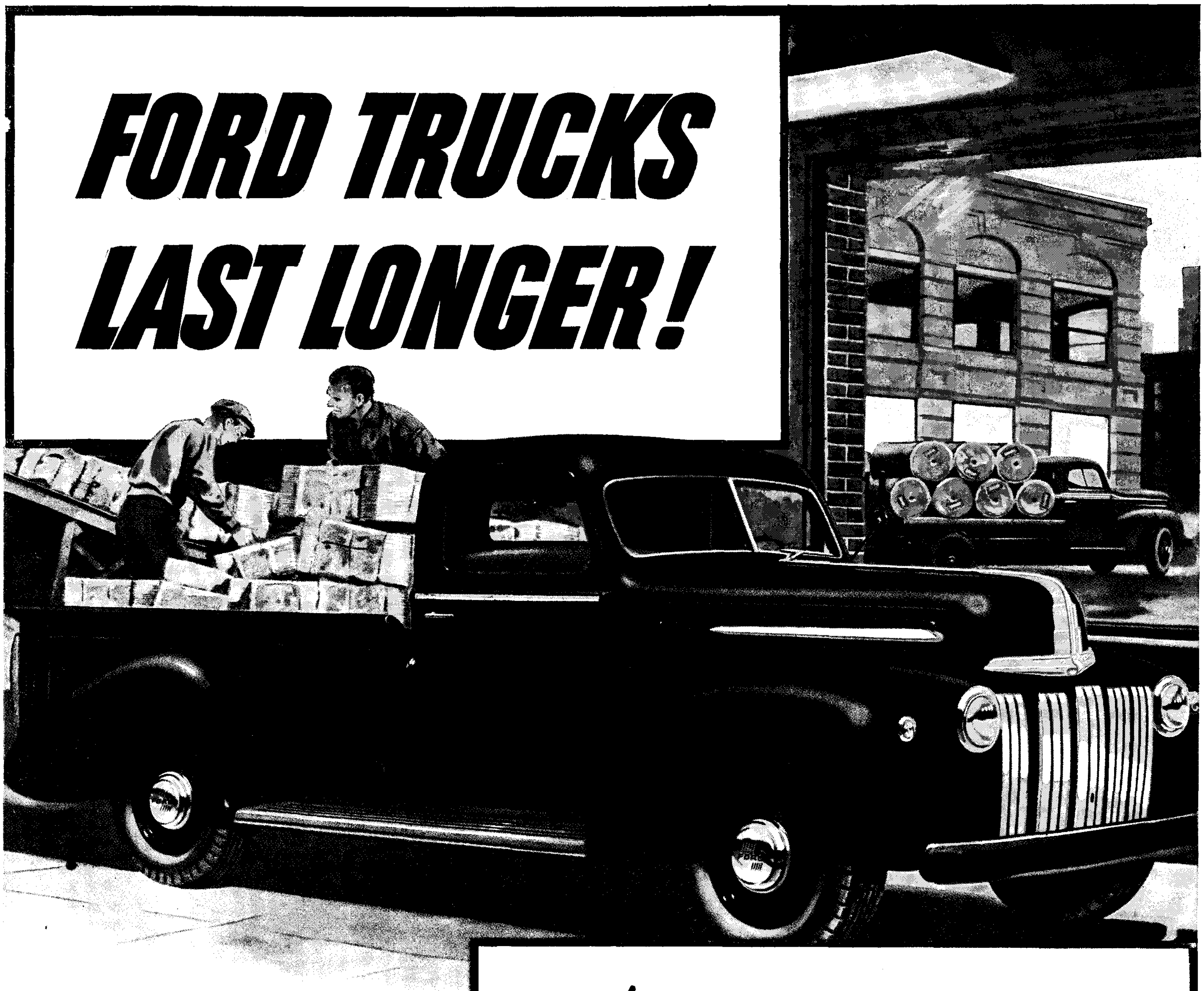
AND from a Sacramento, California, reader: "How would you like a couple of facts which I gather in my goings and comings from time to time? Shall I write them up or just send them in? Please do not use my name as I am too busy to get into trouble."

A THOUGHTFUL letter from Mr. A. J. Estlin of Bronxville, N. Y. We disagree with Mr. Estlin in only one sentence. "Where is the guy," demands he, "who can point out in words of one syllable that Frank Sinatra is qualified to tell folks how to vote?" He refers to Mr. Sinatra's activities in the Independent Citizens Committee of Arts, Sciences and Professions. We've given the matter much thought, skipping no stop, we hope, from the White House down. We do not know Mr. Sinatra but assure Mr. Estlin that judging from the advice we've heard from Washington, Mr. Sinatra is just as well qualified as the next guy who tells folks how to vote.

HOWEVER, we refuse to have anything to do with a poll which Mr. Amos Brutacher of Mt. Joy, Pennsylvania, hopes with our help to conduct. Mr. Brutacher wants to ask every parent in the United States which he or she would prefer—to "have their sons go into politics or go to work."

AND Miss Clara Barton Thuttle of Cleveland, Ohio, reports that near her home the children have erected a shack wherein they gather daily after school and, she feels sure, discuss world problems as intelligently as any of their elders do. Over the door of the shack there is posted the sign announcing: "United Nations Exit.". . . W. D.

FORD TRUCKS LAST LONGER!



Registrations *show* it! Operators *know* it! The low-priced Ford Truck is an endurance champion. Latest available official figures indicate 7 *out of 11 of all Ford Trucks sold since the Model T are still on the job*—and their average age now is almost 9 years! Only the costliest of trucks equaled this Ford durability record. And the new Ford Trucks are even better. More than thirty engineering advancements give your new Ford Truck still more ruggedness, better economy, greater reliability. One of the 111 new Ford Truck chassis and body combinations fits *your* business to a T. Let your Ford Dealer show you!

MORE FORD TRUCKS IN USE TODAY THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

THEY'RE BUILT TO LAST LONGER!

FORD ENGINES LAST LONGER!—New triple-life steel-cored Silvaloy rod bearings—new Flightlight cam-ground, four-ring aluminum alloy pistons for enduring good compression and oil economy — full-pressure lubrication, two-pump cooling, crankcase ventilation and efficient air- and oil-filtering.

FORD AXLES LAST LONGER!—Load-free axle shafts in all models minimize shaft breakage even in severest service. Triple-roller-bearing, straddle-mounted, main drive pinion greatly prolongs gear life. Generous axle capacity is a permanent Ford policy.

FORD FRAMES LAST LONGER! Heavy channel-section frames, doubled from spring to spring in heavy duty models—the most durable and strain-resistant type of construction.

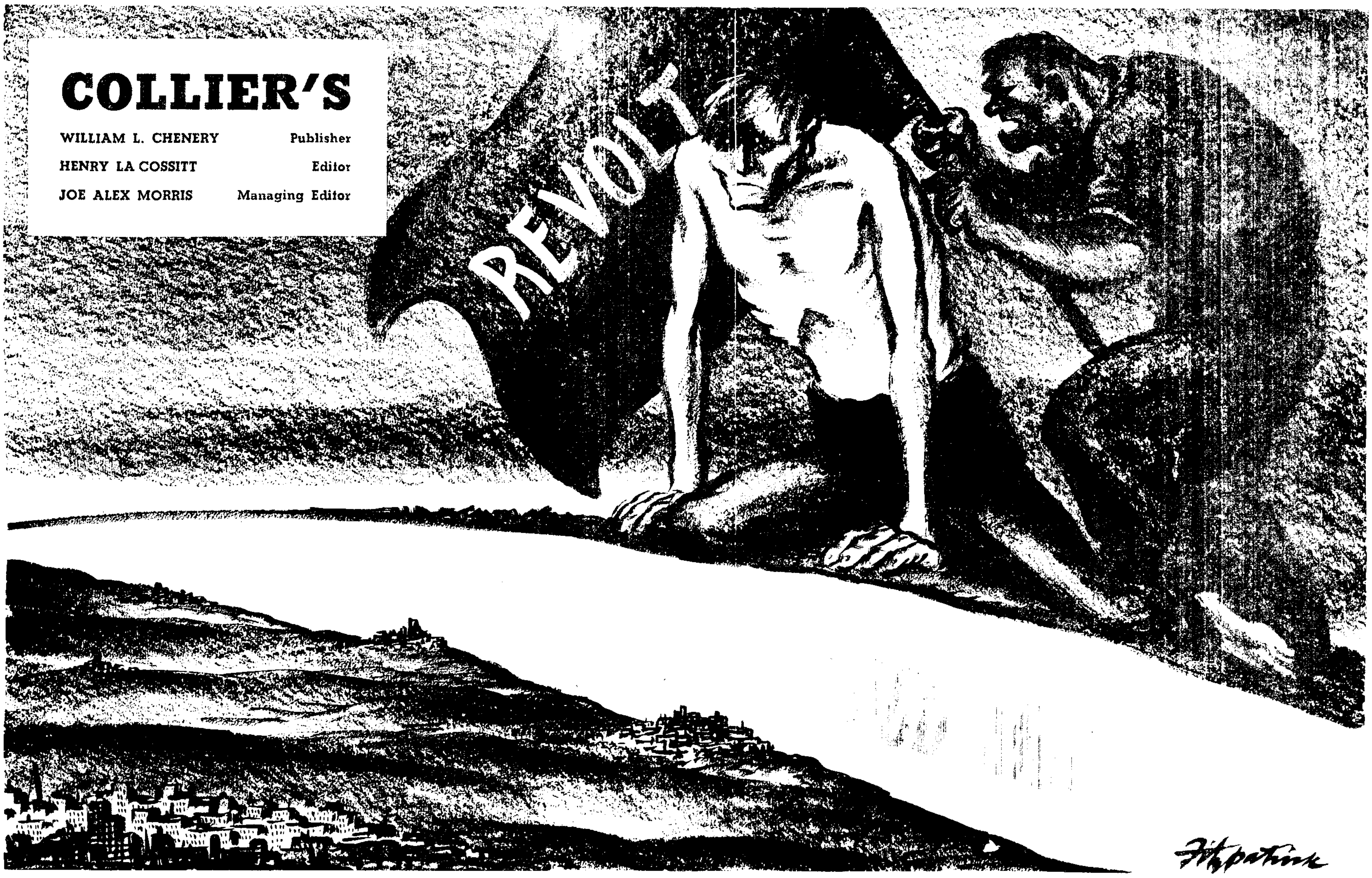
FORD CLUTCHES LAST LONGER!—Semi-centrifugal principle of all Ford clutches reduces slippage, delivers full engine torque smoothly, easily, without grab.

FORD CABS, FENDERS, BODIES LAST LONGER!—Compare Ford metal thickness with what your truck dollars buy elsewhere! Ford extra thickness means extra years of service. Remember Ford famous long-life paint finish! Check the dozens of extra-strength, extra-life features of Ford body and cab construction—the hardware—hardwood flooring and other long-lasting materials.

OUR 111 CHASSIS AND BODY COMBINATIONS COVER OVER 95% OF ALL HAULING JOBS!

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
HENRY LA COSSITT Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor



IN THIS month of July, we are in the depths of the world food crisis, according to the calculations of Herbert Hoover as honorary but exceedingly active chairman of President Truman's Famine Emergency Committee.

July is the gap month, generally speaking, between the end of old food supplies and the coming in of new ones. It will require every possible effort in food conservation by nations participating in the war on famine to spread supplies over this gap month. When the August wheat harvests are in, things should look up considerably.

It seems advisable to sum up again the main facts concerning one of the worst world food stringencies in decades.

As most of us know, the minimum daily food requirement to keep a normal person active and healthy is 2,200 calories. Yet at present some 800,000,000 persons out of the world's total of about 2,250,000,000 are getting along on less than that amount per day.

Conditions vary with localities, of course. The Hoover estimate was that, lacking food relief from countries which can spare food, about 100,000,000 persons would have to get by somehow on 2,000 calories a day from April through August of this year; that another 100,000,000 would have to exist on 1,800; 150,000,000 on 1,500; 150,000,000 on 1,200; and 300,000,000 on 900.

The 1,200 calorie ration is what Mr. Hoover calls the "law and order level"—meaning that when people get down to that level or dip below it they summon what strength they have left and throw it into food riots or rebellions. They become fair game for all kinds of agitators; and the most active and best-organized agitators in today's world are the Communists.

The 900-calorie level is that which prevailed in the German concentration camps at Belsen and Buchenwald; and it is a level to which we will not voluntarily reduce even our enemies in the last war if we have any sense, to say nothing of compassion.

In stinting ourselves on grains and fats, and shipping what we can to hunger areas throughout the world, we are not only performing an act of charity and decency, but we are also fighting to keep large parts of the world from galloping into chaos. Nor are we feeding anybody luxuriously. We're merely spreading out food supplies in hope of keeping millions of people somewhere this side of starvation.

Let's just tighten our belts in any way or ways that may prove necessary and see this job through with the same cheerful and dauntless determination that we showed in fighting the war which in large part brought this food emergency on the world.

NEEDED: A WORLD PASSPORT

Citizen of the world, as I hold myself to be
—*James Boswell: Life of Samuel Johnson.*

TWO or three times in this space, we've discussed the need of simple, uniform passport regulations in all countries if present-day possibilities of airplane, dirigible and fast ocean travel are to be realized to the full.

It is now a pleasure to note the formation of the Committee for World Travel, Inc., to battle for one standard world-wide passport. The organization's headquarters at this writing is at the Lexington Hotel, New York City, and its chief counsel is Sidney Post Simpson.

How cramped and harassed any would-be "citizen of the world" is under present dispensations can be seen from a few current passport idiocies.

For every country or possession south of the Rio Grande, a visa or entry card is required of the traveler. Every consulate has elaborate forms for visa or entry-card applicants to fill out. Many countries require, in addition, health certificates, or smallpox vaccination certificates or police certificates of good conduct.

If, as a respectable citizen of the U.S., you wanted to take a business or pleasure trip through all the Central and South American countries, you would first have to call around at a consulate in the United States for each of those countries, and deal out a total of seventy photographs of yourself, thirteen of them in profile.

The effect of it all is to put an outrageous load of red tape on harmless travel by honest people. Unhappily, it was the United States' own complex of entrance restrictions that set the pattern for the Western Hemisphere. Our own rules on the subject fill a book of 1,623 pages.

Naturally, this great web of supernationalist travel impediments can't be sheared off in a day. But a swift and effective start could be made, according to the Committee for World Travel, if Congress would enact "a simple statute providing that any citizen of any nation in this hemisphere holding a passport from his country shall be entitled to admission to the United States as a temporary visitor, that is noncommercial or business, for a period of six months without the necessity of a visa, and subject only to quarantine and customs laws . . . provided that his country extended the same privileges to citizens of the United States."

What are we waiting for?

LET'S SAVE 19,000 LIVES

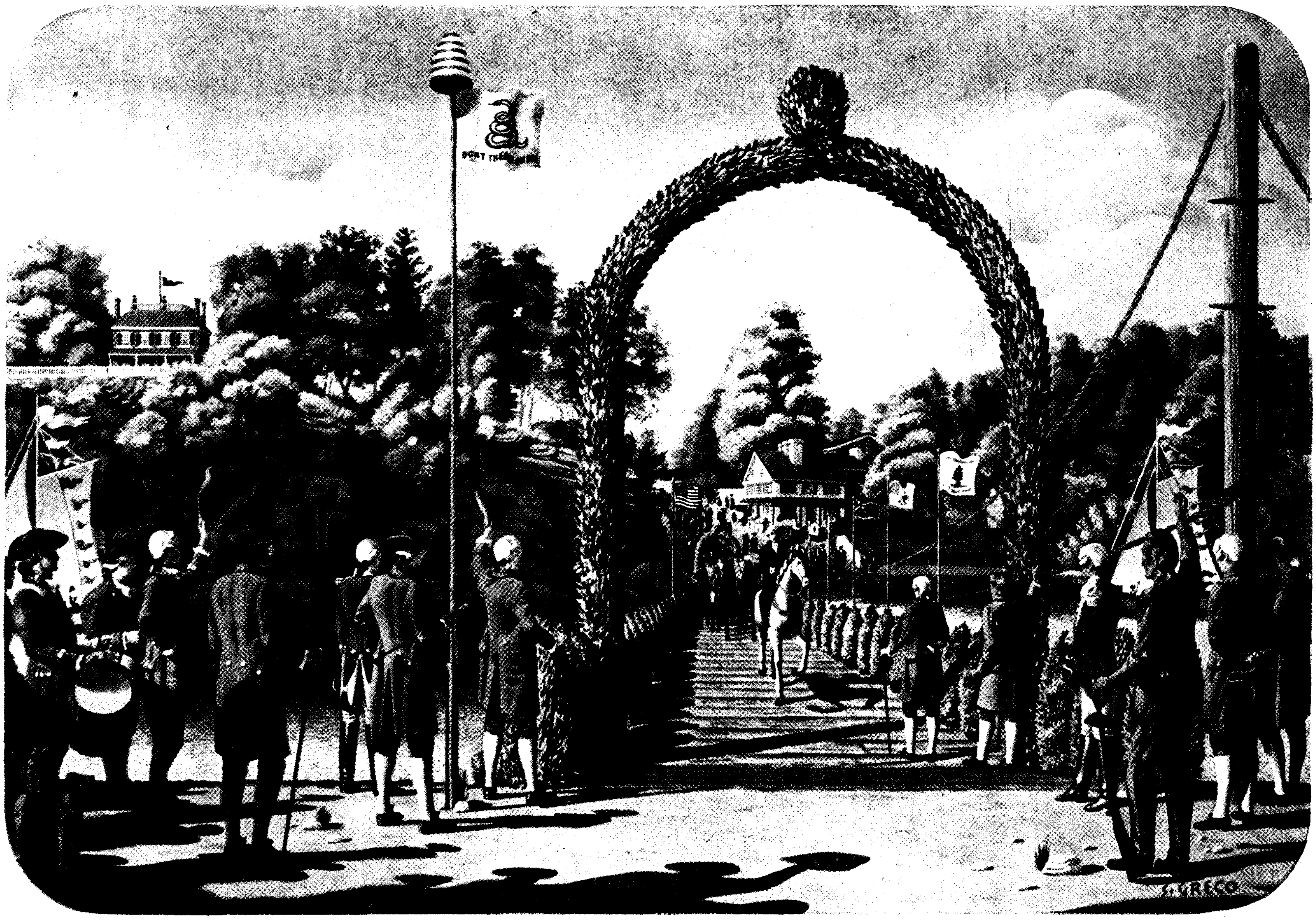
THE nation-wide automobile safety three-year plan, worked out recently at the President's Highway Safety Conference, is now getting into stride. Both conference and plan were the outgrowth, in part, of a striking Collier's article entitled Death Rides the Highways, by Pyke Johnson, president of Automotive Safety Foundation.

Key objectives of this safety crusade are uniform traffic signals and controls throughout the United States, more and better safety education in schools, stricter license requirements than now prevail in some states, and increased co-operation for highway safety by every driver.

For example, the 3,000,000 motorists affiliated with the American Automobile Association are being asked to subscribe to the "Take It Easy" pledge—a promise to give other drivers and the pedestrian as good breaks as the pledgers want for themselves.

It is hoped that this three-year campaign will cut our annual highway death, injury and property damage tolls by 50 per cent. That would be a tremendous reduction. It would mean that we would save about 19,000 lives a year, avoid 650,000 injuries, and eliminate some $1,000,000,000 worth of property damage.

The goal is eminently worth shooting for, with all the caution, care and courtesy that every motorist can bring to bear on it.

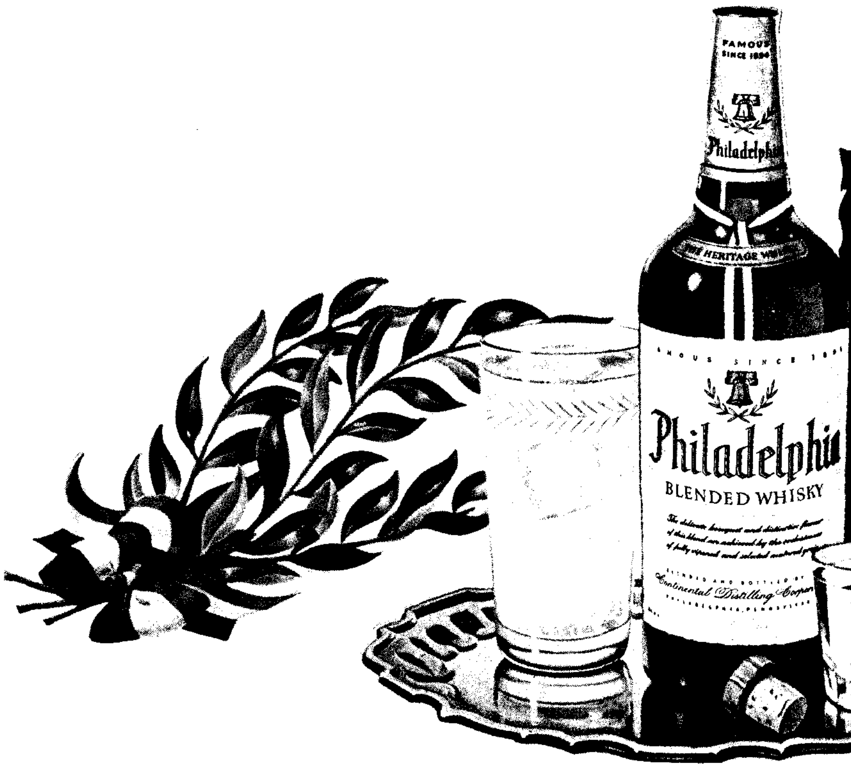


PRESIDENT-ELECT WASHINGTON CROSSES FLOATING BRIDGE (GRAY'S FERRY) ON INAUGURAL JOURNEY, PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 20, 1789*

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

> *“Gen. Washington was conducted to the City Tavern in Second Street, above Walnut, where a banquet had been prepared by the citizens . . .”*
>
> SCHARF, WESTCOTT'S—HISTORY OF PHILADELPHIA

When Philadelphia became our Nation's first capital, it was already known to the world as a center of gracious living. Here, leaders of state, art, science and letters foregathered to partake of its sumptuous hospitality. A heritage that lives today in Philadelphia Blend. So gracious, mild-mannered . . . truly a special occasion whisky. Yet, you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia "The Heritage Whisky". . . regularly and often.


FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
THE HERITAGE WHISKY
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
Continental Distilling Corp.

Philadelphia

The Heritage Whisky

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILA.

*From a Series of Historic Prints Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894

Everybody knows him...

Early or late, he's a familiar figure to every policeman on the street—he's the Doctor—he's on an emergency call!

● A Doctor's life isn't his own to live as he chooses. There are interrupted holidays and vacations and nights of broken sleep. Emergencies require his presence for long, exacting hours...with somewhere a pause and perhaps the pleasure of a cigarette. Then back to his job of serving the lives of others.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

The "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat

The "T-Zone" is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you*... and how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

THE MAKERS of Camels are naturally proud of the fact that, out of 113,597 doctors who were asked recently to name the cigarette they preferred to smoke, more doctors named Camel than any other brand. This survey was nationwide, covered every state in the Union—doctors in every branch of medicine—nose and throat specialists too. Three nationally known independent research agencies made and vouch for the findings.

Try Camels. See how *your* taste responds to Camel's full, well-balanced flavor. See how your throat likes Camel's cool mildness. That's the "T-Zone" test (*see left*).

CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*